THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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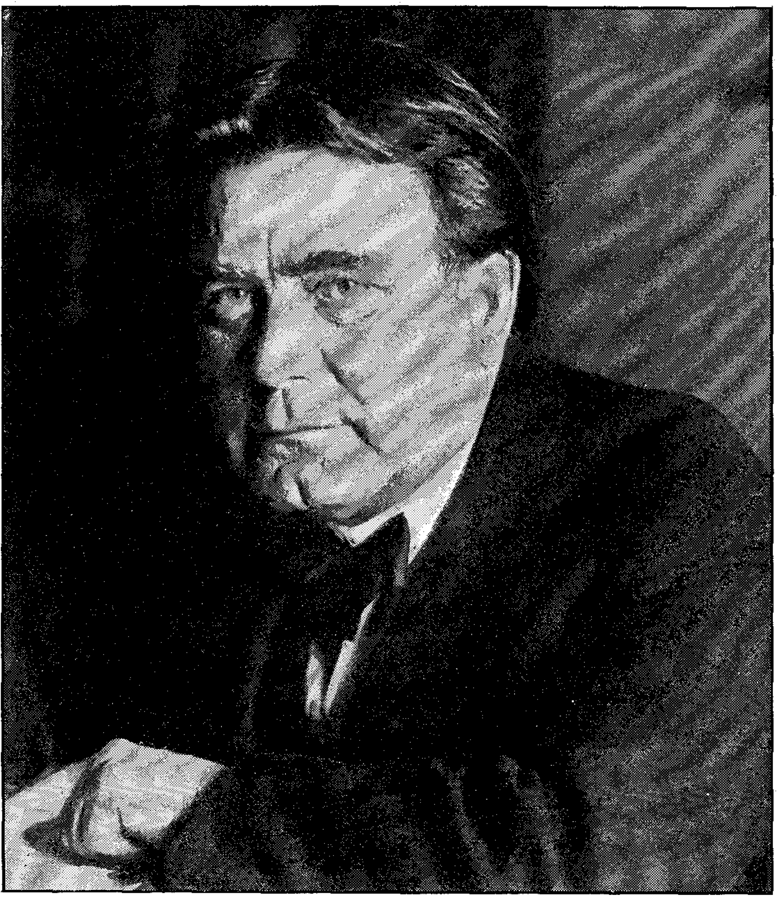
BORAH OUT TO FIGHT THE DRY REFERENDUMS

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MUST CHOOSE one of three courses in regard to Prohibition, according to Senator William Edgar Borah—they can "enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, repeal it, or nullify it." Nullification, he declares, "is the course which is now being urged, boldly urged, by those who are urging referendums in the States to leave the construction and execution of the Eighteenth Amendment to the States." Therefore he denounces as "constitutional anarchists" those modificationists who believe in paving the way for the return of light wine and beer by State referendums such as that authorized in New York, which proposes to leave the definition of "intoxicating beverages" to the individual States.



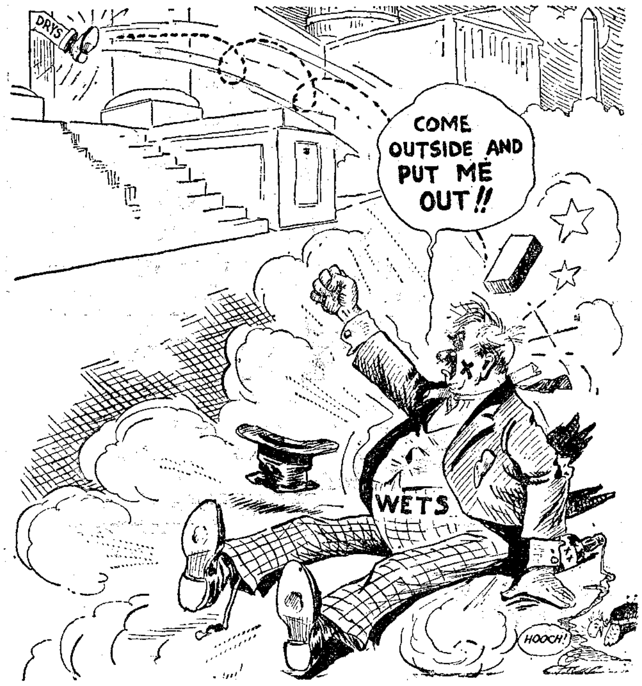
"THIS IS CONSTITUTIONAL ANARCHY"

Says Senator Borah of the proposal that each State be permitted to make its own definition of an "intoxicating beverage." He would "kick into a waste-basket a referendum which proposes to militate against either the spirit or the letter of the Constitution as it stands." *His sweeping denunciation of this and every other plan* to modify the effects of the Eighteenth Amendment except by repeal has caused him to loom as a dry candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Borah's denunciation of State referendums on Prohibition as in effect pleas for nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment caused a stir in the camps of both the wets and the drys that is said to have amazed even the Idaho Senator. Dry journals applaud his words and hail him as possibly their most conspicuous and powerful political champion; wet editorial offices turn their heaviest artillery against his position; and the Washington correspondents of both camps plunged instantly into predictions and surmises concerning the effect of Mr. Borah's ringing speech on the Presidential elections of 1928. While some are convinced that he is making a bid for the Presidency as the candidate of the drys, expecting to enter the race against Governor "Al" Smith, others think that his intention is merely to prod President Coolidge into a more aggressive championship of the dry cause. Still others, recalling Senator Borah's record as a "lone wolf" in politics, suggest that his speech may express merely his sincere personal convictions, and may have no other motives whatever behind it. But there is general agreement that the Borah challenge has made vastly more difficult the efforts of the politicians to keep the Prohibition issue out of the elections.

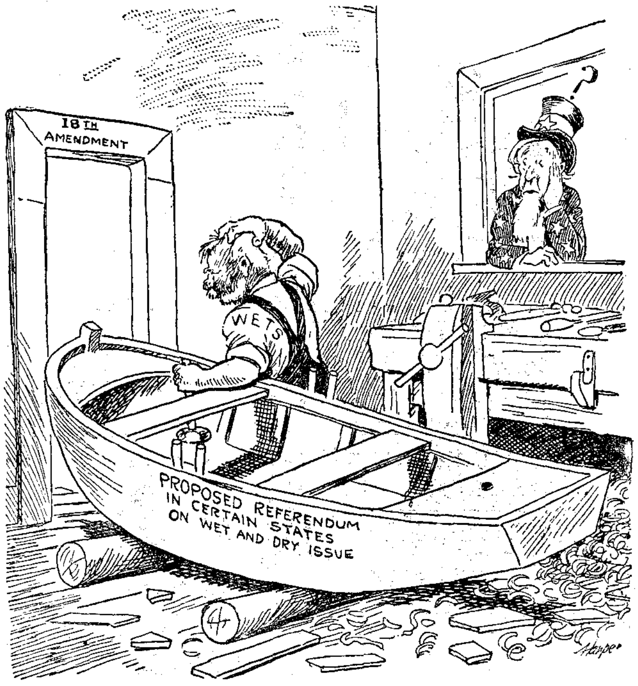
Senator Borah's denunciation of the New York referendum, say the Anti-Saloon League leaders of that State, as quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "has definitely placed him in the leadership of the dry forces of the country and may result in his selection as the champion of Prohibition in the Presidential campaign of 1928." In a Washington dispatch from Carter Field to the same paper we read that the Senator from Idaho "will make several speeches in New York attacking the referendum," and that "he will make speeches probably all over the country as soon as Congress adjourns." But Mr. Field goes on to say that "among the Republicans in official life here, even among the most rampant drys, there is no sentiment for Borah as President." Republican leaders admit, however, Mr. Field tells us, that Senator Borah "has a tremendous personal following throughout the country," among Democrats as well as Republicans. "There is no discounting the importance that is attached to Senator Borah's coming out as champion of the dry cause," says a Washington dispatch to the New York *World;* and in the same paper Charles Michelson discusses the situation as follows:

"Senator Borah thinks the acuteness of the Prohibition situation gives him the opportunity for which he has long waited. By the end of the summer he will be the best advertised man in


DRYS
COME OUTSIDE AND PUT ME OUT!!
WETS
HOOCH!

HE WANTS A "REFERENDUM"!

—Gregg in the Atlanta *Constitution.*


18TH AMENDMENT
WETS
PROPOSED REFERENDUM IN CERTAIN STATES ON WET AND DRY ISSUE
?

A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

WHAT PROHIBITION REFERENDUM PLANS MEAN TO THE DRYS—

the United States. Already invitations to speak are pouring in on him from every quarter. The gap left by Bryan's death beckons him, and by the time 1928 rolls around there will be a Borah faction in the Republican Party clamoring for his nomination as President.

"The advent of the strongest individual in the United States Senate as their champion has thrilled the Republican drys, until now they are talking of breaking the Solid South with Borah for President. This may not be as wild a dream as it seems. Borah is pretty popular in Dixieland. He has been a stout defender of State rights when such measures as the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill have been up. It is, of course, inconsistent for a statesman to connive at the nullification of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and to insist that even an indirect attack on the Eighteenth is akin to treason, but when has inconsistency been reprobated by an electorate where a candidate has been inconsistent their way?"

While the editors, correspondents and politicians discuss the implications of Senator Borah's trumpet blast, the Senator himself, we are told, hides his thoughts behind a happy but slightly sardonic grin. This grin is explained by Robert T. Small in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington:

"Senator Borah is enjoying the rumpus he has created by his attack upon the New York State wet and dry referendum, and all such attempts to 'sound' the public on its opinion of the Prohibition situation. Senator Borah never is happier than when stirring up the animals.

"All the talk about the Senator becoming the leader of the dry forces has added several degrees to the wideness of the Borah grin. The senior Senator from Idaho is not of the leader type, and no one knows it better than he does. He fairly hates leadership—and that is why he is always trying to wreck it. Senator Borah hates political sheep and doesn't want any of them following him around. He is the lone wolf and hunts by himself. He keeps his independence of action at all times. As a 'leader' he would be bound largely by the views of those who had chosen him as such."

Senator Borah's speech, which thus gave a new twist to all the political discussion in Washington, was made at a popular meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Baltimore on May 30. In short, the Idaho Senator denounced State referendums on Prohibition like the one to be voted on in New York, and also the whole campaign for modification of the Volstead Law as tending to nullification and Constitutional anarchy. The campaign for modification he also declared to be hypocritical and futile. The Senator started off with an emphatic declaration of his own dryness—"I believe the liquor traffic to be a curse to the human family." But Mr. Borah is convinced that even a greater question "is the capacity of the American people for constitutional government." In his opinion, "to disregard our Constitution, to evade it, to nullify it, while still refusing to change it, is to plant the seeds of destruction in the heart of the nation—is to confess before the world that we have neither the moral courage nor the intellectual sturdiness for self-government."

This brings the Senator to the New York State referendum on the question:

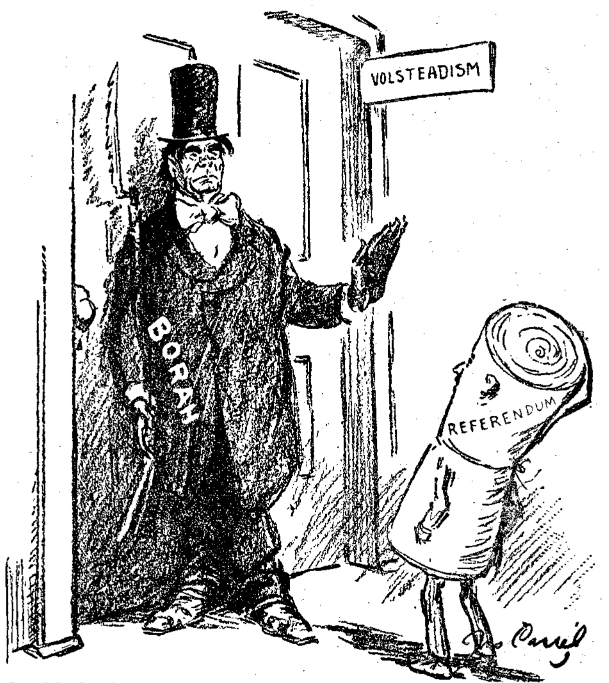
"Should the Congress of the United States modify the Federal act to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, so that the same shall not prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation of beverages which are not in fact intoxicating as determined in accordance with the laws of the respective States?"

Of which Mr. Borah says:

"If this scheme could be put into effect, forty-eight States would construe the Federal Constitution and the Federal authorities would have to accept the forty-eight constructions. Altho the Federal Government is the defender and the interpreter of the Constitution, it is by this program to be called upon to abdicate, to surrender and leave all to the States. This is constitutional anarchy.

"If this referendum interrogatory has any meaning at all, it is that every State shall determine for itself its own construction of, and obligation to the Constitution of the United States, and that construction is to bind the Federal Government. That doctrine was shot to death at the Battle of the Wilderness."

What the advocates of State referendums really want, asserts Senator Borah, is "the right to sell and transport intoxicating liquor." And the only candid and effective way to bring this about, he insists, is to take steps to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment in the way provided by the Constitution. The Senator incidentally makes the point that referendums and the talk of referendums should not exempt political candidates and leaders from openly declaring their position on Prohibition before election. Turning his attention to the modificationists, Mr. Borah first says that a mere increase in the percentage of alcohol



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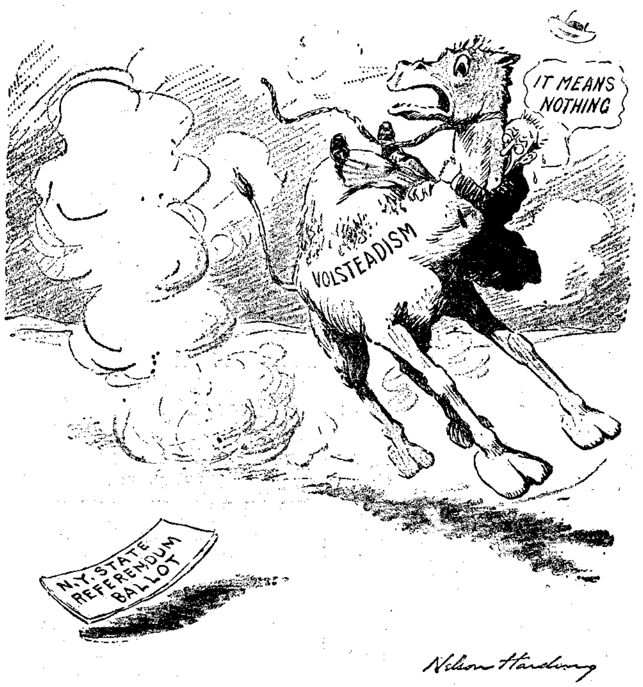
GUARDING THE SACRED PORTAL

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.



AFRAID OF A SCRAP OF PAPER?

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

AND HOW THE DRY OPPOSITION APPEARS TO THE WETS

allowed under the Volstead Law, to an amount still not intoxicating, would satisfy no one. Thus the arguments of the modificationists are said to be really "arguments for the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, for a total disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment":—

"Their contention now is that the National Government should not undertake to deal with the liquor problem, that the matter should be left entirely to the States. Is that modification? Can that change the drought about, except in flat violation of the Eighteenth Amendment?

"The last proposition is that the Government should manufacture and sell liquor. Is that a change of percentage? We are told day after day that Prohibition is a failure, that the Eighteenth Amendment is destroying our Government, that it is wiping out the line of demarcation between the National Government and the States. These are the arguments now. Are these arguments for modification?"

Thus, concludes the senior Senator from Idaho:

"The question is fairly and squarely presented to the American people: Whether we will enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, repeal it, or nullify it. It is perfectly clear that that which is demanded can only be secured in one of two ways, either by repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or its complete and shameless violation, its utter nullification. That is the issue, and that being the issue there is only one course for a great and law-abiding people to pursue, and that is to live up to their Constitution, not only according to its terms as it stands, but according to the method provided for amending it."

Senator Borah, the dry papers agree, has defined and clarified the Prohibition situation for the American people; and in doing this, says the Manchester *Union*, he "has performed a great service." The pleas of the modificationists, this New Hampshire daily agrees, "are arguments for the nullification and total disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment." Senator Borah defines the real issue, avers the Washington *Star;* and in the Utica *Press* we read:

"Since no one of the wets in Congress has offered a resolution proposing an amendment repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, it is obvious no one of them has the courage of the conviction he professes, namely: that a majority of the people in the country are wet and hostile to Prohibition. The adoption of a repealing amendment is hopeless. The wets know it. Therefore, they have not and will not propose such amendment. The other way to make the Eighteenth Amendment a dead letter is, as Senator Borah states, its 'complete and shameless violation, its utter nullification,' and the method by which this is to be effected is by a series of so-called referendums in States. If the New York resolution, the only one thus far ordered submitted to the people of a State by a Legislature and a governor, is the model by which officials of other States are to be induced to seek a sort of mandate for nullifying a part of the national Constitution, then the scheme is dishonest and contemptible. New York has the repute or disrepute alone of all States of having repealed a law designed to give effect within its borders to an amendment to the national Constitution. That repeal evinced a fine regard of the officials responsible therefor for their solemn oaths of office. As if that were not enough, those officials in effect now ask the people of the State to put the formal and direct stamp of their approval upon flagrant violation and nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment."

"Beyond doubt, New York has taken up the historic rôle of nullification leader once played so disastrously by South Carolina," remarks the Springfield *Republican*, which goes on to say:

"If Senator Borah's Baltimore speech had a special significance, it was as a public challenge to New York leaders of his own party—men like Senator Wadsworth, Nicholas Murray Butler and Elihu Root—on their nullification program. After weighing Mr. Borah's words, no one will hastily assume that the nullificationists have the constitutionalists 'on the run.'

"Who is the better friend of constitutional government—Wadsworth, Root & Co. or Mr. Borah? The nullification idea has never been anything but a dagger aimed at the heart of constitutional government in the United States. The truth of this assertion may be found in the series of events embracing the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798-1799, the Hartford convention of New England Federalists in 1814, the nullification ordinance of South Carolina in 1833, and the great Southern secession of 1861.

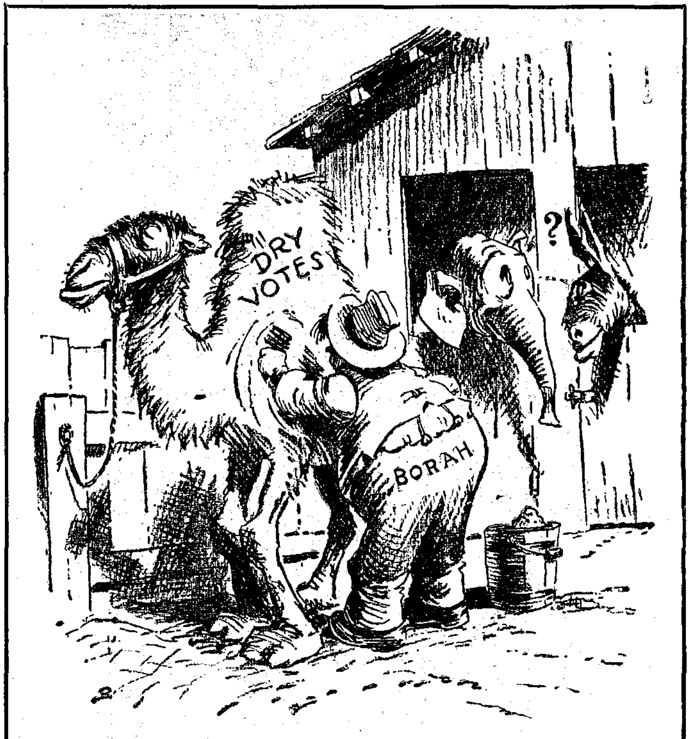
"Politicians talk about a referendum on Prohibition; in reality they are asking for a popular vote on the question whether we shall harbor a decent concern for the American Constitution, without which nothing could stand a week. . . .

"But war on the new nullification is declared. A great leader has been found in the United States Senate to wage it with relentless power."

Wet papers, on the other hand, ask derisively with the Baltimore *Sun* what is so unconscionably wicked in the decision of the

State of New York to take a vote on the way its people feel toward the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law. They also wonder how Senator Borah has persuaded himself that the Eighteenth Amendment is more sacred than any other amendment—the Fourteenth or Fifteenth, for instance. "One would think from Mr. Borah's speech that the action of the New York Legislature in asking the opinion of the New York electorate on a matter of first-class public concern was Bolshevism," remarks the Providence *News.* "The Civil War destroyed the doctrine of secession, but that is a very different thing from the right of States to control their domestic affairs as self-ruling communities within the Union," comments the Buffalo *Express.* And the New York *World* answers Mr. Borah as follows:

> "Mr. Borah says that the wets must either enforce the Volstead Law or repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Any other policy is disloyalty to constitutional government. What about repeal?
>
> "In order to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment it would be necessary to pass a resolution by a two-thirds vote of both Houses. Thirty-three Senators out of the 531 legislators in both Houses can block the repeal at the outset. A veto on repeal resides in 6 per cent. of the representation at the capital.
>
> "But suppose the repeal carries in Congress. It has then to be ratified by both Houses of every Legislature in thirty-six States. Seventy-two legislative bodies must agree before there can be a repeal. Thirteen legislative bodies can block the repeal. In order to pass the repeal it is necessary to win a majority of both Houses of the Legislatures in thirty-six States. To block the repeal it is necessary only for the Prohibitionists to hold a majority in one House in each of thirteen States. Since there are ninety-six State legislative bodies, a veto on repeal resides in less than 7 per cent. of them.
>
> "That is why constitutional amendments are never repealed. That is why, through all our history, obsolete amendments have either been amended by judicial construction or nullified by general consent. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, in so far as they relate to Negro suffrage in the South, have been nullified.
>
> "If to legalize, let us say, light wines and beers, or allow the States themselves to determine what alcoholic content shall be illegal—if this is nullification, then that is what it is. The name does not matter. But the historical fact is that nullification as attempted by South Carolina in 1832 was a totally different thing. It not only declared the Federal Tariff Law null and void, but it announced that South Carolina would resist by force the execution of the law and would, if it were enforced, secede from the Union.
>
> "What the modificationists propose is by act of Congress to rewrite the Volstead Law. In other words, they appeal to the Federal Congress to modify a Federal act. It may be that any liberal modification is inconsistent with the words of the Eighteenth Amendment. Nevertheless, the Volstead Law ought to be amended, because if it can not be the United States finds itself in the position where it can not change one of its laws even if 94 per cent. of the representatives desire to do so.
>
> "That is so absurd a predicament that it would be foolish to submit to it. Nor is it a tribute to the Constitution, nor a service to the cause of constitutional government to argue, as Mr. Borah is arguing, that once the people have legislated in their Constitution they can never change their minds, that they can never correct a mistake unless more than 90 per cent. of the Federal and State Legislatures are willing to let them."



"A RIVAL?"

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

UNCLE SAM, PLUTOCRAT

IT IS DIFFICULT for the mind to grasp the stupendous sum of $353,000,000,000, which was the estimated national wealth in 1922, but if we divide it by 110,000,000, our approximate total population, the figures become more tangible. This process reveals a per capita wealth of about $3,200. The national wealth is growing at the rate of between $50,000,000,000 and $60,000,000,000 a year, according to the Federal Trade Commission, which recently made a report to the Senate, and the national yearly income is increasing at the rate of about $10,000,000,000. "While these figures may be interesting to read, and cause us to throw out our collective chests," remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "they do not stay in the mind very long." As for the $3,200 which each of us is supposed to have, the Philadelphia paper says: "Some may have more, and others may have less, but for an average it probably has never been exceeded by any other country in the history of the world." The next richest nation, observes the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is the British Empire, with a wealth estimated at $130,000,000,000, or less than half of ours.

The fact that the national wealth of the United States is increasing faster than our population is brought out in a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, based upon the Federal Trade Commission's figures. Says this dispatch, in part:

> "The report estimates the national wealth in 1922 at $353,000,000,000. This is the latest year for which figures are obtainable. The national income in 1923 is estimated at $70,000,000,000. The increase in national wealth from 1912 to 1922, measured in dollars, is computed at about 72 per cent., but it is pointed out that allowance should be made for changes in the purchasing power of the dollar, so that the real increase was nearer 16 per cent., as compared with about 15 per cent. increase in population. Taking the figure of 16 per cent. as the normal increase in national wealth, on the basis of the $353,000,000,000 estimated for 1922, the national wealth for 1925 would be approximately $550,000,000,000.
>
> "The report estimates the amount of wealth according to various uses; wealth in agriculture, for example, comprised about 18 per cent. of the total; in manufacturing and mining about 14 per cent. and in railroads and other public utilities about 12 per cent. As to the ownership of natural resources, the report estimates that for 1922 six companies controlled about one-third of the developed water-power, eight companies three-fourths of the unmined anthracite coal, thirty companies over a third of the immediate reserves of bituminous coal, two companies over one-half of the iron-ore reserves, four companies nearly one-half of the copper reserves, and thirty companies about one-eighth of the petroleum reserves.
>
> "Of the estimated income in 1923 of $70,000,000,000, about 42 per cent. is attributed to manufacturing, mining and construction industries, nearly 14 per cent. to agriculture and about 12 per cent. to merchandising."

"That," points out the Newark *News*, "leaves about 32 per cent. to be divided among the rest of us." Continues this paper:

> "The growing ownership of stocks is also shown by the Commission's report. Individuals in 1922 owned 90 per cent. of

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these, and average holdings of a typical group were $6,969 for common and $5,211 for preferred. It is significantly shown also that corporate profits dropt from $10,000,000,000 in 1917 to about $1,000,000,000 in 1921, while in the same period labor's share of industry's income steadily rose, representing 55 per cent. of the total in 1923."

To the Washington *Post* "these are interesting figures":

"According to the Manufacturers' Bulletin, a dollar in October, 1925, would buy on the average only 43.7 per cent. of the amount of labor it would have commanded in 1914. An employee's dollar spent for general living expenses has decreased 40 per cent. since 1914, while the employer's dollar spent for wages has declined 56.3 per cent. Therefore it is apparent that while the purchasing power of the consumer's dollar has fallen, the employer's dollar has shrunk still more because of the higher wages paid.

"If these figures are correct it would seem that labor in the United States has not fared badly since the war, in comparison with capital."

More than 25 per cent. of the wealth of the United States is said by the Commission's report to be in homes, and other assets contributing to the comfort and enjoyment of the home. And the Schenectady *Union-Star* believes that "this speaks volumes for the stability and power of the American nation."

However, we are reminded by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

"In all national estimates, land and its improvements are an important item, and the wealth of a country of large area would naturally be exprest in large figures. This item, in fact, accounts for no less than $230,000,000,000 out of the $353,000,000,000 American total. On a like basis of land appraisal China would be reckoned an enormously wealthy country, tho commonly thought of as a relatively poor country. Neither the total national wealth nor even the per capita national wealth necessarily indicates the relative ability of the merely average man in any country to carry his own burdens or the burdens of others.

"As for our investments in homes and land, these figures would be still more gratifying if other figures showed that a very large ratio of these homes are owned by the occupants. Tenant farmers, however, are of formidable numbers, and the great and enlarging areas of cities devoted to apartment-houses indicates no rapid increase in home-owning."

The Winston-Salem *Journal* sees in our national income of $70,000,000,000, or approximately 20 per cent. of the total wealth, an indication of "the efficient administration of the wealth of the country as a medium of wealth creation." Of course, adds this Southern daily, "an equitable sharing in the income of the nation by all the people is the ultimate goal," and the Dallas *News* goes on to say:

"To some eyes there is a social menace in the great and rapid increase of wealth in this country. For such there should be reassurance in the increased use of that wealth in social service. Some one has said that one great difference between our time and twenty years ago is that, whereas twenty years ago a fortune of $1,000,000 conferred a great privilege on its possessor, it now entails a responsibility equal to the privilege. The idea is not fantastic. There has been a greater growth in wealth's sense of social responsibility than in its sense of individual privilege. That fact should quiet the apprehensions of those who have feared that as a nation we are getting rich too quick."

THE "UNDESIRABLE" RUSSELL

"THE LIFE OF THE INTERNATIONAL traveler is certainly becoming complicated these days," observes one of the many American papers which show more astonishment and amusement than indignation over the refusal of the British Government to let Charles Edward Russell land at Plymouth a few days ago. "After trying a few flyers ourselves," we of the United States, remarks the Manchester *Union*, can hardly complain "if we find the exclusion chickens coming home to roost." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remembers that "we refused to admit the Communist member of Parliament, Saklatvala, for fear he might contaminate our citizens. We detained the Countess Cathcart at Ellis Island because of her morals, but released her just in time to see Joyce Hawley climb into Earl Carroll's famous bathtub."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

NOT ALLOWED TO LAND IN ENGLAND

Charles Edward Russell, who was excluded from British soil by the immigration authorities at the request of Irish Free State officials, and who afterward declined permission to visit England on the understanding that he would not cross over to Ireland.

Mr. Russell, a writer by profession, a one-time Socialist and the party's presidential candidate in 1916, left the party because of its anti-war policy, was a member of the Root mission to Russia, and was otherwise responsibly employed under the Wilson Administration. He planned a European trip this summer, but was not allowed to leave the *President Roosevelt* at Plymouth on May 27, so had to go on to Paris instead of visiting the British Isles. It came out afterward that he was excluded by the British authorities at the request of officials of the Irish Free State, one of whom was quoted in an Associated Press dispatch as saying: "We have information that he was unfriendly to the Free State, and we have reasons to suppose that he really was coming here for the sake of propagating anti-Free State views." Our newspapers call attention to Mr. Russell's friendship with advocates of the Irish Republic and he himself recalls a St. Patrick's Day speech in Cincinnati before the American Association for Recognition of the Irish Republic, in which he treated England's Irish policy rather caustically.

But what harm Mr. Russell "could do or would want to do in Ireland" taxes the imagination of the Springfield *Republican*. "Nothing that Mr. Russell might write about the Free State would shock the liberal world more than this act of exclusion," says the Providence *News*, which, noting that he had also been forbidden to enter Italy because of attacks on Mussolini, concludes that "both Italy and Ireland could have done much better to let Mr. Russell enter." The Baltimore *Sun* warns the Irish authorities that in the exclusion of Russell "the opponents of the Free State in this country find fuel for their dying cause," and are given a leader and a hero—"was it wise thus to stimulate and inflate the cause of irregularism?"

On the other hand, the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail* feels that "whatever the reasons influencing the British Government to exclude Mr. Russell, Great Britain is acting within her rights, and this country has no reason to complain." The suspicion entertained by Free State officials that Mr. Russell intended to carry on anti-Free State propaganda "may do him an injustice," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* "but the Free State can hardly be blamed for desiring the absence of Irish Republican sympathizers."

THE SUFFRAGIST FIGHT OVER INDUSTRIAL EQUALITY

EQUAL JOBS, not equal votes, is the coming feminist slogan, declares one American woman press correspondent at the recent Paris convention of suffragists which transferred to a European battleground the bitter war between the two leading American suffrage organizations. The fundamental difference between these rivals, the National Woman's Party of America and the League of Women Voters of the United States, concerns woman's position in industry and business. The Party, as one dispatch puts it, holds "for equal rights of women and the League for preferential legislation favoring women." In spite of the fact that the equal rights idea is strongly held by many European suffragists and was endorsed by preliminary committee meetings, the Woman's Party delegates were refused admission to membership in the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, because of the objection raised by the League, one of the original constituent organizations. By a less decisive vote, the convention voted down the Woman's Party's pet resolution—complete industrial equality for men and women. The Congress did, however, as the New York *Times* correspondent points out, agree to "a resolution declaring that no obstacle should be placed in the way of married women who desire to enter and continue in paid work, and that the laws relative to women should be so framed as not to handicap them in their economic position." Whereupon, tho the Woman's Party representatives in Paris volubly express their disappointment, the Party leaders at their Washington headquarters proclaimed their vast satisfaction over what they consider the acceptance of their principles at Paris. Miss Alice Paul, one of the founders of the organization, made a formal statement to the press, saying:

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SHE PRESIDED

And the organization plan to exclude the American National Woman's Party from the International Alliance went through—Mrs. Margery Corbett Ashby of England.

> "We rejoice in the strength of the movement for equal rights which has been so strikingly displayed and in the adoption of the equal rights program by the Alliance. It marks, we believe, a turning point in the feminist movement.
>
> "Whether in direct organized cooperation or not we shall continue to do our utmost to aid everywhere those groups who are seeking to remove every remaining handicap upon women.
>
> "The achievement of equal rights in industry will assure women workers five things:
>
> "1. Free choice among all occupations, at present denied by restrictive legislation in regard to hours, time and conditions of work.
>
> "2. Equal opportunity for training in the professions.
>
> "3. Equal opportunity for advancement in the professions and industries at present denied by restrictive legislation in regard to hours, time and conditions of work.
>
> "4. It will mean the basing of protective legislation upon the character of the work and not upon the sex of the worker, thus putting men and women, competitors by the necessity of present economic conditions, on an equal basis.
>
> "5. It will remove women from the class of children and tend to further legislation in the interest of childhood by concentrating effort on its special problems."

The National Woman's Party, whose fight for industrial equality for women has thus been transferred to the international battleground, has a real battle on its hands, writes G. Gould Lincoln in the Washington *Star*, "to bring about economic and industrial equality of women."

> "In the first place, here in America, it has run counter right off the bat to the American Federation of Labor, and the organizations of woman workers affiliated with the Federation or organized separately. The contest with the American Federation of Labor comes over the laws enacted in a number of States giving women so-called 'protection' in industry.
>
> "All of these protective laws, the members of the National Woman's Party point out, make it more difficult for women to get jobs, and if they get them, to receive pay equal to the pay which would be demanded and obtained by men in the same job. In other words, the laws, while apparently in the interest of the women, are really in the interest of the men workers, who are enabled to get the jobs and to get the higher pay because the laws put an embargo on the employment of women to a certain extent."

The National Woman's Party, it will be remembered, has proposed this amendment to the Federal Constitution: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction." According to Mr. Lincoln:

> "The women declare that once this amendment is adopted, all legal discriminations against women will be at an end in this country. Of course, their campaign is waged not alone against the so-called protective labor laws now militating against the employment of women, but against other legal discriminations, such as the power of the father to will away the custody of a child from its mother, which exists in three States; laws making the father the sole natural guardian of minor children, entitling the father alone to the services and earnings of a child—as Massachusetts and New York; laws in forty States which declare that the services of the wife belong to the husband.
>
> "In one State the common law rule that the earnings of a married woman belong to her husband is still in force. In many States a married woman is limited in her power to contract and assume business liabilities and obligations. In some, the husband is entitled to manage and control his wife's separate property or to manage and dispose of joint property, or enjoy its rents and profits even tho the wife may have paid the entire purchase price. In one State, only male citizens are permitted to be members of the Legislature, in more than half of the States women are denied the right to serve on juries."

The action of the international body is undoubtedly a severe blow to the Woman's Party, remarks the New York *Times*, for "if they can not get admission, how are they to work against international protective laws and special welfare legislation for women?" But, continues this paper,

> "If the leaders of the Woman's Party are embarrassed because they have not been admitted, they conceal their feeling by expressing satisfaction because the Sorbonne Committee of the Alliance has endorsed the principle which they had hoped themselves to work for. There is not a word of chagrin because their cherished plans have been brought nearer to fruition by another organization. They are elated at the advancement of their ideal by any means; gratified by the endorsement of their policy by a sister party."

But it seems "an inescapable fact" to the Baltimore *Evening Sun* that the emancipation program of the Woman's Party "has found the great body of American women strangely indifferent." The Detroit *Free Press* goes so far as to say that this program "is in direct opposition to the immensely predominant sentiment of American womanhood," and it unsympathetically states the Party's position as follows:

> "Its members are protestants against the order of nature, and decline to recognize the biological differences between the sexes which make it necessary specially to safeguard the physical well-being of women who work for a living. In this country it has been their main aim to break down the system of protective laws that women of better insight have been laboring for years to build up, and that at present throw an invaluable safeguard about members of the sex who are employed, particularly about growing girls."

The motion at the Paris convention to admit the National Woman's Party was voted down 123 to 49, after spirited debate and after one British group, out of sympathy, decided to keep out of the Convention. The reasons which impelled the organization to take its stand against the Woman's Party were read to the convention by the President, Mrs. Corbett Ashby of England. They were, briefly, as summarized in a New York *Times* dispatch, "that the objection of the other American organization, the League of Women Voters, must be accepted because of its loyal service to the Alliance and also because of the lead given by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the Alliance founder. The conflict of opinion between the two American groups was the third reason given, but the fourth, and one which the officials stress the most, was the so-called 'press campaign' they charge the Woman's Party with having conducted since their arrival in France."

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HER PARTY LOST

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, President of the American National Woman's Party, which favors "equal jobs" for women, and which at Paris was refused membership in the International Woman Suffrage Alliance.

Miss Belle Sherwin, President of the League of Women Voters, declared at Paris that her organization "objects to the Woman's Party on the ground that we are opposed to each other's policy and political tactics, which was demonstrated year after year before Congress and Legislature."

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, President of the National Woman's Party, who was also at Paris, said that her organization "will continue its vigorous campaign, both nationally and internationally, to secure equality between men and women in all departments of life," but she regrets, "on account of the great woman movement, the pettiness displayed in this decision, for it would have been wiser on their part to show themselves in favor of solidarity."

Despite the formal action of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, the Boston *Christian Science Monitor's* correspondent, after talking with various groups of delegates and committee members in Paris, is convinced that "equal jobs, not equal votes, is the coming feminist slogan, and the equality struggle is shifting from the political to the industrial arena; it is not that women have ceased to desire the ballot, but that they have tasted political victory in many countries, while in none have they acquired what they regard as entire equality of their rights of work."

The International Woman Suffrage Alliance, it is explained in the Paris dispatches, represents suffrage organizations in forty countries. At the Paris convention the following official summary of the present political status of women throughout the world was given to the press and reprinted as follows in a dispatch to the Boston *Christian Science Monitor:*

Keystone View photograph

HER PARTY WON

Miss Belle Sherwin, President of the League of Women Voters of the United States, who succeeded in keeping the American National Woman's Party out of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance.

> "Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, Germany, Iceland, Irish Free State, Kenya, Lettonia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, Rhodesia, Russia, Sweden, United States, equal suffrage and eligibility for all elected bodies.
>
> "Australia, equal suffrage and eligibility for municipal bodies, State and federal parliaments.
>
> "Austria, equal suffrage and eligibility for municipal bodies and parliaments.
>
> "Belgium, equal municipal suffrage and eligibility for municipal councils. Eligibility for parliament and provincial councils without suffrage, except for a limited class of those affected by the war.
>
> "Canada, equal suffrage and eligibility for all elected bodies both federal and provincial, except that women are not eligible as federal senators and that they have not suffrage or eligibility for the Province of Quebec.
>
> "Great Britain, equal municipal suffrage and eligibility. Parliamentary suffrage restricted to women over thirty years old, as against twenty-one years for men, with other inequalities.
>
> "Greece, limited measure of municipal and communal suffrage, without eligibility, to come into force in 1927.
>
> "Hungary, municipal and parliamentary suffrage restricted to women who are over thirty years old, as against twenty-one years for men, with certain other inequalities of educational restrictions.
>
> "India, equal suffrage for women in British India in the provinces of Bombay, Madras, the United Provinces, Assam and Bengal, but without eligibility. The Province of Burma had equal suffrage for women granted by a special constitution, with the right to grant eligibility by a resolution of the Legislature. In certain towns, such as Bombay and Madras, women have municipal suffrage and are eligible. In the Indian native states suffrage has been granted in Cochin, Travancore, Jahalwar and Mysore.
>
> "Jamaica, equal suffrage without eligibility.
>
> "Newfoundland, municipal suffrage without eligibility. Political suffrage and eligibility at age of twenty-five years as against twenty-one years for men.
>
> "Palestine, women have equal suffrage and eligibility for the Jewish National Assembly, but they have no voting rights under the constitution.
>
> "South Africa, equal municipal suffrage and eligibility.
>
> "Spain, limited measure of municipal suffrage and eligibility.
>
> "Trinidad, Tobago, Windward Islands, women have the vote at thirty years of age as against men at twenty-one, subject to a property qualification in both cases. Women are not eligible to sit in the Council."

THE PORTUGUESE POT BOILS OVER

TWO KINGS, FOUR PRESIDENTS, and Prime Ministers without number, recalls the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, have been deprived of power in Portugal during the last fifteen years. There is therefore "not much of the character of news" in that republic's most recent bloodless revolution, thinks the Boston *Herald*, "for the history of Portugal during recent years is largely a record of trumpery revolutions engineered by habitually discontented officers of the army and navy." These are too frequent and generally too meaningless, thinks the Baltimore *Sun*, to cause much agitation in the outside world, but W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, believes that "what is taking place in Portugal and Poland emphasizes the fact that popular government on the continent of Europe is still in a bad way, with nothing in sight that promises an early return to stable conditions." In the opinion of this political writer, "democracy has not faced such a serious state of affairs at any time in all its history."

The Portuguese revolutionary movement and Cabinet overthrow of May 28-29, say foreign dispatches, followed the familiar lines, except that there was no street fighting or bloodshed. Commander Mendes Cabecadas, of the Portuguese Navy, appears as the principal figure, but mutiny, we are told, first declared itself in an army division at Braga. When President Machado learned how things were going, he is said to have called a meeting of the Cabinet, which immediately resigned. Commander Cabecadas was thereupon called in by the President to form a new Government, and he accepted. The first duties of the new Cabinet, says a dispatch from Lisbon, will be dissolution of Parliament and revocation of laws considered damaging to national interests. According to the New York *Sun:*

> "Commander Cabecadas was one of the leaders of the revolution of 1910, which established the Portuguese Republic. From the time of the establishment of a republic, Portugal has had a hard internal struggle. It has had difficulty in adjusting itself to financial demands and in meeting the insistence of its industrial classes for such changes in tariff and revenues as would permit them to carry on business advantageously in face of foreign competition.
>
> "Portugal's chief reliance is its peasant farmers; they have held out against changes that would disturb the hold they have on the politics of the country, always refusing to yield to the industrial or commercial interests. They have generally carried their point. They represent, in fact, the sturdiest element of the republic, and the effort now will be to win from them such concessions for the general good of the nation as will give the urban business and industrial interests a chance to carry out the program for which these elements have been striving.
>
> "The President remains as nominal head of the nation, but Cabecadas will be the real power. His model in the past has been General de Rivera, and he will evidently try to furnish Portugal with an imitation of the Spanish Premier's rule of the neighboring kingdom."

"This is not opera bouffe, but Portuguese politics," explains the Boston *Herald*, and it goes on:

> "Let us glance at a few of last year's doings in Portugal. On February 15, 1925, the Cabinet of Dominques dos Santos was voted out of office by the Chamber because the army had fired on a crowd after the throwing of a bomb, yet at the same session the Chamber passed a vote of confidence in the army. Victorino Guimaraes then formed a ministry whose first experience was a month's work in suppressing disorders and riots amounting to attempted revolutions. On June 26 a vote of no confidence dismissed this government. A new one was immediately constituted by Antonio da Silva. It lasted two weeks, which it employed, after proclaiming martial law, in suppressing the third revolutionary movement of the year, fomented by a military group. Next came the Cabinet of Domingo Pereira. In December the President of the republic, Manuel Teixira Gomes, tired of the squabbles of military politics, retired from office. He was succeeded by Bernardino Machado. Under him the Pereira Cabinet would not serve, and its place was taken by a second Da Silva Cabinet, which now makes room for the virtual dictatorship of Cabecadas. The Government of Portugal has proved itself a farce, and there is no sign of the approach of a change for the better."

"Portuguese finances are also in bad shape," adds the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "and the people are not prosperous." But, observes the Baltimore *Sun*, in an editorial dealing with both the Polish and Portuguese situations:

> "Marshal Pilsudski and Commander Cabecadas are alike mistaken in their view that stirring the army to chase out a particular set of rulers is a solution of national difficulties. Soldiers can always oust a government if their leaders are willing to take the chance involved in setting a dangerous precedent. The real problem arises when the victor tries to improve the system he has superseded. Then, in nine revolutions out of ten, it is discovered that the military sword is a bungling instrument for probing deep-rooted national disorders."

Mr. Jermane, in his Seattle *Times* correspondence, reminds us that "popular rule in Spain, Italy, Greece and Portugal has never been on a sure foundation, and this is because of the ignorance of the people." In fact—

> "The only European countries that are functioning half satisfactorily are Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland, none of them great Powers, and most of them of the third and fourth grade. Most of the more important countries are either under autocratic rule or seem likely to move in that direction should present conditions become much worse. President Hindenburg is holding the threat of a dictatorship over Germany in order to prevent the politicians from running amuck. At intervals for six to eight months there have been suggestions that a dictatorship offered the only escape for France from the well-nigh impossible situation created by the politicians of that country.
>
> "Popular government in Belgium is being preserved by the otherwise illogical union of the Catholic and the Liberal parties, which was brought about as a last resort. Italy and Spain are still under dictatorial rule, and will be for indefinite periods. There was no other way to preserve the established order. Greece accepted a dictator several months ago rather than yield to the forces of misrule, and now come Poland and Portugal. Russia, of course, is the outstanding illustration of a nation gone wild. Conditions throughout the entire Balkan peninsula are unstable, and have been for a long time. The future of Austria is still in the laps of the gods.
>
> "In all these countries government by the people has failed, or there is fear that it may fail. Democracy has not faced such a serious state of affairs at any time in all its history. Its legs, always unsteady, have not been strong enough to carry the burden the war has created. What is sustaining it in Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Belgium is the intelligence of the people. It is safe to say that if standards of literacy were equally high in Greece and Latin Europe there would have been no upsetting of government in that quarter. For generations prior to the World War, Switzerland had the most efficient government in the whole world, not because the Swiss are more intelligent than other peoples, but because their exposed position atop the Alps, with greedy and unscrupulous great Powers surrounding them on all sides, made it imperative that they become well informed respecting government and all its intricate processes."

The lesson to be learned from the wide-spread and sinister upsetting of popular government in Europe—if indeed the American people are capable of learning it—is the lesson of international helpfulness, thinks Mr. Jermane, and he adds: "Roosevelt used to say, when he was arguing for closer cooperation between the United States and Latin-America, that the countries of the Western Hemisphere were certain to go up or go down together. We have been slow in learning that lesson, and have not entirely learned it yet. We are as indifferent to what may happen in Europe as we would be if disaster there would pass by on the other side and leave us untouched. The cold truth is that if we had acted toward Europe with the same degree of generosity and unselfishness that we displayed in the war, her house would now be in order, and we would be in a position to make far more in a practical way than we ever shall get through the present plan of debt payments."

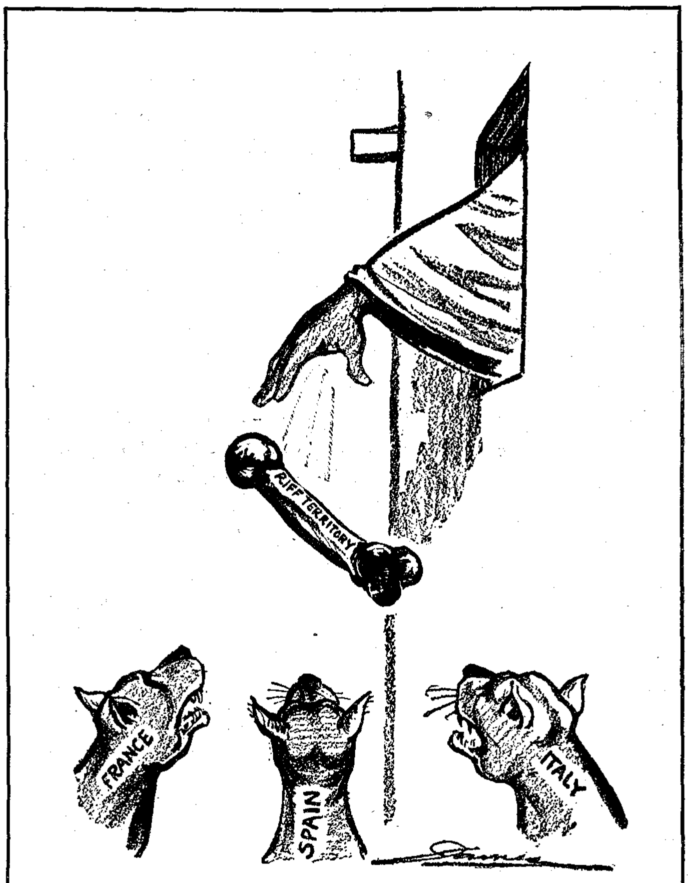
THE DOWNFALL OF ABD-EL-KRIM

ABD-EL-KRIM SHOULD BE CHANGED to Abd-i-Kate, since the recent abdication of the self-styled Sultan of Morocco, or even to Abd-el-Krimp, since the French forces have put a crimp in his plans to secure autonomy for the Riff, thinks a columnist of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Seriously inclined editors, however, are glad that the unconditional surrender of Sidi Mohammed Abd-el-Krim brings to an end another picturesque episode in the struggle between Moor and European. "It was a gallant struggle against overwhelming odds," notes the New York *World*, and the end, which came on May 26, "is an event of world importance," thinks the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. The immediate gain, in the opinion of the Pittsburgh *Sun*, "is that of the French and Spanish taxpayers, from whose backs is lifted the burden of maintaining the campaign in Morocco. This is good news for the world, for the reestablishment of French financial and economic stability is as vital to other nations as was the reestablishment of Germany before the reparations agreements." Moreover, continues this Pittsburgh daily, "it is also good news for North Africa, for the French have demonstrated there a capacity for economic development little short of marvelous."

No war, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "has ever been so unpopular as that waged against the Riffians." The revolt of Abd-el-Krim, we are informed by the New York *World*, "cost impoverished Spain billions of pesetas and tens of thousands of lives. The French occupation of 1924 cost ten thousand lives in that and the following year." Moreover, points out the Washington *Post*, "it was difficult for France to win the sympathy of her creditors while she was carrying on what was really an imperialistic war in Morocco." Taken as a whole, believes the Detroit *Free Press:*

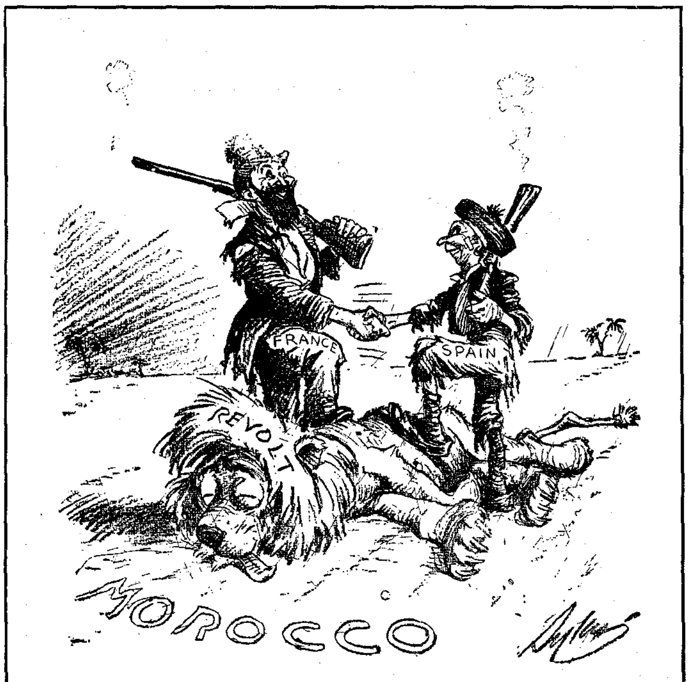
"The war was from the beginning a most unfortunate affair. Its outcome remained highly uncertain as long as Spain alone opposed the insurgents. The latter had things going much their own way. Their military successes disclosed utter incompetency on the part of the Spanish commanders. Even the dictatorship set up by Primo de Rivera failed to improve matters. The Spanish people began to murmur ominously. They felt that their money and their blood were being wasted on an adventure of no vital consequence to the nation.

"At this juncture, Abd-el-Krim committed a grave blunder. Before he had quite finished off Spain he flung himself against the French. Thereafter the result was never in doubt. It was merely a question of the time France would require to bring her full military strength to bear on the situation."



STILL A BONE OF CONTENTION

—James in the St. Louis *Star*.



AT LAST

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

But Abd-el-Krim, maintains the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, "need not bow his head in shame; he made a good fight." And the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* agrees that—

"No glory can attach to the victory of Europe's strongest army over a loose aggregation of Moorish mountaineers. If there is any military glory to be assigned, it goes without challenge to Abd-el-Krim and his tribesmen, who for nearly two years presented an effective resistance to the combined armies of Spain and France. That he has finally been pinched into submission is a victory, not for superior strategy nor even for Right, but a victory for numbers."

Nevertheless, thinks the Pittsburgh *Post:*

"It must be admitted that at the present time Morocco will be better off as a French protectorate than as an independent sovereignty. Whether the Riff will be better off under Spanish rule than under Abd-el-Krim is another question. The French have made excellent colonizers. The record of the Spaniards as governors of alien people is not so good.

"With the restoration of peace and order the building of roads and railroads will proceed in Morocco, commerce will thrive, education will be promoted. As the Moroccans develop fitness for self-government, the French will entrust the management of affairs to them in correspondingly increasing degree. In the meantime there will be no interference with their religious practises and very little with their social customs. Morocco probably will become another Algeria, prosperous, contented, and almost a part of France."

"Having achieved peace with honor," remarks the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "Abd-el-Krim may yet obtain greater advantages for the Riff than were possible through victories on the battlefield." And the Newark *News* is of the opinion that "the Riffians may now expect better government and a larger measure of independence than they have ever before possest."

The war, as *The Eagle* remarks, has been won. But how about the peace? In a long dispatch from the capital of Morocco to the New York *Times* we find the following:

"As the drama of Abd-el-Krim drags toward its conclusion it becomes increasingly probable that his collapse, tho it has ended a dangerous rebellion, has brought to the front a new set of important political problems for France and Spain. There is an increasing discussion here of the possibility of a conference between the two countries to settle questions of boundaries and administration."

As Edwin L. James, the *Times* correspondent at Paris, explains:

"The defeat of Abd-el-Krim, and his surrender to the French, liquidate him and his dream of empire, but do not liquidate all the Riffian problems. Now the question arises as to who will rule in the territory in which the vanquished Riffian chieftain tried to reign. In this region lies the Spanish zone, which Spain holds for the purpose of maintaining order. Last year the Spanish withdrew to the seaboard and indicated they did not intend to try any longer to occupy the interior of their zone. Now the Spanish are in a way subtenants of the French in Morocco, who, theoretically, have a protectorate over the whole country.

"While at this time they, perhaps, are not ready to say they should take over all the Spanish zone up to the seaboard, which the Spanish wish to keep, it is entirely likely that they will ask for certain adjustments to prevent a recurrence in the Riff of an effort to make trouble in the rest of Morocco.

"This is not so simple as it may seem. There are international agreements which prevent Spain and France agreeing on a new line. Britain has always opposed France's getting anywhere near the shore-line opposite Gibraltar, and she opposes that to-day. Whether Britain would oppose moving the French line midway north remains to be seen.

"The attitude of Italy and her failure to approve the latest Tangier arrangements point to an international conference which could consider the whole Moroccan problem, including Tangier."

"Something like an explicit settlement of Moroccan claims and spheres of influence will undoubtedly soon be attempted," agrees the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and in the Springfield *Union* we read:

"The prospects are that Spain will be permitted at last to exercise a protectorate over the region which was awarded her by the Algeciras Conference. Nothing seems to stand in the way of such a result unless France and Spain should unfortunately pass from an alliance into a conflict of aims and policies such as that which troubled the Allies after the Great War. It has often been shown that nations will love each other plainly enough while they are fighting a common enemy, but that their mutual affection may suffer in the arrangements for peace after the common enemy has been beaten into subjection."

A résumé of the war in Morocco is thus given by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The war in the Riff, a vast and rich Moroccan area on the Mediterranean coast directly south of Spain, began in the fall of 1923, when the many tribes of Moors under the leadership of Abd-el-Krim united to contest Spain's determination to establish a protectorate over the territory.

"So successful were Abd-el-Krim's forces against the Spaniards in the spring of 1924 that France sent two battalions to prevent the tribesmen from invading northern French Morocco. France entered the conflict as an ally of Spain in the late summer of 1924.

"The decline in the fortunes of Abd-el-Krim began in the fall of 1925.

"The French Government in September, 1925, dispatched Marshal Lyautey to the scene of operations. Lyautey's failure to subdue the tribesmen resulted in his recall and the appointment of Marshal Pétain as his successor.

"Pétain's battle plans told quickly. A joint offensive in March last around Mellila and the Jabala districts was marked with continued success.

"Abd-el-Krim sent an emissary to High Commissioner Steeg early in April requesting a cessation of hostilities and a formal peace conference of representatives of the three warring parties. The armistice parleys failed of success, Abd-el-Krim's envoys refusing the Franco-Spanish terms ordering the Riff chieftain into immediate exile.

"A week after the conference ended the Spaniards and French began a new offensive, finally compelling the Riffian leader again to make overtures for peace."

THE SUPREME COURT'S "JIM CROW" CASE

IF YOU HAVE RED HAIR, if your ancestors didn't come over in the *Mayflower*, or if you are too tall or too short there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that will make it possible for you to acquire property in a section where residents or property owners have agreed among themselves to bar people with red hair, and so forth. This, at least, is the construction placed by editorial writers, facetious and otherwise, on the recent refusal of the Supreme Court to interfere with the established practise of owners of property in white neighborhoods agreeing among themselves not to sell or lease their property to "persons of African descent." According to the Washington *Post:*

"The unconstitutionality of such agreements was challenged in Washington in a suit brought by Helen Curtis, colored, to force completion of the sale to her of a house owned by Irene Hand Corrigan.

"The suit was begun in the District Supreme Court after the owner had refused to sell and then had been restrained from doing so by an injunction issued by the court at the instance of John J. Buckley. The injunction was issued on the ground that the white owners of the property on the street had agreed that none should sell to a colored person, and which, it was said, Mrs. Corrigan signed.

"The covenant, the Court held, was valid and did not invade the constitutional rights of colored people, inasmuch as they had the right to enter into agreements to keep white persons or other persons deemed undesirable out of colored neighborhoods.

"The fight aroused interest, which extended throughout the country, because of numerous segregation and restrictive laws passed in other communities, and was carried to the United States Supreme Court on the grounds that such covenants violated the constitutional rights guaranteed colored persons under the Fifth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth amendments to the Constitution."

But, we read in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Justice Sanford, who handed down the decision, declared the Court could find nothing in any of these Amendments to sustain the plaintiff's contention.

"The Fifth Amendment was described by Justice Sanford as a limitation upon the powers of the general Government, not directed against the action of individuals. The Thirteenth Amendment he outlined as denouncing slavery and involuntary servitude, but not in other matters protecting the individual rights of persons of the negro race. As to the contentions raised under the Fourteenth Amendment, the opinion said it had reference only to State action and not to any action of private individuals.

"The decision leaves open to the complainant further proceedings in the lower courts to force the sale, provided she can find some other constitutional ground upon which to proceed."

In the opinion of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "this decision is of far-reaching importance, because it settles forever the right of persons who develop urban or suburban property to place such restrictions upon real estate as have just been upheld in the Washington case." And in so far as Federal statutes or the Constitution are concerned, observes the Springfield *Republican*, "the United States Supreme Court can not be accused of race prejudice in this business." "The Afro-American," points out the Louisville *Times*, "has a citizen's rights, and in them should be protected." But, we read on—

"White citizens have rights, and the property rights of whites are at stake when a community which owes its front foot values to certain established conditions is threatened with conditions which would destroy those values.

"The so-called African descent clause in rural subdivisions has become a matter of routine because the market value of property in the subdivision depends to some extent upon the conditions which are likely to be established within its boundaries.

"In the South little friction and little unhappiness result from the African descent clause. In a few instances in the North scenes of violence, and acts of gross injustice to negro property owners, have resulted from negroes buying property in white residence quarters where there were no restrictions."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

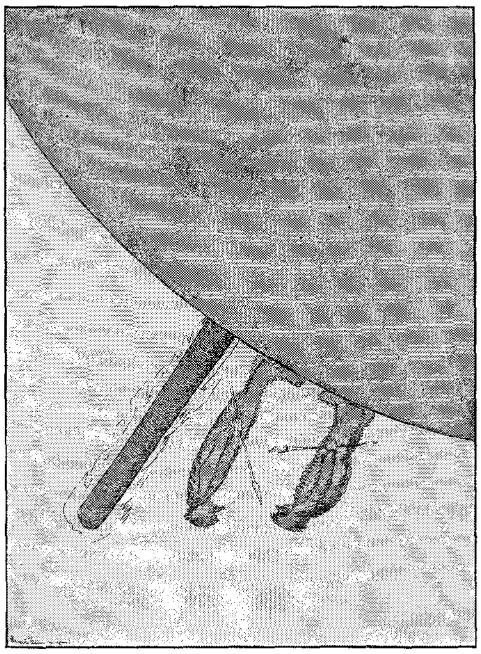
Internationalism is a movement to inter nationalism.—*Wall Street Journal.*

When a modern woman is sewing on tiny garments, they're her own.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Among the things that enable a man to be self-satisfied is a poor memory.—*Pasadena Post.*

The world is progressing. It now spends more money for face powder than for gunpowder.—*Troy Record.*

So long as about nine Democrats out of ten are only two-thirds Democrat, it seems likely that they will have to hold onto the two-thirds rule. — *Boston Transcript.*



AT THE SOUTH POLE

First South Polander: "I hear they dropt three different flags at the North Pole a couple of weeks ago."

Second South Polander. "Gee! There must be a lot of oil up there."

—Van Loon in *The Nation.*

The case for Prohibition may be summed up: Ardent souls vs. Ardent spirits.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"The electric chair should be kept busier." And don't forget the high chair.—*San Diego Union-Tribune.*

Our advice to Dictator Pilsudski is to get him a scenario writer and keep the film rights himself.—*Dallas News.*

The farmer might breathe more easily if he could sidetrack his bills as easily as Congress does.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Still, if nobody dropt out at the eighth grade, who would be ready to hire the college graduates?—*Chatham (Ont.) News.*

Things may be as far apart as the Poles without any reference whatever to the arctic and antarctic regions.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

For the International Vegetarians' Union, meeting in London, to lunch on nuts seems rather close to cannibalism.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Altho France admittedly can't pay her American debt for sixty-two years, and not all of it then, she wants to borrow an additional $300,000,000 from us. Speaking of Gaul! —*Arkansas Gazette.*

Earl Carroll is fortunate in having a large circle of acquaintances who mistake ginger ale for champagne.—*Detroit News.*

Statistics show an increasingly large gain in privately owned electric plants. The own-your-own-ohm movement?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

With so many wives and everything, maybe it was their concerted spring housecleaning that was too much for Krim's war.—*Dallas News.*

One reason there is so much humor in the world is because there are so many persons who take themselves seriously.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It is probable that married men are more successful for the same reason that a cat will swim when you throw it in the water.—*Kingston Whig.*

And so Americans are dollar-chasers? Well, can Europe suggest any other method of getting money enough to lend? —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

According to an Italian paper, "the grandiose phenomenon before our eyes in England is a terrible revelatory symptom of the progress of decomposition going on slowly but with fatally algebraic law." We'd been wondering what it was.—*Vancouver Star.*

Wonder why Dr. Coué hasn't been called into the French cabinet?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Cheaper the politician the more he costs the country.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

All the average man expects his wife to be is a sweetheart, a valet, an audience and a nurse.—*Chicago Journal.*

Some of the most insecure things in the world are called securities.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Denial is made that "table-tipping séances" have been held at the White House, but there may have been a few sessions there in which platform planks were tilted.—*Boston Transcript.*

The more the average politician gets out of office, the more he likes to stay in.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

If Europe is calling Uncle Sam a skinflint, it's a case of the skinflint you love to touch.—*Chicago News.*

The guy who said the lesser can not contain the greater had never worked in a women's shoe store.—*Vancouver Star.*

As Prohibitionists see it, the country must choose between tighter dry laws and tighter citizens. — *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The two-thirds rule that hurts us Democrats most is the way the vote comes out two-thirds Republican.—*Dallas News.*

Now Commander Byrd plans to fly to the South Pole, and that, if you ask us, seems to be going to extremes.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Amundsen is through with polar explorations. The Poles remaining to be conquered he leaves to Pilsudski.—*Toledo Blade.*

Those who have been worrying about how to invest the money saved by the new income-tax law should take notice that gasoline has gone up two cents a gallon.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Now that all the debts are settled, all that Americans have to do is to buckle down and pay them.—*Publishers Syndicate (Chicago).*

The only big achievements that require no actual money seem to be a debt settlement and a real-estate boom.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Naturally Americans don't understand the situation in Poland. We don't even understand the situation in Herrin.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Rudimentary gills were discovered in the throat of a New York man, who had probably just returned from Florida.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Lake Superior has shrunk nine inches in the last year, but so far there is no organized movement to change the name.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

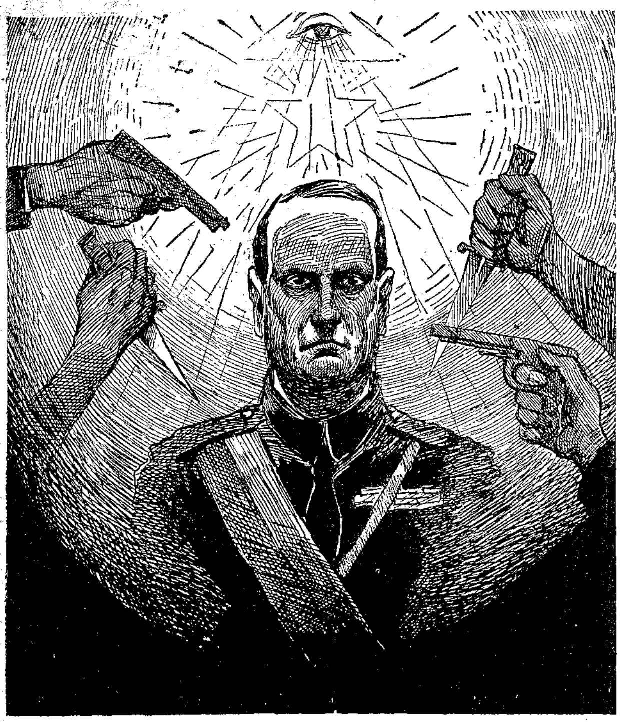
Now we see that a woman is supposed to use perfumery to match her moods and emotions, and we know one that will have to smell like a firecracker a good deal of the time.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Trade note says the automotive industry gives employment to three and a half million people in the United States. And that's exclusive, too, of policemen and morticians.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

FASCISM'S WAR AGAINST THE DEMOCRATIC STATE

THE FASCIST STATE rises in the place of the Democratic-Liberal State which has been destroyed, according to a proclamation of Premier Mussolini to the Fascists of Italy, upon the adoption by the Cabinet of the new system of relationship between capital and labor. Through the new Ministry of Corporations, we learn from Rome Associated Press dispatches, it is the purpose of the Government directly to control the entire productive life of the nation, and so capital and labor are brought vitally into the State organism. Anti-Fascist employers, unions, and organizations will be deprived of their powers, according to these dispatches, and, to supplant them, thirteen national associations, including all classes of workers and employers, will be created. State and public service workers will be banded in special types of associations, and of this novelty in government we read further:



"LONG LIVE *IL DUCE!*"

"He is protected by the star of Italy and the eye of God."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

"All labor disputes must be submitted to compulsory arbitration, for which special courts will be created. An entirely new labor code will be added to other legal codes providing for penalties, appeals and the qualification of jurors.

"In explaining the new system, which consists of a document of about 15,000 words, spokesmen for the Government declare that national productivity is considered by the Fascists as essential to the upbuilding of the country and hence control over it should be exercised by the Government alone. Non-Italians will not be admitted to membership in the new national associations, but they will profit by collective labor contracts and pay dues. All associations of non-producers are to be dissolved.

"Only employers and laborers will be eligible to membership in the Fascist associations, including shopkeepers and small landholders who employ labor, even for short periods annually. Separate associations are to be formed for intellectual and manual laborers.

"The workers' and employers' confederations each will include associations for banking, transport, agriculture, commerce and industry. That of the professionals will take in practitioners of medicine, law and journalism. Professors and teachers will be included in the special State associations.

"The Government reserves the right to intervene and insist upon changes in the terms of contracts of any sort. Individual contracts are to be permitted, provided they conform to collective contracts, for which wide latitude is to be granted."

Altho some sections of Fascism, notably the labor organizations which are superseded by the new system, are not "quite overjoyed under the new regulations," it appears that the Rome newspapers exult over this "final victorious battle in Fascism's war against the democratic State." As a specimen of their enthusiasm, we find the *Popolo Di Roma* saying: "After the liberal English charter and after the French democratic code, the Fascist law puts in concrete form the final ideal of history, the final type of organization and political civility." In Premier Mussolini's proclamation, as reported in Rome dispatches, we read the following:

"For the first time in the history of the world, a constructive revolution like ours realizes peacefully, in the field of production and work, incorporation of all the economic and intellectual forces of the nation to direct them to-day a common purpose.

"For the first time, a powerful system of great associations is created in which all positions are on the same plane of equality; all recognized and guaranteed in their legitimate and conciliable interests by the sovereign State.

"To-day, finally, the people, working in their various activities and categories, dedicate themselves in the Fascist State consciously and vigorously to their real destiny. The proof is decisive. Our faith is firm. We are certain the system will resist the hard test of experience.

"Vivified by your spirit, presided over by your discipline, the nation, compact around the Fascist symbol, will constitute an indivisible block of political, economic and moral energy.

"Black Shirts, raise your flags and celebrate with act, will and fidelity this day, which is one of the most glorious of our revolution."

One of the mysteries about Fascism which has puzzled the outside world since Mussolini made his famous march on Rome, is that while many foreign as well as Italian critics have been scornful and irate in their treatment of Fascist methods, the Mussolini system is reported by many others to be incomparably successful and the best possible government for Italy. A defense of Fascism appears in the *Continental Weekly* (Monte Carlo), written by Sir Walter Becker, K.B.E., who has spent many years in Italy. According to him, the essence of Fascism is "a revolt, idealistic, yet sternly practical in its methods, against various ideologisms still prevailing in most countries," and he goes on to say:

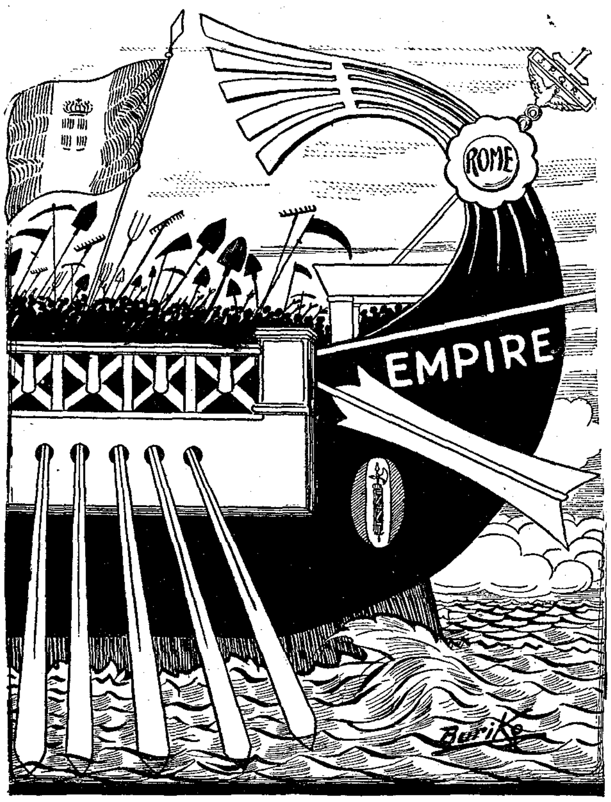
"Thus Fascism is a revolt against the contempt and desuetude into which fundamental principles of justice and State morality have been suffered to fall as a consequence of prematurely granted universal suffrage—the talking-shop parliamentarism which it engendered, and sentimental doctrinaire liberal ideas, captivatingly logical and humanitarian when first asserted, but which are in the long run responsible for Socialism and its offspring, Communism.

"It is a revolt against the doctrine of the sovereignty of the multitude who so greatly outnumber the enlightened, competent and responsible members of the community. The suffrages of the masses are captured by Socialists and other agitators through the trades-unions which make them lavish promises of betterment but which in all countries have utilized the power thus acquired principally for the furtherance of party and personal interests and for attacking the institutions by which the community elects to be governed."

Having uprooted talking-shop parliamentarism, Sir Walter Becker avers, Fascism could not allow the head of the Government to be, as in other countries, at the mercy of party intrigues or snap divisions, and that is why—

> "He is henceforward appointed by the King, by whom alone he can be dismissed. No constitutional monarch of our times would ever take it upon himself to 'unship' a Minister who by consent of the people is making good, nor retain one generally disapproved of. Thus, so far as is possible in an imperfect world, those exasperating solutions of continuity are avoided which we so frequently observe in our own and other countries where the Prime Minister, before he has had time to get into his stride, can be compelled to resign on some often trivial issue.
>
> "Fascism stands for discipline and collaboration, and consequently the abolition of class war, making it worth the while of each member of the community to do his part to promote national prosperity and the well-being of all, which includes his own.
>
> "Fascism stands for the supreme authority of the State, respect for the Monarchy, and the Church."

A reproach frequently leveled at Fascism by its adverse critics, who can not deny the palpable prosperity of the country under the present régime, we are told, is that it secures material at the expense of spiritual well-being. This is a false accusation, according to Sir Walter Becker, who says that Fascism is solicitous of every phase of national life, not only in industry, commerce, navigation and agriculture, but also in learning, science, research, the arts and crafts, and literature. A National Institute of Culture has been created and also a Royal National Academy, we read. But especially deserving of praise, in the eyes of this writer, is the institution called *dopo lavoro*, or "after working hours," which is described as a splendid State-subsidized organization, which applies itself to the provision of recreational cultural gymnastic and hygienic facilities and games for the working classes, so that after their toil is over, they may enjoy relaxation and mental improvement. We read then:

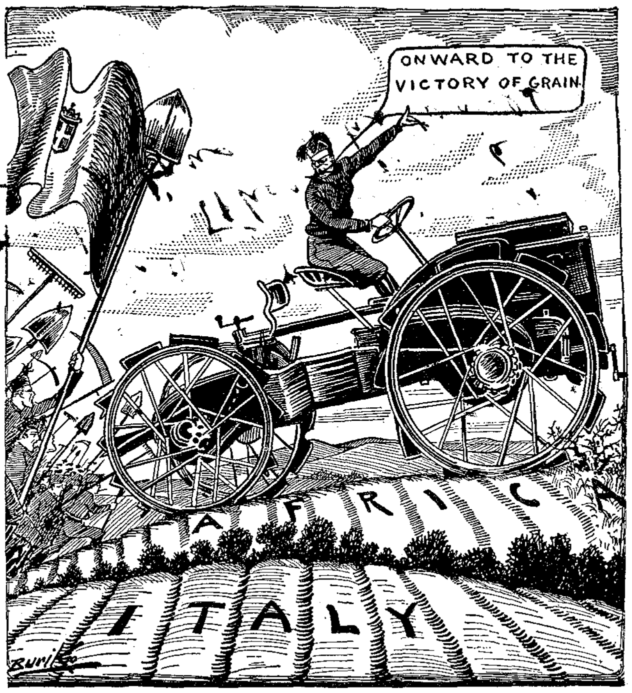


THE ITALIAN IMPERIAL GALLEY

"The voyage for the peaceful conquest of new glory and new land."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

> "When one analyses the doctrine, principles and facts of Mussolinism, as I will call it for short, one can not deny that they are rooted in strong, sound common sense and should powerfully appeal to Britons with their innate love of straightforwardness and their civic virtues which time and traditions have mellowed.
>
> "The essence of Fascism then is the reinstatement of the unquestioned authority of the State, and of discipline and collaboration. There can not be many sane Britons who would deny that these principles are indispensable in industrial enterprises such as railways, factories, shipbuilding yards; who would maintain that such undertakings could prosper without being guided by competent managers wielding the necessary authority over willing workers, submissive to discipline and collaborating with conviction. Mussolini holds that the same principles are essential for the successful conduct of the State. And a yet more familiar, a homelier illustration offers itself, that of the private household. Surely no household can be satisfactorily run in which the master or mistress does not undisputedly rule, in which each servant does not do his or her duty willingly and in collaboration with the others. A household in which the butler is impertinent to the master, the valet trips up the butler, the scullion slangs the cook, can not be a well-run household."


ONWARD TO THE VICTORY OF GRAIN
AFRICA
ITALY
Buriko

AN ITALIAN THRUST AT FOREIGN CRITICS

"It is true that Italy is bent on preparedness. Behold her militant advance in the cause of agriculture."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

In considering Mussolini as man and leader, Sir Walter goes on to say, one can not help being struck by the unfailing correspondence between his practise and his precepts. He is no armchair theorist and dispenser of laudable exhortations, we are assured, and this defender of the Italian Premier adds:

> "He took the leading part in impressing on his countrymen, at a time when a strong Socialist neutralist current was running, that their honor and their interest alike demanded that they should join the Allies—for which, incidentally, the whole civilized world owes him an immense debt of gratitude. But he not only persuaded others to go to war; he himself joined up: and gave the example by himself volunteering as a simple private long before the men of his age were called up. That he did not spare himself is proved by his numerous honorable wounds. On the last occasion, when his trench was blown up, he received no fewer than forty wounds, was long in hospital, hovering between life and death, invalided home and had no sooner recovered some of his strength than he was again at work fighting the Socialist effort to induce Italy to make peace on any terms, and keeping the courage of the Italians at the sticking point after their severe reverse at Caporetto."

CANADIAN DIVORCE FIGURES

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE DIVORCES in Canada during 1925 impel some Canadian journals to wonder at the increasing figures of divorce in the Dominion. At the same time it is noted that divorce cases are becoming much more numerous in Great Britain and in all European countries. According to statistics of the United States Census Bureau, as quoted in *The World Almanac*, the divorces in this country during 1924 totaled 170,867, while the marriages numbered 1,178,206. Supposedly divorce is a rarity in Canada, remarks the Montreal *Gazette*, which tells us that tho it may have been once, there has been a change in recent years. In the greater part of the country an Act of Parliament was the only means by which a marriage could be dissolved, it is recalled, and the expense and trouble of such a procedure "deterred many from seeking relief from uncongenial mates, or drove them to the United States, where some of the local laws make it easy legally to separate man and wife." The assumption that Canadians were better morally than their neighbors probably had no real foundation, so far as maintaining the marriage tie is concerned, according to this daily, which adds:

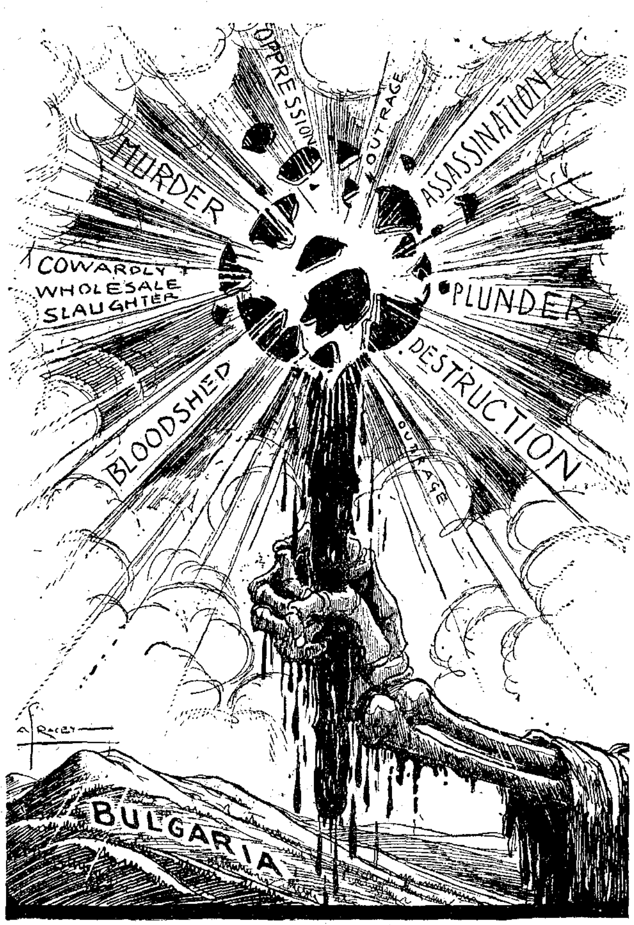
> "The law was peculiar. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia had divorce courts when they were separate colonies, and it was held that their entry into the Confederation did not alter the law in the matter. Then it was held that through the operation of the law of England, the courts of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, tho they were created provinces by the Parliament of Canada, had the right to grant divorces. This left only Ontario and Quebec in the position of having to go to Parliament for the dissolution of marriages.
>
> "The increase in the number of applications for divorces noted in the records of Parliament of late years came from these two provinces, and mostly from Ontario, for Quebec, like the Maritime Provinces, figures but slightly in the divorce record. Various causes are given for the increase in the number of divorces, including the unsettling moral effects of the war."

But it seems to this newspaper that the real reasons must be looked for elsewhere. At the same time it points out that the case of Canada is not peculiar, for divorce is increasing in Britain, where apparently the prejudice against it is disappearing, and it seems to be increasing in other European countries. We read then:

> "The royal commission that some years ago reported on the divorce laws indicated, quite outside of the fashionable circles in which the Lady Cathcarts figure, there was a strong feeling among women that relief from unholy and unhappy marriages should be easily obtained; and it would seem that the advance of woman in political life has been accompanied by a growing feeling that marriage, so far as laws made by the State are concerned, is just a civil contract, to be readily annulled where sufficient cause is shown."

BULGARIA'S BRIGHTER DAYS

THE POLITICAL HORIZON in Bulgaria is said to be clearer to-day than it has been since the war, and all that is required, if the country is to prosper, is tolerance in domestic affairs and sympathy from abroad. This is the verdict of a correspondent of the London *Times*, who lately studied conditions in the country, and who admits that, while it is always rash to prophesy about the Balkans, there are real grounds for believing that Bulgaria is settling down at last. Seven and a half stormy years with continual disturbances at home and abroad have made the Bulgarians feel that they were still at war, according to this informant, who gives as the chief factors for this state of affairs "economic troubles and the constant dread of Bolshevism." The Red peril in Bulgaria, he declares, was underestimated in Western Europe, especially in England, as it was thought impossible for a peasant-owned State to go Bolshevik, but—



IN THE BALKANS AND ELSEWHERE

The Communist's idea of the torch of liberty.

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

> "If it had not been for the timely action of a group of army officers in June, 1923, a Red Flag might now be flying over the Sofia Palace instead of the Royal Standard of King Boris. The June revolution overthrew Stambuliski's peasant Government, which was in reality almost a Communist régime. The new Government was presided over by Mr. Tsankoff, a professor, who meant well but failed to realize that his rôle was only a provisional one. Eventually he lost the confidence of Parliament, and in January of this year Mr. Andrei Liaptcheff, a former Minister and experienced economist, became Prime Minister.
>
> "The Liaptcheff Government is composed of bourgeois politicians, with a sprinkling of reserve officers. Its policy is in no wise bellicose, and at present it has a comfortable majority in the Sobranye, where it is supported by the Democratic Entente, which holds over half the seats. In domestic matters the Government, by voting an extensive amnesty to some 6,000 Communist and Agrarian offenders, has gone a long way to restoring internal peace and tranquillity. A feeling of security has taken the place of the apprehension which characterized the Stambuliski and to a lesser extent the Tsankoff régime. By taking the portfolio of the Ministry of the Interior, Mr. Liaptcheff has ensured that acts and not words will distinguish his policy. His task is, however, no easy one, for there are few countries where political passions are so unbridled as they are in Bulgaria.
>
> "The economic side of the picture is also none too bright. Since the war Bulgaria has received no outside financial assistance whatsoever, and it is clear that she is fast reaching the end of her tether. For the last two years the exchange has been 'pegged' at 670 levas to the pound sterling, but the National Bank is now finding it increasingly difficult to maintain the currency at this level. [Normally the leva is worth about 19³⁄₁₀ cents, but has sunk to less than ¾ of a cent.] Exports for 1925 were much less than imports, while there is a glut of tobacco, Bulgaria's main article of export."

In foreign relations there has been a slow but steady improvement, it is related, and at the same time it is pointed out that Bulgaria's relations with her neighbors are most important because they were all her enemies during the World War, except Turkey. With Roumania all is well, we are told, altho it is said to be unfortunate, perhaps, that the Reparations Commission should have interfered and prevented the signature of a financial agreement designed to clear up all outstanding matters between the two countries. Another reason for a good understanding between Bulgaria and Roumania, says this informant, is that they both have "a common enemy in Moscow." The Bulgarians and the Turks signed a treaty of amity in the autumn of 1925, but this has not yet been ratified, and, in fact, normal diplomatic relations have not yet been resumed, and this correspondent continues:

"Relations with Greece have, of course, been somewhat strained since the Greek invasion of southwestern Bulgaria last autumn. But the fact that Greece has paid the £50,000 indemnity imposed by the League of Nations has served to convince far-sighted Bulgarians that that country will not readily undertake any similar adventure in the future and that, in consequence, a policy of gradual rapprochement is now practical.

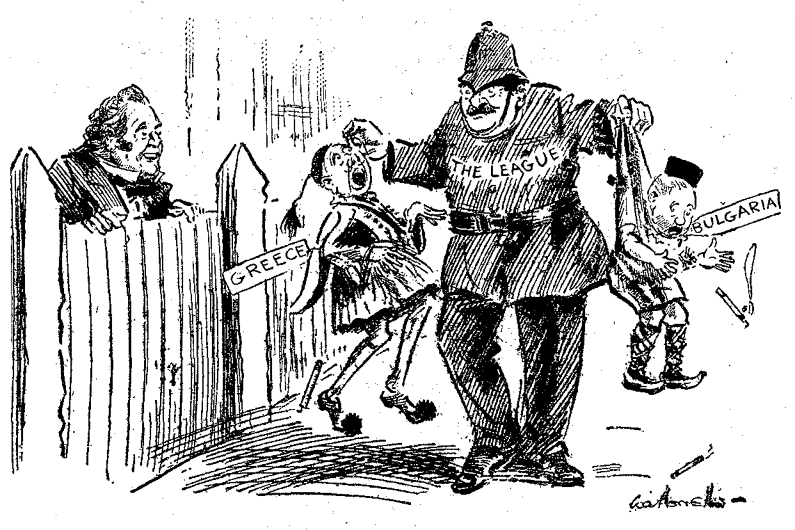
"It is with Jugoslavia that Bulgaria's position is the most interesting and, at the same time, the most delicate. The Macedo-Bulgarians have, by common consent, been the chief impediment to friendly relations between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. On several occasions Belgrade and Sofia have been ready to join hands, but they were always deterred by the action of the S. M. R. O. (Supreme Macedonian Revolutionary Organization). This organization has kept up a constant and violent campaign along the Serbian frontier by means of 'komitajis.' During the past few months a certain change has been noticeable in Serbian administrative methods in Macedonia, and it would seem as if Belgrade had at last decided to try the velvet glove instead of the mailed fist. If this tendency is confirmed in practise the S. M. R. O. will find it difficult to retain its influence over its followers, while, on the other hand, the chances of a Serbo-Bulgarian rapprochement will increase.

"But would such a rapprochement promote peace in the Balkans? The answer can only be given when one sees how Greece and Jugoslavia settle their long-drawn-out dispute over Saloniki."

But there is another tho minor obstacle to Serbo-Bulgarian friendship, we are told, and that is the presence in Jugoslavia of Agrarian and Communist *émigrés* from Bulgaria. Approximately 2,000 of them fled to Jugoslavia in 1923, and we read further:

"About a third have returned home, and probably almost all would like to benefit by the recent amnesty, but they are prevented by their leaders, adventurers who have all at one time or another been connected with the Third International at Moscow. It seems unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the Jugoslav authorities seem still to view the activities of some of these adventurers favorably. They have no credit in their own country and represent nobody but themselves, as the Agrarian party in Bulgaria has formally disavowed all connection with them. Incidentally they probably constitute the only remaining menace to Bulgarian internal peace.

"The Communists in Bulgaria and the Bolshevists in Russia have realized that there is no chance of achieving a successful revolution, but it is conceivable that they are still plotting isolated outrages and assassinations."



A LEAGUE VICTORY

JOHN BULL (to League of Nations' officer): "You deserve a stripe, officer!"

—*Evening Express* (Cardiff).

A DARK VIEW OF POLAND'S TROUBLES

NOTHING BUT EVIL can be the result of the Pilsudski military coup in Poland, according to gloomy prophets. Some of the regrettable consequences of the Pilsudski stroke mentioned by a special correspondent of the London *New Statesman* are that the prestige of the one great man in Poland will be much impaired, the Constitution shaken, a fatal precedent established, the Polish Army still further drawn into politics, which is said to have been its curse from the very beginning, and, finally, that the nation will be still more divided and the economic position of the country more hopeless than before. This informant advises us that the Pilsudski coup was the outcome of the prolonged struggle of two factions among the Polish Army leaders, which in recent months found expression in the throwing up of commissions, challenges to duels, and virulent letters to the press. He then further relates:

"The struggle is personal and political, tho occasionally attempts were made to disguise it as a clash between different military schools. Pilsudski and his followers, the old revolutionaries of 1905 and legionaries of 1914, are in conflict with generals taken over from the old Austrian Army, such as Sikorski and Szeptycki, and Haller, whom Dmowski's National Committee had chosen for their military champion. The coup is besides an expression of the old anarchical Polish spirit which unfortunately is not absent from the new Republic. About a year ago, for example, the Polish Government agreed with the Soviets to exchange certain prisoners; a Polish N. C. O. who escorted two Bolsheviks to the frontier disapproved of the agreement, and therefore killed them. A few weeks ago, a late Postmaster-General and President of the Post-office Savings Bank was tried in the Warsaw law courts for alleged financial irregularities. The day before the conclusion of the trial he was shot dead in the street by an N. C. O. who had made up his mind about his guilt, but feared that he might be acquitted. Lately a cabinet was formed of which the Pilsudski group disapproved and so some generals marched on Warsaw and forced it to resign."

Pilsudski has spent his best years as a revolutionary who called himself a Socialist, this correspondent goes on to say, and he fought in constant danger of life for his ideal, the resurrection of Poland. But when the new Poland had arisen, we are told, it was vastly different in character from that of his dreams, and in disgust he withdrew into private life, and watched developments with ever-growing bitterness. We read then:

"He is tired of the political muddles which have marked the seven and a half years of Poland's existence, of the incompetence of the Polish Diet, of the inefficiency shown by the fourteen successive Cabinets, of the corruption prevalent in the Polish civil service and army administration which has found public expression in a series of financial scandals in the law courts. But how does Pilsudski propose to cure the inefficiency of the Polish Diet by constitutional methods, or to form an efficient Cabinet where the men and means are obviously lacking? As to the civil service, before one can enforce decency one has to pay a living wage. But when a few years ago British experts were sent to Warsaw to reorganize the Polish police and rightly insisted on proper pay as the first step in reform, the Poles answered, with equal justification, that they could not pay salaries to policemen higher than those of senior officials. Where is the money to be got for the necessary scaling up of pay, which would, of course, have to be extended to the innumerable army officers and N. C. Os.?

"There are two hopeless elements in Poland's situation. The first is that she has excessively extended her frontiers, so as to include over ten and a half million non-Poles in a population of twenty-seven millions. To maintain her dominion over the vast stretch of ethnic Russian lands in the East, and over the Corridor and Upper Silesia in the West, she has to keep up an army far in excess of her financial capacities. Her own Army will peacefully ruin her before her opponents move a single battalion. Still, Pilsudski, its creator and an out-and-out militarist, is the last man to reduce it."

But even without this excessive expenditure, it is alleged by this correspondent that Poland's economic and financial position would be very serious. The industry of the late "Russian" Poland grew up within the tariff barriers of the old Russian Empire, it is recalled, and worked for its wide and rich markets in which it enjoyed a preferential position such as it can never obtain in the future. With the loss of these markets, it has lost its natural basis, this writer declares, and adds:

"The Upper Silesian industry, on the other hand, has grown up in the very closest union with Germany, and the partition of *the country meant a severe blow to both.* But whilst the Germans, with their superior efficiency, and better position with regard to world trade, are managing to readjust themselves to the new situation, the Polish part of Upper Silesia is doomed. Nor is the position of Poland's agriculture better than that of its industry. 'German' Poland has lost its preferential position in the adjacent Berlin market, Galicia has lost it in Vienna and Bohemia; and at present Polish agriculture, as a commercial enterprise, has ceased to pay. Moreover, the threat of 'agrarian reform' hangs over the heads of the big landowners who in the past were the chief producers for export. An atmosphere of uncertainty pervades the economic life of the Polish countryside."

Last but not least comes the problem of emigration, we are then reminded, and it is pointed out that before the war from the territories now included in Poland, at least 60,000 Jews and 100,000 peasants emigrated to America every year. Besides easing the position at home, it is noted that this emigration produced a continuous inflow of money remitted by the emigrants to their families or brought back by peasants returning to their native villages, and this informant proceeds:

"Twelve years have passed since this mass emigration has come to an abrupt end, and the inflow of American and Canadian money, which formed a most important item in Polish finance, is ebbing. Moreover, before the war, every summer many hundred thousand Polish peasants used to go as season laborers to Germany; now Germany does not require them to the same extent and anyhow prefers to do without them. It was possible to establish wide frontiers for Poland with the help of French bayonets, but economically Poland can not exist without the good-will of Germany and Russia, which she is not likely to obtain with her present frontiers. Emigration to France, which at one time absorbed some of Poland's surplus in men, has practically ceased, and anyhow was never a sufficient substitute for that to America and Germany. In the absence of a demand for laborers from abroad, passports are rightly refused by the Polish Government. As a result the absurd but sinister rumor has gone about villages that it is the landlords who are trying forcibly to keep the peasants at home for their own profit; and it is whispered that 'blood will flow.'

"If the agrarian reform hangs like a menace over the heads of the big landowners, it dangles as an irritating, unfulfilled promise before the eyes of the peasants. For more than seven years it has been 'legislated' about; still, so far very little indeed has been done. But how is it to be done? If the peasants had money with which to pay for the land, the big landowners, in their present truly distrest economic position, would be only too glad to sell it at even much less than reasonable prices. But the peasants have not got the money, least of all those who need the land most. If, therefore, confiscation on a practically Bolshevik basis is to be avoided, the land has to be bought for the peasants by the State. Where is the Polish State to find the means for a transaction of such magnitude?"

MISLEADING NEWS ABOUT JAPAN'S NAVY

THERE IS PROBABLY NO OTHER COUNTRY in which so many conflicting reports regarding naval construction appear in the press as in Japan, it is said, and that is why foreign correspondents should be particularly careful in transmitting reports that are misleading. Particularly insistent on this point is an American-owned Tokyo newspaper, *The Japan Advertiser*, which cautions journalists in Japan to beware of accepting on trust any Japanese newspaper assertions concerning "this rather delicate subject" of the Navy, and says they should always check them up from official sources before reporting them. We read then:

"The fact that there are, at the present time, no less than three separate building programs being carried out simultaneously in Japan contributes very considerably to the difficulties to be overcome before getting at the truth of the matter. Thus, in the naval budget for the present financial year there are three separate appropriations for ship construction, namely two items of 8,000,000 yen each and one of 72,000,000 yen. [The yen equals about 50 cents.] The last of these three is the 1926-27 portion of the 1923-28 auxiliary ship program, while one of the 8,000,000 yen allotments is the final instalment of the revised '8-8' program initiated shortly prior to the Washington conference. The other 8,000,000 yen is this year's portion of the 26,000,000 yen sanctioned in the recently concluded Diet session for the construction of four destroyers between now and 1929."

The situation will become even further complicated, this daily asserts, if, as seems probable, the contemplated five-year replacement program, calling for a total expenditure of 320,000,000 yen, is sanctioned during the next session of the Diet, and it is further related:

"A few days ago it was reported almost universally in the vernacular press that the authorities had decided to accelerate the auxiliary ship program and to complete the four 'Treaty Class' cruisers—*Myoko*, *Nachi*, *Ashigara* and *Haguro*—by next year instead of 1928 as planned. The reason given was that it is possible to build only four such vessels at the same time in Japan, as facilities for their construction are limited; and, as the replacement program, which is likely to be introduced in the next Diet session, calls for the construction of four more vessels of the same class, it would be necessary to launch the present quartet before laying down the keels of the four which are contemplated."

It might have been thought at first, we are told, that there was no reason to doubt this report because it sounded reasonable enough, but inquiries elicited the information that it was quite unfounded, as even if four new cruisers are sanctioned, the laying of their keels can not take place before the end of next year at the earliest, and it is pointed out that:

"First of all, the necessary appropriations have to be made and the new budget passed. This can not be done till March, 1927, and it will then take another six or eight months to collect the necessary material before the keels can be laid down. From this it will be seen that the slips would not be required much before December next year, and there is, therefore, no need to hasten the construction of the present four cruisers, as they will all be launched before then in any case, unless anything very unforeseen occurs. The *Myoko* and *Nachi* are both due for launching this year, while the *Ashigara* and *Haguro* should be ready to leave the slips sometime next spring or early summer.

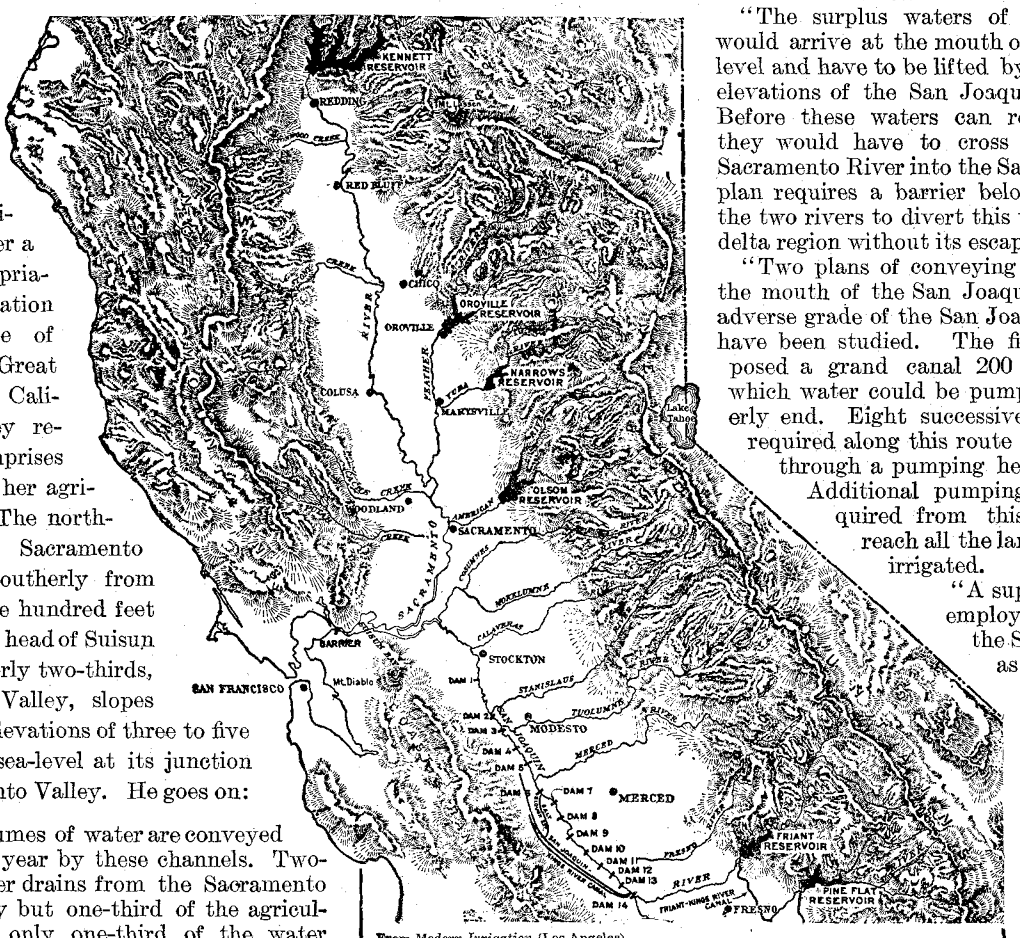
"Similarly the report that 'the conversion of the *Kaga* into an aircraft carrier is to be accelerated so as to have it completed by the early part of next fiscal year' is somewhat misleading, as the revised '8-8' program, in which it is included, is due to terminate at the end of the current financial year, so the *Kaga* must be completed at that time, and there is, therefore, no question of hastening its completion.

"How these misleading, and often unfounded, reports get into the papers it is difficult to tell. The instance just quoted is by no means an isolated one, as similar reports, with all the appearance of authenticity, are constantly appearing, and, if cabled to Europe or America without first obtaining confirmation of their veracity, are apt to be used in an exaggerated form by scare-mongers who are anxious to prove that Japan is hurrying on her preparations for a war with some entirely mythical enemy."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

REVERSING A RIVER TO WATER A STATE

A PLAN WHICH IN EFFECT will make a single irrigating channel of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers in the Great Central Valley of California, forcing the water uphill for two-thirds of the way, and thus causing the latter river to flow southward instead of northward as at present, is now being seriously considered by the authorities of that State, we are told by Paul Bailey, deputy State engineer, writing in *Modern Irrigation* (Los Angeles). Mr. Bailey is now directing preliminary studies, under a legislative appropriation, in consultation with a committee of engineers. The Great Central Valley of California, Mr. Bailey reminds us, comprises three-fifths of all her agricultural lands. The northern third, the Sacramento Valley, slopes southerly from elevations of three hundred feet to tide level at the head of Suisun Bay. The southerly two-thirds, the San Joaquin Valley, slopes northward from elevations of three to five hundred feet to sea-level at its junction with the Sacramento Valley. He goes on:



From *Modern Irrigation* (Los Angeles)

TO MAKE CALIFORNIA'S GREAT RIVERS RUN UP-HILL

In the Great Central Valley of California there is more water than is needed in the Sacramento at the north, but there isn't nearly enough in the San Joaquin in the south, so the California Division of Engineering and Irrigation of the State Department of Public Works is working out a plan to dam up the common mouth of the two rivers and force the surplus water of the Sacramento southward up into the channel of the San Joaquin by means of a series of pumps and dams, as shown on the map.

"Immense volumes of water are conveyed into the sea each year by these channels. Two-thirds of this water drains from the Sacramento Valley passing by but one-third of the agricultural land, while only one-third of the water originates on the San Joaquin watershed that is tributary to two-thirds of the agricultural land.

"To transfer the surplus water in the Sacramento Valley to the needy lands in the San Joaquin presents an unusual engineering problem in the great distance the water has to be transported, and the long adverse grade up the San Joaquin Valley. From the junction of the two rivers the water must be raised against the grade of the valley floor for an extreme distance of two hundred and fifty miles.

"At first glance the problem appears to be insolvable at costs within an economic horizon. The Division of Engineering and Irrigation of the State Department of Public Works has been pursuing a solution to this problem in their Water Resources Investigation initiated by the Legislature of 1921. Irrigation has been in progress for many years, especially in the San Joaquin Valley. All the easily developed waters are now in use and less than half of the lands have even an imperfect supply. More water is needed on much of the land already under irrigation in the middle and late summer months during every year, and throughout the season in dry years. Many of the projects in the San Joaquin Valley are now at work formulating construction programs to perfect these supplies. However, the entire mean seasonal run-off of all the San Joaquin Valley streams is only enough to cover its agricultural lands a foot and one-third in depth each season if it all could be conserved. It is estimated that two feet in depth is needed. There is ample reservoir capacity on the Sacramento watershed to equalize this stream-flow for use in both valleys.

"Plans for conveying this surplus of the north to the deficient regions in the south are in the process of formulation. The practical method of collecting the surplus waters from the various tributaries of the Sacramento and transporting them through the first half of the distance, is in the channel of the Sacramento River.

"The surplus waters of the Sacramento would arrive at the mouth of the river at sea-level and have to be lifted by pumping to the elevations of the San Joaquin Valley lands. Before these waters can reach the pumps they would have to cross from the lower Sacramento River into the San Joaquin. This plan requires a barrier below the mouth of the two rivers to divert this water across the delta region without its escape into the sea.

"Two plans of conveying this water from the mouth of the San Joaquin River up the adverse grade of the San Joaquin Valley floor have been studied. The first method proposed a grand canal 200 miles long into which water could be pumped at its northerly end. Eight successive lifts would be required along this route to raise the water through a pumping height of 400 feet. Additional pumping would be required from this main canal to reach all the lands that could be irrigated.

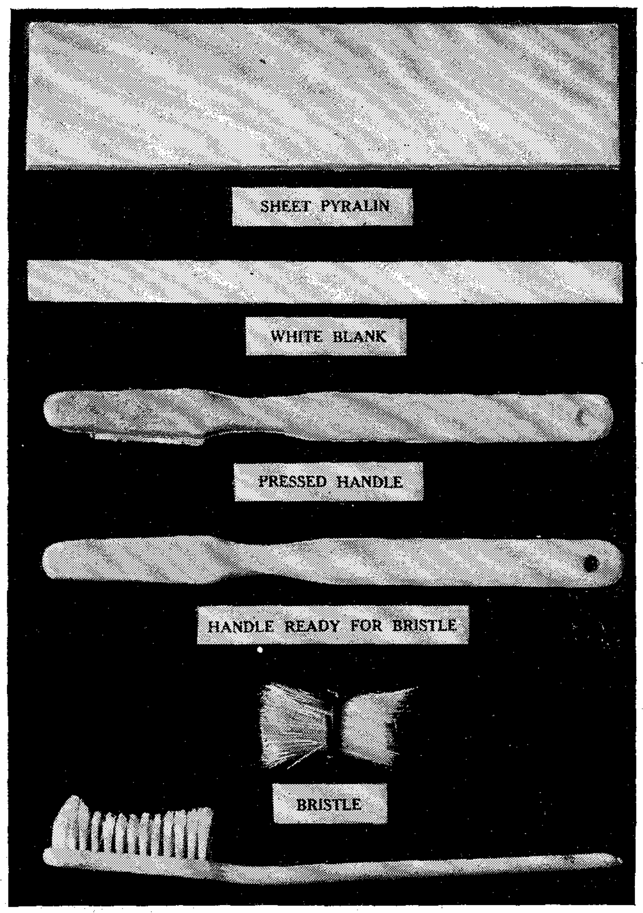
"A superior plan would employ the channel of the San Joaquin River as a conduit, placing low dams with adjacent pumping plants at intervals along its entire length. The dams would form a series of ponds in the river's channel, each one nine to eighteen miles long and each one successively about ten feet higher than the one before. This series could be extended southward in Fresno Slough. Then through the Tulare Lake basin a canal would have to be excavated.

"This method would cost less than half as much as the grand canal and would furnish a much more flexible system of works for progressive development. The employment of the present river channel creates no new obstacle to communication and saves for future use very considerable areas of rights of way that would be occupied by a grand canal. Such a series of dams could be adapted to the employment of the river for navigation. At the present time there is practically no navigation on the San Joaquin River except in its lower reaches. By constructing locks at each one of the dams the river could be made navigable the year round.

"The accompanying map shows the outlines of the plan for a first unit. Four great foothill reservoirs on tributaries of the Sacramento River are indicated, for storing surplus waters in the Sacramento Valley. There are also other reservoirs that would be serviceable for the same purpose. The general location of the series of dams in the San Joaquin River is indicated on the map."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TOOTH-BRUSH

THE FIRST TOOTH-BRUSH used by the ancients, we are told in *The American Exporter* (New York, June), was the chew-stick, a twig about the size of a carpenter's pencil, with one end beaten to a soft, fibrous condition. This not only cleaned the teeth but also gave the gums a gentle massage. It was used with the same up-and-down motion dentists recommend to-day, so that the fibers would penetrate crevices between the teeth and remove food particles lodged there. Once used, the stick was thrown away, and a new one made for the next occasion. This type of tooth-brush is still used by primitive peoples in some parts of the world. We read further:



Courtesy of The American Exporter (New York)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TOOTH-BRUSH

Showing how in the case of this particular type of tooth-brush a white blank is stamped from a pyralin sheet and then prest into shape for a handle and made ready for the bristles.

"A seventeenth century implement to keep the teeth clean was a strip of linen cloth. About this time, too, several kinds of tooth-powder came into use. One of the simplest of these was a burnt cork preparation which was rubbed on the teeth. Curiously enough when the black charred cork was applied, it whitened them.

"And now we have modern bristle brushes with which we are all familiar. The brush itself is practically always made of hog bristles, the finest grades of which come from the cold, bleak regions of Russia, Siberia, and China, where half-wild hogs range the wilds. Apparently, the thinner the hog, the longer and stiffer the bristles.

"As received by the brush maker, the bristles come arranged in 'bunches,' varying in diameter from two to twelve inches, with an average length of five inches.

"Each color is placed by itself, and the grades are known to the trade as black, gray, yellow, white, and lilies; the latter a variety almost transparently white and of exceedingly fine texture. The sorting process also includes the distribution of bristle in such a way that the classes shall be of equal length.

"The length, stiffness, and color determine the value of bristle. The long bristle furnishes a greater number of divisions suitable for brush manufacture, and these vary in stiffness, determined by their nearness to the butt or to the flag end. Before being used they are thoroughly mixed or blended to insure an average product.

"Good bristles are essential in a good brush. Manufacturers take the utmost care to select and use only the best grades obtainable. But the handle is also important.

"Years ago the usual type of tooth-brush handle was made of beef bone, which was unsatisfactory in many respects. Breakage losses, manufacturing difficulties, and the character of the material itself, all had much to do with the search manufacturers made to find something better for making handles."

About 500 different types of tooth-brushes are now made, the writer tells us. They are little and big, long and short, hard and soft, straight handled and curved, bleached and unbleached. It is impossible for any druggist to carry a stock of every variety but he can have something for everybody. Baby's size brushes are always in demand; then there are youth's sizes and those for grown folk. To quote further:

"Some brushes are made to taper from the heel to the toe of the brush. This variation is recommended in some quarters because it permits the fibers to fit into the many nooks and crannies in the human mouth. In some makes, a rounded tuft of bristles, slightly shorter than that seen in the earlier patterns, has been added. Some dentists have special brushes made for their own patients in which there are but two rows of bristles, and only eight or nine tufts with spaces between them. This arrangement they consider desirable because it enables the user to clean the brush quickly and completely. There are several well-known makes that have open or ventilated backs, with slits in between the rows of bristles, through which the air circulates when the brush is laid away after use. The advantage claimed for this variety is that it is more sanitary because of the purifying influence of the air and light on the back of the bristles.

"Altho a slight backward curve is desirable, the matter of the shape of the handles is said to be not of prime importance, if the brush is properly worked.

"Tooth-brushes are sold loose, packed in individual cartons or in individual transparent containers. The container eliminates exposure to dust and to the tooth-brush being thumbed. Each sample brush that is handled by the customer has a number that corresponds with a number on the container, and brushes of corresponding numbers are of the same style and quality."

A LABORATORY TO FIGHT ANTS—A campaign set on foot in California by the Antrol Laboratories, to exterminate the Argentine ant in that State, is described in *The Stirring Rod* (San Francisco) by A. D. Cardinet, president of the laboratory company. Efforts to control the ants, he says, have been put forth during the past five years by his firm, which has financed a research campaign and made extensive tests in pest-control work, not only for ants but also for snails and slugs. Writes Mr. Cardinet:

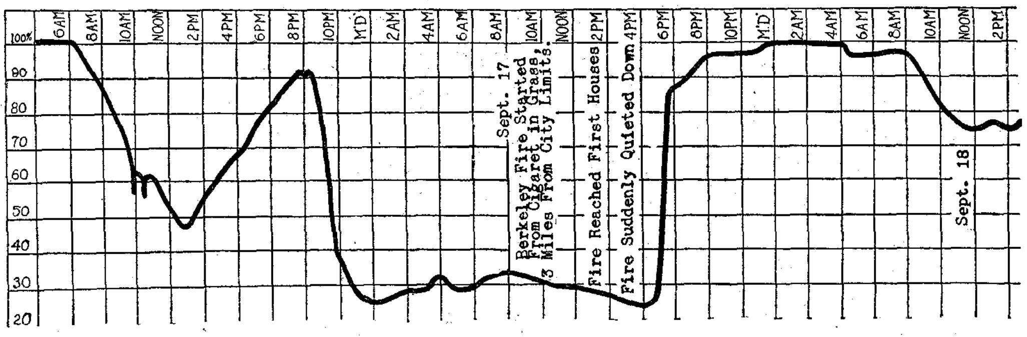
"The control of Argentine ants has been a problem for the past fifteen years. This pest first made its appearance in the United States by way of New Orleans, presumably from Brazil The U. S. Department of Agriculture succeeded in developing a satisfactory poison food for ants, known as the Government Formula. A glass container with aluminum top proved the best equipment and careful tests proved that the Argentine ant could be eradicated to a degree of 98 per cent.

"The California State Department of Agriculture, being greatly interested in the control of Argentine ants on account of the many calls for assistance, was very much interested in the wide distribution of a material known to be effective. After the demonstrations with the glass containers the department felt confident in recommending such materials and equipment, and was greatly interested in a law that would permit the sale of such materials through general dealers. It was found that the supply companies, hardware stores and seed stores were the normal channels of distribution, for people were continually buying their plants, seeds and other garden insecticides through them, and after a careful survey found that the so-called government formula did not contain a degree of poison that would be destructive to human life, had the law amended to permit the sale of ant sirups through these channels."

WEATHER AND FIRES?

THAT THE BIGGEST and most destructive fires rage during dry weather is amply proved by statistics, we are told by William B. Osborne, Jr., and Edward L. Wells, writing in *The Four L Lumber News* (Portland, Ore.). These two writers are respectively Forest Examiner in the U. S. Forest Service and Meteorologist in the U. S. Weather Bureau. It has long been known, they affirm, that a close relation exists between weather and fires: that under certain conditions fires will spread with amazing rapidity while at other times they are easily controlled. They go on:

"It was first believed that the controlling factor was wind, but recent investigations lead to the conclusion that other factors are of great importance. Of these factors, relative humidity has of late been receiving much attention, and there seems little doubt that in the region west of the Cascade Mountains it is of most importance.



From *Four L Lumber News* (Portland, Ore.)

A FIRE-HUMIDITY RECORD

Figures at the left give the humidity record, those at the top the hours covering the great Berkeley fire of 1923. Note the very low humidity during the time of the fire, as shown by the heavy black line.

"The term relative humidity is one used to express the relation between the amount of water-vapor present in the air at a given time and the amount that could exist at the temperature prevailing at the time. The capacity for water-vapor increases rapidly with increasing heat. At zero temperature it is only about one-fortieth as much as it is at a temperature of 100 degrees. If the amount of water-vapor present is one-half the possible amount, the relative humidity is 50 per cent.; if it is a quarter of the possible amount it is 25 per cent., etc.

"Certain materials respond very quickly to changes in the relative humidity of the air. Fern and moss are among these materials, becoming inflammable very quickly when the relative humidity falls. Other materials, in the mass, dry out more slowly, but the surface dries out quickly, and it is on the surface of forest materials that fire spreads.

"It is interesting in this connection to note the weather conditions prevailing at the time of certain historic fires. The old-timers will remember the Hinckley, Minnesota, fire of September, 1894, in which many lives were lost and much property destroyed. At the time of this fire the records of the weather bureau office at Duluth showed a marked deficiency in precipitation in June, July and August, and the third lowest humidity in thirty-one years.

"The great Yacolt, Columbia Basin, and Clackamas River fires of September, 1902, burned over immense areas in Oregon and Washington. While they were in progress ashes fell in the streets of Portland, the smoke made it impossible to see more than four or five blocks, and artificial lights were necessary. Some fresh winds occurred, but the average velocity of wind at Portland, as shown by the weather bureau records for the period September 8 to 12, inclusive, was 8.4 miles an hour. There were, however, two days of very low humidity. A reading of 16 per cent. was recorded on the evening of the eighth, and a reading of 17 per cent. on the morning of the twelfth.

"It is not necessary, however, to look to records of great fires to find a close relation between weather and fires. In the last week of May, 1922, there occurred a period of low humidity and drying winds, and in this period many serious fires occurred. A large part of the season's fire loss occurred at this time, but some of the fires started during this period gave considerable trouble at intervals during the summer.

"In some areas a large part of the forest fires are caused by lightning. If the lightning is accompanied by rain the storm may put out its own fires, but this is often not the case. Lightning fires occur most often in the mountains, hence lightning fires are sometimes hard to locate and are often hard to reach.

"That the close relation between weather and fires is not a feature of forest fires alone is evidenced by humidity records made in connection with the fire which destroyed a large part of Berkeley, California, in September, 1923. The fire started about 12:10 P. M., some three miles southeast of Berkeley, following fourteen hours of abnormally low humidity. It reached Berkeley at 2:20 P. M., and wrought most of its havoc in the next three hours, dying down between 5 and 6 P. M., when a change of wind brought in moist air from the ocean.

"The whole problem of the relation between weather and fires is being given careful and intensive study by the United States Weather Bureau, the United States Forest Service, and loggers and lumbermen themselves, and it is believed that out of this study will come a knowledge which will be of great help in preventing fires and in controlling those which do occur, not only in the woods but in cities as well."

MUSIC FROM ACORNS

AN INDIAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENT made of a string of acorns is the latest discovery of J. P. Harrington, ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, in his researches among the ninety- and hundred-year-old elders of the Southern California Indian tribes. We read in the Scientific News Service of the Institution (Washington):

"'The instrument consists of a string of acorns, carefully tuned according to their size,' reports Mr. Harrington to Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology. 'One end of the string is held in the hand and each acorn in turn is held in the mouth between the teeth. As the string is swung and pulled taut by the other hand, the acorn between the teeth vibrates with a clear tone, and by alternating the acorns a tune is played as pretty as flute music.'

"Mr. Harrington is bringing back to the Smithsonian a specimen of this new discovery among Indian musical instruments, but refuses to promise to play it correctly. 'It is harder to play than the open-end Indian flutes,' he says, 'and I have always had to draw the line at them.'

"Another interesting musical discovery made by Mr. Harrington is the process of Indian flute-manufacture out of elder wood. 'The Indians cut the elder stick green in the early spring and let it lie with the leaves on it for a week so that the "leaves might draw the sap out." That prevented it from cracking. Only four holes were bored, the method being to scrape the wall of the flute where the holes were to be bored very thin and then to press a glowing twig of the desired diameter against the wall. The holes were placed at random so that each flute had a different scale. Some players knew as many as thirty tunes. Many of these were peculiarly flute melodies, and were never sung.'

"According to Mr. Harrington, these Indians worshiped the elder as the tree of music, and myths existed among them of magical elder-trees that gave forth notes at night.

"Mr. Harrington's researches among the California Indians are of particular importance because they are rescuing from the brink of the grave information which in a year or two more would have been lost forever to the world. Due to the amalgamation of the younger Indians in thought and habits and blood with the white man, all that remains of the old tribal history, music, myths and language of these California Indians is in the memories of a few old men and women who must soon die. Mr. Harrington has already spent eight months of intensive labor in interviewing, photographing and taking about for purposes of identification of places prominent in their old tribal history, these survivors of a departed generation."

WHAT WEATHER DOES TO THE PHONE

WAYS IN WHICH TELEPHONE SERVICE is affected by weather conditions are described in *The Transmitter* (Baltimore) by Fred T. Iddings. Mr. Iddings reminds us that when the wires are loaded with sleet or wet snow and miles of poles are torn down, the effect of "uncongenial weather" on the service is manifest. He goes on:

> "There are, however, other ways in which the weather affects the telephone service which, while not so obvious, are known to the inner circle of those whose duty it is to keep the service going. Among these may be noted the rainfall which destroys the insulation of aerial and block cables by passing through the lead armor wherever there is a crack or a bullet hole.
>
> "The rain-water also bears down and makes more conducting all tree limbs which closely overhang the aerial wires, causing leaks or grounds which interfere with signaling and cause noise on the circuits by destroying the balance necessary to quiet lines.
>
> "Rain, beating in through windows accidentally left open, and carelessly placed wet umbrellas are the cause of many wet telephone cords interrupting service.
>
> "Humidity of the air in warm weather affects the insulation of cross-connecting wires and tipping cables in the central offices to such a degree that it is sometimes necessary to distribute electric lamps to drive out the moisture. Sometimes it has been necessary to start the furnace fires in mid-summer, making the hot rooms still hotter, in order to maintain service.
>
> "When there is a warm, damp spell following a cold snap, the faces of the cable terminals in alleys and back yards sometimes collect so much condensed moisture that it is necessary to send out men to heat the terminals and restore service."

The ways in which lightning causes interruptions of service are many and familiar. Mr. Iddings tells us that cases where a direct stroke of lightning hits a cable or an open wire lead are rather rare, but inductive effects are more common. He says:

> "When a cloud which overhangs a cable discharges to another cloud, there is a violent redistribution of the accompanying electrical charges in the earth. These redistributions give rise to large currents and high voltages in conductors which connect the charged areas with other parts of the earth. Cable pairs and subscribers' apparatus may be damaged or protective devices be operated and service made impossible.
>
> "The violent electrical disturbances which accompany displays of Northern Lights or Aurora Borealis are the cause of serious interruptions. During one display the difference of potential between the earth at Plaza central office, Baltimore, and at Frederick, Maryland, reached more than 300 volts. The protective devices at both places were twice operated during the day, each time completely cutting off all service.
>
> "Changes in temperature are responsible for many cases of line trouble. When the temperature is high in summer, the wires lengthen and make it necessary to pull them up and cut out slack so that the wires will not swing together and become crossed. Later, when a very sudden cold snap comes, the contraction of the already tightly-stretched wires causes some of them to break and fall down or, what is worse, to break at an insulator and not fall. When the break occurs at an insulator, the tie wire may hold and the result be two very bad hand joints, one on each side of the insulator.
>
> "These faults are variable loose connections and are very difficult to find and most irritating to any subscriber who tries to get service over the line.
>
> "Barometric changes affect the insulation of cables. When the barometer is rising, i. e., when the air-pressure is increasing, there is a tendency for air to go into vacant spaces between the insulated conductors in the cables. If there is a hole in the lead armor, be it ever so minute, and water is present the air-pressure will force the water into the cable and destroy the insulation. In one of our suburban districts there was a small hole in the armor of a cable on the under side where the cable dropt sharply down an incline. The water which entered this hole soaked the cable pairs for forty feet, necessitating the cutting in of a new section of cable. When the barometer is falling, the air inside of the cable armor tends to come out and if the holes are small no water will enter.
>
> "Much more obscure but probably potent for service interference is the psychological effect of the weather upon the subscribers and employees. Little misunderstandings and mistakes which happen in spite of all precautions, under a particular set of weather conditions will be passed over without notice, while under less favorable conditions they will cause friction and delay.
>
> "We humans are all more or less 'under the weather,' i. e., psychologically influenced by the changes in the weather division of our environment."

WHERE THE STORMS COME FROM

THE CRADLE OF THE STORMS that sweep the North Atlantic Ocean, may be located by some of the thirteen Arctic explorations planned for the coming summer, according to Dr. William Herbert Hobbs, professor of geology at the University of Michigan. Said the professor in a recent radio talk, as quoted in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

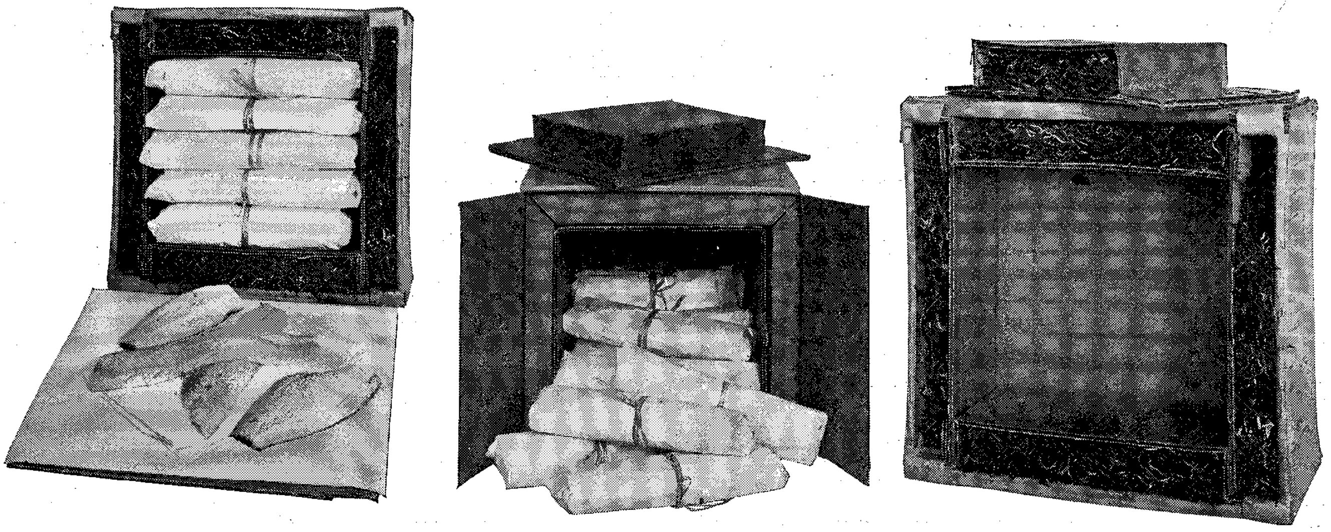
> "If certain studies in Greenland, for instance, are successfully carried through, they will be of great practical as well as scientific importance, for what I have in mind is nothing less than the careful observation of the origin of the storms of the North Atlantic and Europe, the cradle where they begin their existence, and, in the same early stage of their career, the icebergs which are such a peril to the navigation of Atlantic waters.
>
> "Northern storms and northern icebergs, the great perils in the navigation of the North Atlantic, alike have their breeding-ground in the great flattened dome of ice which like a gigantic white cap covers almost the entire continent of Greenland—an area 1,200 miles in length with an average breadth nearly one-half as great.
>
> "The coldest place on the globe is not, as popularly supposed, the North Pole. The winter temperature at the North Pole is certainly quite warm if compared to parts of Siberia or northern British America. In fact, throughout the long winter season at points along the coasts of these barren land areas the winds which blow from the direction of the North Pole are the warm ones, while those from the south are correspondingly cold.
>
> "The coldest place where temperatures have been measured throughout the year is located in Siberia, but it is certain that in the heart of Greenland and of the Antarctic the winter cold is much more intense, for even in the midst of summer the mid-Greenland air temperatures have been found to be more than thirty degrees below zero. It is therefore of prime importance to find out more about the air conditions over Greenland. One of the several polar expeditions which are being organized this year, that of the University of Michigan, has been planned to study carefully the meteorological conditions of this very critical and significant area, by establishing and maintaining for a year a number of weather-observing points to be served by airplane transportation."

Professor Hobbs maintains that it is this intense cold of the interior area of Greenland which is responsible for the havoc-making storms that issue from its margin. He concluded:

> "The intensely cold ice-caps of Greenland and the Antarctic are the refrigerators of the earth, above which the high currents of air which have traveled from the equator are sucked down and drained off as tho through a gigantic shaft, and from the bottom of this shaft they are poured out in all directions toward the margins of the ice-cap to make their return to the furnace on the equator, thus making of our air circulation a complete circuit."

CROSSING THE APPLE WITH THE PEAR—An astonishing report comes to hand that the centuries of effort to form a hybrid between the pear and the apple have at last met with success. A writer in *Reclams Universum* (Leipzig) tells how this is done. Previous attempts have failed because the effort was made to graft the apple directly on the pear or the pear on the apple. Now a gardener living near Dresden has had the happy thought to try an intermediate step. He grafted apple twigs on six-year-old plum-trees and the shoots thus obtained were in turn grafted on pear-trees. We read:

> "The fruit obtained in this manner exhibits all the good properties of both the apple and the pear. One slight disadvantage, however, is that during the first three years the fruit is marred by spots the color of blue plums. This new apple-pear can not be grown outdoors but only in greenhouses, where it begins to bloom about the first of April."



Photographs from Fowler Sea Products Company, Inc.

HOW FRESH FISH ARE SHIPPED WITHOUT ICE—THE INSULATION KEEPS THEM COOL

At the left we see how the fish are cleaned, drest and fileted before shipment and wrapt up and packed in specially designed cartons. The other two pictures show the construction of the insulated shipping carton. The fish are pre-cooled before shipment.

FRESH FISH PACKED DRY

FRESH FISH, packed in dry materials and sent by express or parcel post, have long been familiar in some parts of the country. At least a dozen years ago fishermen at Lake Tahoe, in California, were mailing their catch to their distant homes or friends packed in ordinary excelsior. This method, new to the effete East, is now to be introduced there by the provision of strawboard-cartons through an enterprising firm. The plan, termed "a radical departure" by a writer in *Packing and Shipping* (New York), who has evidently not packed and shipped in the Pacific Coast States, will possibly be used extensively during the coming summer. We read:

"The average expressman can easily spot a shipment of fresh fish. His nose 'knows' and unless he has a cold that day, the customary leakage from iced fish in barrels or boxes is easily recognized. There is, in fact, quite an extensive express movement of fish, not only along the seaboard but in the vicinity of the Great Lakes and many smaller bodies of water in the interior of the country.

"Leakage from melting ice, the extreme perishability of the product and the need for re-icing and prompt sale, if refused by consignee, has made this traffic a more or less distasteful business that must be constantly kept separate from dry freight.

"The usual movement by express is from the packing house near the point of production, to the fish markets. There, fish dealers buy for their local stores, with particular reference to Friday as 'fish day' throughout the world.

"Under this system, which has been so long established that it is doubtful it will ever be changed, the public obtains its fish supply, the final step in which is the cleaning and fileting of the fish practically before the eyes of the customer. Whatever wastage there may be the consumer pays for, and the edible part is of course much less than the total weight of the fish.

"To change this system, and particularly to dispense with the use of ice in transit, has been a fine problem. The only improvement made in the packing of fish shipments seems to have been to provide fish boxes with handles and to cover barrels with stronger burlap. It is a radical departure therefore to have fresh fish forwarded in strawboard cartons without ice and to accomplish almost the same range of distribution as fish shipments forwarded under ice.

"A concern at Montauk, Long Island, has succeeded in changing the method of shipping fish through the use of a specially designed carton for the purpose. The fish is cleaned, drest and fileted at the packing plant shortly after being caught and pre-cooling is undertaken, the temperature running just about freezing point. The carton runs in four sizes to carry 12, 20, 30 and 50 pounds, and when filled make unit packages weighing 19, 28, 39 and 60 pounds.

"One unique feature of the shipping carton is the insulation inside. This is in the form of air chambers which are filled with dry sea grass and a top cover of the same kind provided. The edible parts of the fish are wrapt up in two-pound packages, in vegetable parchment paper and tied with a ribbon of tying material. No preservative is used.

"The success of this new system is attributed to the fact that by having a hermetically sealed compartment with the commodity pre-cooled, a low temperature is maintained until the box is opened at destination. In fact, it has been found that a fish carton can ride 48 hours without damage to the contents.

"The firm takes special precautions in the labeling of the shipments and use gummed tape with this precautionary slogan —'Fresh Fish—Perishable!'"

LISTENING-IN ON NERVES.—The electric current that shoots along a nerve-fiber has been detected by means of radio apparatus, according to Dr. E. D. Adrian of Cambridge University, England, who described before a recent meeting of the British Physiological Society his method of using a three-tube instrument to make his delicate measurements. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"It had long been known, he said, that the passing of messages down a nerve caused an electrical disturbance. But it had only been possible to record the effects from a large number of fibers at once, for example, the thousands of fibers from an eye, or to a muscle. The results obtained were therefore as confused as would be the superimposed records from all the telegraph wires between London and Manchester. Dr. Adrian's new apparatus makes it possible for the first time to obtain records in a rapidly moving photographic plate of the impulses passing along a single fiber. In conjunction with Dr. Zottermann, a Norwegian neurologist, Dr. Adrian recorded the results of stimulating a sense organ connected to the brain by a single fiber. The sense organs in the skin which give information as to touch, pain, and temperature, are too near together for this to be easy. Those in the muscles subserving the so-called muscular sense are farther apart, and by stretching a frog's muscle, it was found possible to stimulate a single one. The impulses were all of the same size, but as the muscle was stretched, their frequency was increased from ten to fifty per second. Differences of intensity are in fact transmitted through the nerves as differences of rhythm. This is the first occasion on which the message passing along a nerve has been decoded, and the experiment opens up a new field of neurology, in the opinion of physiologists here. Within the next few years it should be possible to read the main types of messages entering and leaving the nervous system, and the time has been brought measurably nearer when it will be possible to record the actual events in the brain which are the physical correlates of consciousness."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SPAIN'S GREATEST ACTRESS

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS was offered by the New York stage in the third week of May. Señorita Meller was closing her protracted and immensely profitable stay at the Empire Theater; Señora Maria Guerrero was filling an unheralded week at the Manhattan Opera House. Both figure as Spain's chief exponents of their respective arts. We know what Broadway thinks of "Raquel"; it hardly became aware of Guerrero, and yet her countrymen place her alongside Bernhardt and Duse. Her stay was a tribute to the 200,000 Spanish-speaking people within the metropolitan district; to them she made her chief appeal. Perhaps on some future visit she will find a more cosmopolitan audience, for Mr. Burns Mantle of *The Daily News* (New York) has discovered that 32,000 public school children have elected Spanish as their favorite language study the last year. In spite of this ardor among school children their elders must find Spanish a sealed tongue, for the efforts of *La Prensa*, New York's Spanish newspaper, to make Señora Guerrero known outside her circle of compatriots seemed ineffective. In those columns, however, we are told that Señora Guerrero and her husband, Don Diaz de Mendoza, are Spain's greatest actors and that they come here "surrounded by Spain's greatest company of supporting artists." Further:

THE BERNHARDT OF SPAIN

Maria Guerrero, who has long stood at the head of the Spanish stage, has just completed her first American engagement.

"More than the Comedie Française means to France does the Teatro Princessa mean to Madrid and to all Spain. For while the house of Molière is dedicated to the classic drama of the past, the company of the Teatro Princessa, headed by Maria Guerrero, who is the younger Duse and the younger Bernhardt of the Spanish stage, is devoted not only to a superb presentation of the dramatic literature of Spanish yesterdays, but it is equally concerned with the best drama of to-day and to-morrow. It is the only theater in the world which so superbly fosters the ultra-modern spirit and at the same time preserves sacredly the best traditions of a splendid dramatic past. And this splendid company presents a repertoire including dramas by Edouardo Marquino, Jacinto Benevente, Manuel Tamayo y Baus, Jose Zorilla, S. y J. Alvarez Quintero, Juan Ignacio Luca de Tena and Jose Lopez Pinillos."

Also in the columns of *La Prensa* we find a sketch of the actress written by John Garrett Underhill, the translator of many Spanish masterpieces:

"Maria Guerrero is the daughter of Ramon Guerrero, who at the time of her birth was director of 'the Español' and himself well known as an actor of romantic rôles. Born to all the traditions of a well-known theatrical family, her education for the profession with which her father was identified, was one of unusual thoroughness. Under the tutelage of Teodora Lamadrid, who for thirty years was herself the most popular of Spanish actresses, she was grounded in the high tradition of the Spanish stage. As a very young actress Guerrero gained experience in minor rôles at the Teatro de la Comedie in Madrid, and at other classic houses, and in 1890 began her real career at the Teatro Español in the rôle of *Madalena* in Tirso de Molina's masterpiece, 'El Vergonzozo en Palacio' (A Clown Comes to Court). Equally mistress of smiles and tears, Guerrero has long been undisputed queen of the Spanish stage and her influence upon the Spanish drama has been an inspiration to the art of the stage.

"From the moment of her first appearance with the aristocratic amateur, Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, a grandee of Spain by three of the oldest of Spanish titles, that artistic union has not been interrupted. After his first appearance with the Guerrero it was necessary for Diaz de Mendoza, as a member of the Spanish Court, to obtain royal permission to become a professional actor. Opposition developed, but the King finally issued the mandate that gave him the right to join the Guerrero company, and that artistic union culminating in a marriage between the young players, which is noted as the great romance of the Spanish stage, is unbroken to-day. As might be expected, the distinguishing characteristic of Diaz de Mendoza's art is its elegance and finish. In the romantic rôles of the older Spanish drama he is without a peer, but he is modern to the finger-tips and is unapproached in the rôles of the ultra-modern Spanish drama."

The task of judging these players was turned over to the reporters whose anonymity is partially divulged in initials. "W. R.," of *The World*, speaking of their compatriots among the audience, tells us that "these dark witnesses were roused to immense enthusiasm by the progress of the piece. How much of this enthusiasm was nostalgic one can not tell. The Nordic reaction, what there was of it, was more restrained." The opening piece was "Doña Maria La Brava," which impress this observer as "a curiosity." "We have no playwrights or performers who carry on like this," he declares, and assumes to speak for all tastes in such a generalization as: "Since we dislike them, it is doubtful if this Spanish troupe holds much of interest for the passing playgoer." The "passing playgoer" of course was not present, but an audience of intensely interested Spaniards and a few curious outsiders. Again:

"Maria Guerrero was the soul and purpose of the evening. She is a heavily set performer, given to vocal heroics that should interest, technically, an opera star. She clutches. Of her kind we recall no more devastating actress. They do these things more thoroughly in Spain."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

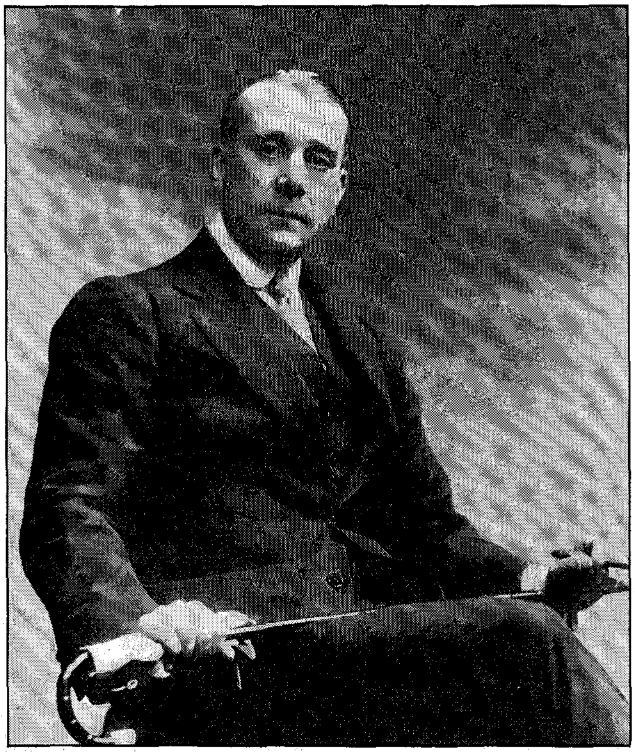
This reviewer was esthetically impress by "two or three exceptionally decorative young women, a king who looked just like a Holbein, and a perfect Rube Goldberg in the person of a gangling page." *The Tribune's* "C. B. D." is not quite so "devastating":

"We imagine that most of the typical New York playgoers present found their chief pleasure in the superlative diction and the complete sincerity of the entire company. The settings, the direction and particularly the unfortunate lighting were as primitive as was the presence of that menace to the Continental repertoire company—the prompter's box. Not only does a prompter's box, in the mind of the American theatergoer, clutter up the stage, but is a constant reminder that the stage is, after all, only a platform and the players merely puppets. And, so far as we could judge, from a front seat last night, a prompter was an entirely unnecessary adjunct to a letter-perfect performance.

"That Signor Mendoza has a thoroughly trained company under his control there can be no question at all, but there also is no question that during the last decade the directors of our own theater, in creating an atmosphere of simplicity and naturalness in drama, have advanced in leaps and bounds. Signor Fernando Diaz de Mendoza impress us as an excellent actor with a fine voice and a technique that was reserved and generally convincing. As *Principe Don Enrique*, Diaz de Mendoza y Guerrero also contributed a fine characterization.

"In her quieter moments Signora Guerrero, at least so it seemed to us, was worthy of her high position—subtle and sure of the effects she wished to produce. But to those accustomed to the repressed methods of our own emotional actresses, some of her speeches seemed much too hysterical, much too explosive to carry any great degree of conviction. However, we gladly report that it was the most hysterical of these 'scenes' that created the greatest enthusiasm on the part of her many countrymen present."

Obviously the "Nordic" element of our audience was too easily discouraged by our reviewers, and so missed a magnificent performance of "La Malquerida" on Tuesday, a play that served Nance O'Neill for three seasons under the title of "The Passion Flower." To have seen the authentic revelation of that bitter tragedy would have been an enlarging experience to those already familiar with its English version. The Spanish colony came in droves and produced such applause as our theater rarely hears. Some one from *The Evening Post* writes:



Courtesy of *La Prensa* (New York)

A SPANISH GRANDEE

Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, who suppress three of the oldest Spanish titles to go on the stage.

"For the many who know 'The Passion Flower' through Nance O'Neill's playing during a tour of some three years, comparison between the productions is more enlightening than odious. It is not so pretty a blossom the Madrid folk unfold for us. The players are not given to picturesque posing against softly lighted walls, nor to rapt gazing into azure skies. Those vivid memories of Miss O'Neill's lithe postures, of soft-voiced, breathy emotion must give way to the ugly little bundle of passion in Señorita Maria Guerrero's portrait of the mother.

"The *Raimunda* of Señorita Guerrero is a fierce, blazing conception in which every trick in her amazing technical store is flaunted and all the power of her vocal range is revealed. It is technique easily obvious, but sweeping all criticism along with it by its very dynamic energy. Her interpretation of the part set a homely rhythm for the entire cast, with the result that the production is strikingly eloquent of a certain proletarian sincerity."

ELIZABETH NOURSE

THE CHARMING ARTIST of our cover this week is a native of Cincinnati, tho for many years she has made her home in Paris. After her first student years in her native city she went abroad and studied with Lefebvre, Henner, and Carolus Duran. In 1901 she was made a member of the National Society of Beaux Arts. Medals were awarded her at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893, the Institute of Carthage, Tunis, in 1897, the Nashville Exposition of the same year, the Paris Exposition of 1900, the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and the San Francisco Exposition of 1915. Her picture, "Closed Shutters," was acquired by the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. Other exhibits are in the civic museums of Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, and the National Gallery at Washington. In response to our request to reproduce her canvas at the Art Institute of Chicago, the artist writes the following to our art manager:

"DEAR LITERARY DIGEST:

"I am very much pleased and honored to have you choose my picture, 'Mother and Children,' for your cover. I am very fond of THE LITERARY DIGEST and always read it with pleasure and profit when a stray number comes my way.

"You ask about the picture, so I will tell you that it is one of the 'children' of my youth, when I first lived in Paris on 'Notre Dame des Champs.' I remember the concierge of the house loaned me the lantern that lighted up our entrance, and I gave it back to her every night. The children and the mother were Italians. The mother famous for her beauty when she was younger: she posed for many artists as a Madonna, and one of the most celebrated artists was Dagnan Bouveret. She was my model for many years and all her children took their turn to pose for me. The family were very poor. I used to climb their rickety stairs in a poor tumbled-down house full of Italian models all from the Sabine Mountains near Rome. I always said a prayer that I would not catch anything, either bug or disease. My poor model told me once that she had never been able to save enough to buy sheets for the beds, and yet, poor dear, she had to take a lodger to help eke out the family resources.

"So when little Bepina came to pose with her mother and the baby, I used to give her a cup of milk and that is how I found her lovely pose. She used to drink it up with lightning speed, to my bewilderment: how could I keep the cup filled, how could I keep her posed? So between the poses I gave her a slice of bread and butter thickly spread with currant jelly. My little model gazed at it and finally carried it to her lips, only to lay it down and give it a push; after she did this several times, taking it up and seeming so eager to bite into it. Then laying it down and turning away, I asked the mother, 'qu'est ce qu'il y a?' what is the matter? 'Blood,' said the mother; 'she says that you have put blood on the bread.'

"Poor little Bepina! She had never seen nor tasted jelly in all her poverty-stricken little life, so I hastened to give her just bread and butter and an apple, and she being full and happy would gaze at me with one eye while she held the empty cup.

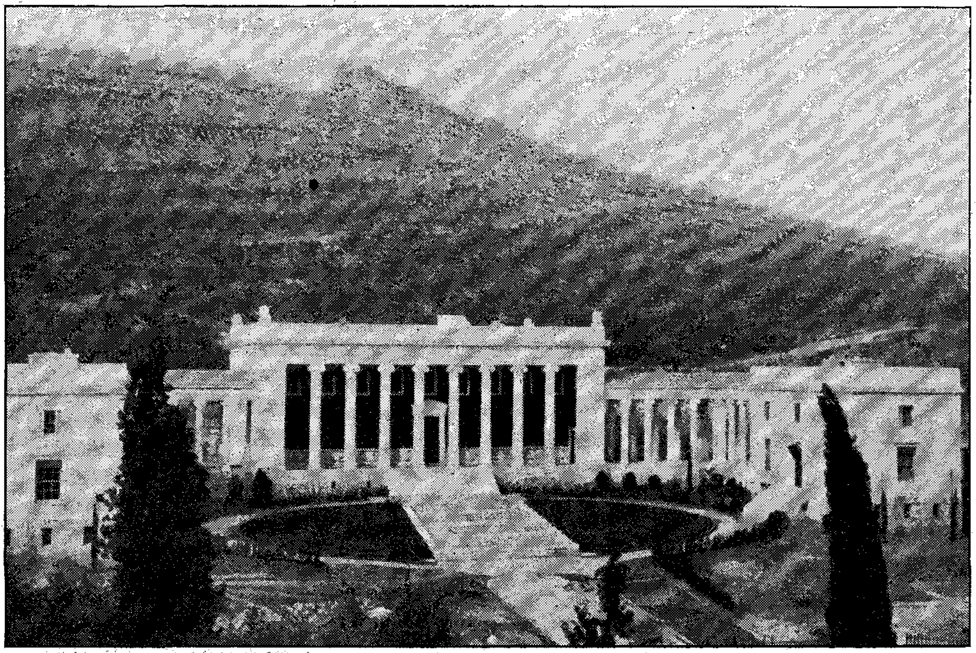
"So, dear Mr. Leppert, this is how I came to paint 'Le Gouter,' or 'Mother and Children', as the Art Institute of Chicago always has called it.

"Yours cordially,

"ELIZABETH NOURSE."

AN AMERICAN LIBRARY IN ATHENS

MOUNT LYCABETTUS ON ONE SIDE and Hymettus peeping over the horizon stand as guardians over the newest Carnegie Library, only it will bear a Greek name. It is another link in friendship's chain between America and Greece, and the Gennadeion, as the new library is called, will form an integral part of the American School of Classical Learning at Athens. Scholastic and literary emissaries have only just returned from the dedicatory exercises which occurred on April 23. The President of Greece, members of the Cabinet and other public officials, Dr. and Mrs. Gennadius, and the rector and staff of the University of Athens joined with the officials of the Carnegie Corporation and representatives of leading educational institutions in the United States in this international event. The New York *Times* gives this account of the Greek donor:



Courtesy of the Hellenic Information Bureau

AN AMERICAN GIFT TO ATHENS

The Gennadeion, a Carnegie library building to house the collection of Dr. Joannes Gennadius, with Mt. Lycabettus rising behind and Hymettus in the distance.

"The Gennadeion takes its name from the father of Dr. Joannes Gennadius, for forty years Greek Minister to London and the donor of a library collection unequaled in the classical field. This collection also includes a variety of material bearing upon modern Greece, the Byronic period, the lost records of its history under Turkish rule and the early Christian era. Dr. Gennadius, a bibliophile of the first rank and a patriot of ardent sympathies, gathered the collection over a long period of activity at home and abroad. In 1922 he presented it to the American School upon the condition that a suitable building be erected to house his books. That condition has now been fulfilled.

"The Gennadeion stands upon a site commanding the attention of every visitor, at the head of Howe Street, which might appear to be an odd name for a Greek thoroughfare. But it was so named in honor of an American, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose efforts in behalf of the Hellenic State are well known. This site was presented to the school by the Greek Government, and the Carnegie Corporation supplied $250,000 for the white marble building, a rectangle adapted from classical models.

"In approaching the Gennadeion along the easy grade of Howe Street the visitor may see storied Mount Lycabettus just behind. On the horizon rises that other celebrated mass, Mount Hymettus, and in the city near by is the Acropolis, crowned by its ruins. Around the base of the great rock excavations soon will begin in the Agora, the ancient market-place. A monastery formerly owned most of the area surrounding the Gennadeion, but the Government granted a part of these lands to the American School in the middle '80s. Substantial additions have been made for the library, adjacent to the school."

It might have given added interest to build the library of marble quarried on Mount Pentelicus, whence came the stone for the Parthenon, but practical difficulties prevented, and the quarries upon the island of Naxos supplied the building material:

"With a supply of marble assured, work began. Athenian masons and numerous refugees were employed for the rougher labor. Greece was heavily burdened by outcasts from Turkey, and this library construction brought numbers of them a livelihood.

"Seen from the ascent of Howe Street, the Gennadeion compares not unfavorably with the old temples. Phydias himself might have approved its situation, looming white against the dark mass of Lycabettus. Entrance is by iron gates leading to a walk which rises by flights to the steps of the building. Sunken gardens lie on either hand and there are driveways for cars. Residential wings are connected to the main building by colonnades.

"Nine steps lead to the portico with its eight Ionic columns. Originals on the eastern façade of the Erectheum were used for models. The scale is a little larger. Instead of the customary pediment an attic has been substituted owing to the long façade. An original and unexpected touch is the red stucco front wall behind the columns, buttressed by marble at the bottom. This red stucco, surrounded by white marble, corresponds in a measure to the painted temples of ancient days. It is the dash of color that emphasizes the Hellenic fancy. Narrow windows with bronze grills further carry out the ideal.

"The interior has been arranged with attention to utility as well as beauty. Modern library equipment of approved type will facilitate the work of students from all over the world. The 50,000 items presented by the donor it is believed likely will increase rapidly. The school and supporters generally will seek to make available in the Gennadeion such an array of classical material as will provide the answer to almost any problem of research. It will be immediately available to workers in the field when most needed—a means of comparison and authentication always at hand."

The Gennadeion is a fitting structure for the treasures it will house. In his offer to Professor Capps, of Princeton, Dr. Gennadius told something of his purposes and his collection in these words:

"My wife and I make this presentation in token of our admiration and respect for your great country—the first country from which a voice of sympathy and encouragement reached our fathers when they rose in their then apparently hopeless struggle for independence; and we do so in the confident hope that the American school in Athens may thus become a world center for the study of Greek history, literature and arts—ancient, Byzantine and modern—and for the better understanding of the history and constitution of the Greek Church, the mother Church of Christianity, in which the Greek fathers, imbued with the philosophy of Plato, first determined and expounded the dogma of our common faith.

"The sections of theology, of geography and travels, of pamphlets relating to modern Greece, of the works of Byron, and of the history of the Greek War of Independence, are already cataloged by me, in a minute systematic subject plan, with indexes of names, etc. The catalogs of these sections, which consist in all of about 10,000 items, can now be consulted. Of the other sections, portions are cataloged in the alphabetical card system. The library consists of . . . volumes, varying from Atlas Folio to the smallest sizes."

Of what the library is designed to house we read:

"The American School already owned about 10,000 items when the Gennadius collection was placed at its disposal. Dr. Robinson calls the collection one of the most complete in existence upon any subject. Thus the American School will take rank with the first learned institutions of Europe, a unique distinction for the only strictly American institution of its kind on European soil. Scholars everywhere are eagerly awaiting a first catalog."

"THE BIG PARADE" OF BRITISH ANGER

BERNARD SHAW RISES SUPERIOR to British patriotism in his appraisal of the American war film, "The Big Parade," but in London "the entire press condemns the film as arrogant and presumptuous," says a cable dispatch to the New York *World*. "Some papers print stories of indignant visitors being led out by ushers wearing British war medals, but the *World* correspondent saw no overt protests. The audience seemed more inclined to laugh and jeer than display anger." But Shaw calls it "a fine pacifist study of war," and recognizing it as "an American film," asks, "If we produce a British picture, would we put American soldiers in it?" More:

> "It shows the excitement of people before they go to war and contrasts it with their subsequent discovery of its realities. I was astonished when a woman in the audience got up and shouted, 'Shame, there is no English soldier in the picture!'"

The London *Sunday Express* comments:

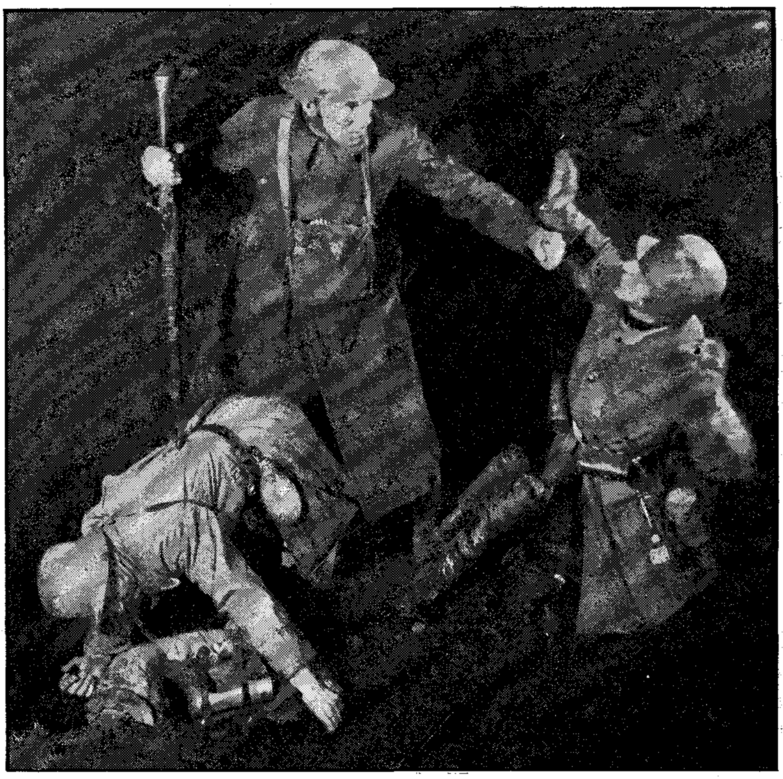
> "It is an irresistible triumph of cinematography. Hollywood does that kind of thing really well. The pity is that she invariably breaks down where sentiment, good taste and diplomacy are concerned. Hollywood's deliberate exclusion of the Allies from this war film makes the production one which the American Ambassador to London, in the interests of his country, should ask the owners to retire from Great Britain."

Whereupon the New York *World* retorts:

> "It is easy to dismiss the criticism of 'The Big Parade,' now going on so furiously in London, as senseless, but it is impossible to dismiss the state of mind that gives rise to it. Whether we like it or not, the British resentment at this picture is only one more indication that we are not so popular abroad as our optimists think we are; and the less logic in the resentment, then the more animus that lies behind it. And since this resentment has real causes it will be impossible to dispel it with pretty thoughts. 'They have our money and now they want our glory,' says the London *Express*, and there, in a phrase, is the figure we cut in the eyes of Europe. Of course, the money we get may be worth more to us than popularity, but we may as well learn that while we can have one or the other we can not have both."

Canada apparently displays none of this sensitiveness. The New York *Sun* gathers up the press comments in that country:

> "'The Big Parade' has won Canada as adjudged by the influential Montreal *Star*, which states that the house 'rocked with laughter or sat tense with thrills or shaken by emotional memories as the story unfolded.' 'A romance well and gracefully told,' 'humor of an irresistible kind,' 'a vast panorama of war as it was fought, to drive into the very soul of a cynic a full realization of the utter uselessness of killing,' are some of the apt characterizations penned by its critic, S. Morgan-Powell. *The Gazette* clinches the point by calling the King Vidor picture 'not a story of America at war, but the pictorial tale of a boy who went to war with a few million other boys. There is little patriotism in it, less of the glory of battle. It tells one that there was a war and what a sorry thing it all was, and how men, and in particular three men, whose walks of life were far apart, conducted themselves.' 'A gripping story with riotous comedy episodes in the early part, followed by scenes that are powerfully tragic, always real and sometimes sublime,' is the pungent description of *The Herald*, which, like the others, enlarges on the 'emphatic triumph' and the 'great hit.'
>
> "Among the French Canadian organs *La Presse* states that 'The Big Parade' passed the Montreal censorship without a single cut, and the picture is deeply appreciated by every friend of France, the portrayal of *Melisande* being a magnificent tribute to the noble qualities of the French woman in the conflict.
>
> "'The greatest picture inspired by the World War,' is the summing up by *La Patrie*, which speaks of King Vidor's 'marvelous realization of the strife—*Melisande's* farewell scene of great beauty—the photography perfect—a very beautiful film which everybody must see.' And *Le Canada* describes the occasion as a 'triumphant evening for the celebrated film, so wonderful, realistic, full of life, charm and love romance."



WITHOUT ASKING HELP

Yankee corporal subduing two Germans, one of whom is already down and the other begging for mercy. How would it have looked (as Frank Vreeland of the New York *Telegram* might well remark) to have each of the forty kinds of Allied nationalities assisting him in the operation? "Still" from "The Big Parade."

George Davis in the Cleveland *Press* presents a conciliatory point of view:

> "The resentment of the newspaper writers seems to us rather silly. They write as if this movie were a history of the war, and an official one put out by the Government of the United States.
>
> "Of course it isn't. It's a romance of patriotic adventure by three soldiers, all Americans.
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> "The picture might easily have testified to the achievements of England.
>
> "To have done so would be inartistic, almost inevitably, since the reason to include such scenes would be political or commercial.
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> "The English commentators are fairly correct however in recognizing that this movie reflects a popular American notion that the war was fought by America (with a little help from France and England).
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> "We do not recall any comment in this country which anticipated the London reaction to 'The Big Parade.'
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> "That is, except in minor details. Some persons we have talked to have been critical of the fact that American soldiers go straight to the battle front in American trucks, when the fact, we are told, is that the trucks so used should be French.
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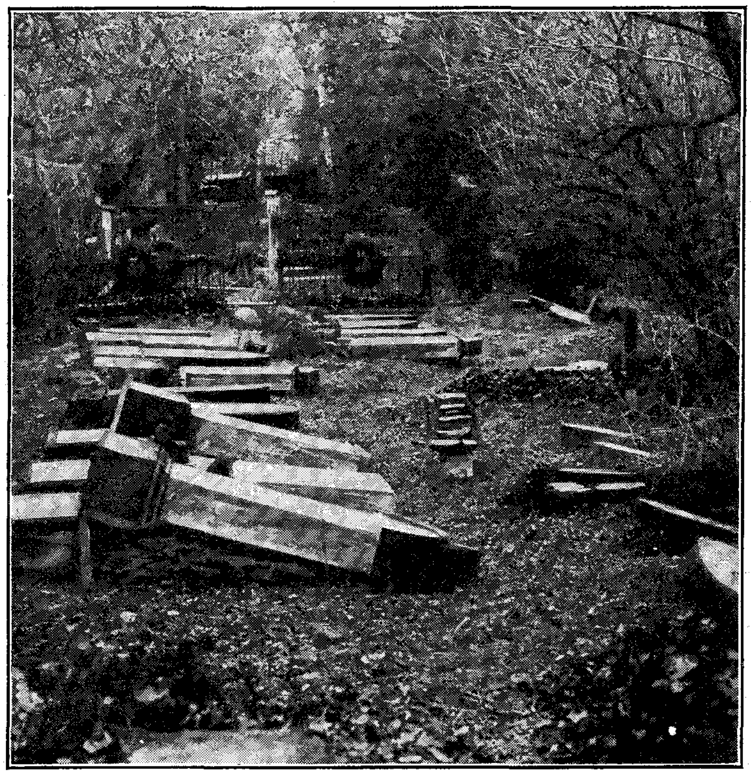
> "But surely if Hollywood producers had anticipated the English attitude toward the film one can guess that the merit of simplicity would have been sacrificed to profits. A new introduction in the form of a prolog testifying to the achievements of the English Army and nations would have been given the film for its exhibition in England."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

ANTI-SEMITISM AND ITS CURE

ANTI-SEMITISM IS REPORTED INCREASING the world over. It is particularly intense and wide-spread in Germany, we are told, where it is estimated that three-fourths of the people are antagonistic to the Jews. Its manifestations in this country are well known, but its evidences and its intensity in Europe may not be so familiar to American readers. There, it is said, released peoples of many of the new nations are visiting upon the heads of Jewish minorities the very ills from which they suffered when in subjection to alien rule. Of the other countries Germany appears to be the most deeply incriminated. Recently, at Erfurt, reports the Berlin staff correspondent of *The American Hebrew* (New York), vandals invaded the Jewish cemetery and overthrew ninety-five of the 130 tombstones. The crime, we are told, was committed by a number of German National extremists who are members of the "Wiking Union," one of those secret associations whose primary activities for a "happier" Germany are said to be closely connected with all kinds of affronts and discriminations inflicted on the Jews. These extremists, says the writer, are governed by one principal slogan—"that the Jew is un-German and pernicious, that his activity in every case is directed against the welfare of the German people. National extremists deny absolutely or disdain giving credit for the work of Jews done in the interest of the Fatherland, and they do not hesitate to make way with any such Jew as may hold a prominent public office, as was the case with Rathenau."



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ANTI-SEMITIC HATRED VENTED ON THE DEAD

This act of vandalism in the Jewish cemetery at Erfurt is said to have been perpetrated by German National extremists. The photograph shows some of the ninety-five tombstones overthrown.

The problem of this wide-spread anti-Semitism engages the minds of serious thinkers and religious philosophers in all lands, since the persecution of the race from which Jesus sprang is as antichristian and subversive of the Kingdom as Turkish atrocities committed on the Armenians. The Jews themselves are not absolved of all blame for the feeling against them, nor are they entirely unblest, for generations in the ghettos have brought out and hardened those qualities which have enabled them not only to persist, but to increase, in the face of well-nigh constant persecution. What is the cause of it? The lay mind commonly says it is the Jews' rejection of Jesus. But S. Miles Bouton suggests in *The Forum* that anti-Semitism is due to the internationalism of the Jews. Mr. Bouton is a newspaper correspondent of long and varied experience, author and contributor to American, Scandinavian, and German periodicals. He was with the German armies on various fronts as war correspondent, 1914-1916, and was the first enemy correspondent to enter Germany after the Armistice. He is now resident in Berlin, where in earlier years he was a student in the University of the German capital. Anti-Semitism, he writes, long antedates the birth of Christ, and it had become a tremendous force long before the Christians were a factor anywhere. A religious factor does enter the situation, but in a quite different significance from that generally realized. It is this, says Mr. Bouton:

"The Jews' rejection of Christ as God gave their Christian opponents in every land a powerful propagandistic weapon. Here at last was a tangible pretext, and one that became steadily more efficacious as Christianity gained ground. Since then anti-Semitic feeling has been strongly furthered by appeals for vengeance on those who rejected the Head of the Christian Church. But attacks based on religion were merely the wind that fanned an already burning fire.

"Another argument against ascribing anti-Semitism to religious causes is the fact that, whereas the world has grown vastly more tolerant in religious matters in the last two decades, the feeling against the Jews has both grown bitterer and infected steadily widening circles. And, perhaps most astonishing of all, it has done this in the face of a steady strengthening of Jewish influence over the organs that make or affect public opinion. The entire moving-picture business is in their hands, and also the great majority of theaters everywhere. In every country they have increased their hold on the newspapers. With unimportant exceptions, the whole Communist, Socialist, and Democratic press of Germany is owned and edited by Jews, and one finds Jewish editors and reporters on the staffs even of German National papers. They dominate the learned professions. No other race ever possest such great opportunities for making and molding public opinion. Yet anti-Semitism increases."

But it is not considered even remotely in terms of religion, says Mr. Bouton. He believes that "unquestionably the keener intelligence of the Jews, their acquisitiveness and their amazing success in the world of finance and business do play a part." But he holds that none of these things is at the bottom of the new wave of fierce anti-Semitism that is to-day sweeping over Europe, and particularly Germany. Mr. Bouton asserts:

"What is back of it is the fact that the Jew is the original internationalist. International Socialism was founded by Jews and developed by Jews. A disproportionately great part of its leaders, not merely in Germany, but in every country on the European mainland and in America, are Jews. The three great revolutions of the World War—two in Russia and one in Germany—were carried through exclusively by red internationalists.

> The great majority of the red rulers of Soviet Russia belong to this race. Chief rôles in the German revolution were played by Joffe, Russian Jew, Oskar Cohn, German Jew, and Rosa Luxemburg, Polish Jew. Almost exactly one per cent. of Germany's population in 1918 consisted of Jews, yet two of the six members of the revolutionary cabinet were of that race—33⅓ per cent. All four members of the first Workingmen's and Soldiers' Council for Greater Berlin were Jews. A Czechish Jew who was not even a German citizen was put in charge of the archives of the Foreign Office. The most important posts in the German and Prussian cabinets were handed over to Jews, and they furnished the chiefs of police in Berlin, Frankfort-on-Main, Munich, and Essen. Kurt Eisner constituted himself President of Bavaria, an overwhelmingly Catholic and patriotic State. In all Germany it would have been impossible to find a single revolutionary governing body, large or small, in which Jews did not hold at least a quarter of all the offices, and in many places they were in the majority. Hindenburg, threescore and ten years old, who had devoted his life to the Fatherland for less money than any moderately successful commercial traveler earns, was summoned before a revolutionary tribunal, appointed to inquire into the causes of the war, and insultingly questioned by Oskar Cohn, who had accepted Bolshevist money to betray his own country.
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> "The leader of the Communist revolt in Hungary was Bela Kun, another spelling for Cohen. The men at the head of the bloody Soviet uprising in Munich in April, 1919, were a Levi, a Levien, and a half dozen other men of the same race. The scenes that disgrace the German Reichstag and the Prussian Diet with monotonous regularity are staged by men and women named Scholem, Katz, Wolffenstein."

Tens of thousands of Russian exiles in European lands see in this Jewish internationalism the reason for their exile and the destruction of their fatherland, says the writer, and "in every European State whose continued existence is problematical the same fear and hatred of internationalism dominates all patriotic men and women." As a remedy the writer suggests:

> "Both sides must take a new course: the Christians must practise their religion, the Jews must abandon their 'obstinate hatred' to all others which was mentioned by Tacitus nineteen centuries ago.
>
> "One other remedy lies solely in the hands of the Jews. Even Gentiles who reject anti-Semitism feel that a greater percentage of Jews than of other races are overboastful, overloud, aggressive, sordid, lacking in consideration for others, and without the finer graces that make social intercourse pleasant. At the risk of hurting feelings it must be said that this feeling has much foundation of fact. The qualities enumerated are understandable and perhaps even inevitable in a race that has come up so mightily from persecution, ghettos, and legal disabilities, but that is beside the question. And even if the percentage of disagreeable members of other races should turn out to be quite as large, it is to be remembered that these other races do not betray their nationality by their appearances. But the Jew does thus betray himself, and his every offending piles up new animosity against his race.
>
> "A few Americans spent the war years in Germany. Their speech and bearing marked them as foreigners. Most of even the loudest and most aggressive among them learned eventually to conduct themselves with great circumspection, not to seek a disproportionate share of anything, to conform to the laws and customs of the land and to help the suffering of the country whose hospitality they were enjoying. But an occasional American would have none of this. He made the eagle scream on every occasion, talked English loudly in public places, boasted, disregarded customs and social usages. 'Naturally,' said the German, 'A damned Yankee.' And the sins of this man were visited on his fellow countrymen. So it is with the Jewish minority in every country. Let them imagine that they are living in a hostile land—no great stretch of imagination in most European countries. Let them remember that when one of their number transgresses, albeit such a trangression as can be noted every day on the part of the Gentile population, it is not the individual but the race that must suffer for it.
>
> "The situation is by no means hopeless. Not the least encouraging thing is the fact that it has within the last few years become possible for a Gentile to discuss anti-Semitism with a Jew. Even twenty years ago that would have been as impossible as to refer to spinal diseases when talking with a humpbacked man. A beginning has been made, small tho it may be. The work must go on."

MORAL CHEER FROM THE CAMPUS

PESSIMISM FINDS NO HARBOR in the mind of President James Rowland Angell of Yale University. He does not "view with alarm" the present tendencies of youth, and he does not believe that the campuses of the country are sown with dragons' teeth. Speaking recently at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of Dwight Hall, the Yale Y. M. C. A. building, Dr. Angell, we read in press reports, exprest the opinion that, despite a rebellious attitude on the part of the younger generation and the shattering of ancient faiths following the World War, human life has not changed so much that the need of religion has passed. It is his hopeful prediction that men will again turn to an invigorating faith.

Comparing conditions as he finds them to-day with those of the period following the Revolution, Dr. Angell points to the fact that the intellectuals of that time assumed, as a matter of course, that "never again would educated men give credence to the tenets of any revealed religion, and least of all to those of Christianity." But he continues: "Despite this fact, the next century saw some of the most profound revivals of religious interest, affecting the entire life of the college and leading great numbers of its students into the ministry and the mission field." Dr. Angell does not deny that in the wake of the World War the college is confronted with much such a shattering of ancient faiths and much such a rebellious attitude of youth as characterized the period following the Revolution. "To be blasé," he says, "to have at one's tongue's end all the catch phrases of the nihilistic and blasphemous writers of the day, is counted good form and, as an evidence of up-to-dateness, is regarded as almost as essential as the wearing of the correct cut of clothes, the proper shape of hat, the accepted collar and tie, which, taken together, are the obvious marks of the socially sophisticated." Nevertheless, Dr. Angell "can not for a moment believe that human life has suddenly so changed that a need for religion is past. History teaches us that particular faiths and particular ceremonials flourish and pass, but it would also seem to teach quite clearly that something there is in the life and nature of a man which demands satisfaction of a kind that is nowhere found except in religion." Because of this conviction, he reaffirms his almost limitless confidence in the essential rectitude of youth "and the unquenchable springs of altruism which are theirs."

Among others who do not share in the belief that the student body of to-day is of a lower moral tone than student bodies of the past is the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, which believes quite the contrary. The student body of to-day, it says, is of a higher moral tone. Students are more inquisitive and outspoken, more courageous and curious. The old remedies do not answer their needs in their intellectual search for truth. They have been baffled by the failures of their elders, and,

> "Instead of lamenting their resentment at a condition which they did nothing to create, and are finding it difficult to analyze, college officials should thank God that they have not become cynics; that as a matter of fact their determination to find out things rests on a natural spirit of optimism.
>
> "We confess that the campus lamentations which greet our ears over the alleged decline in the religious spirit of the undergraduate body leave us cold. We do not believe that the average student of to-day is more godless than the average student of a generation or more ago. The difference between the two is the deliberation with which the student of to-day goes at the heart of things. If we were to attempt to locate the responsibility for the alleged lowered religious interest in the student body, we should begin our search, not among the boys themselves, but among their elders, who have done so little to keep the spirit alive by bringing their religious enthusiasms up to a level with expanding human interests and keeping them warm with the heat of mutual understanding. Here at Yale this can not be denied by any stretch of the imagination to have been the fact. The religious spirit has not been fostered and made attractive to the student body, nor has faith been strengthened by godly

deeds. That phase of undergraduate life has been left to work out its own salvation—and it has not succeeded. Every other phase of undergraduate life has been fostered and encouraged 100 per cent. There has been no support or enthusiasm lacking in the development of the secular and athletic life of the university. Magnificent buildings and expansive playgrounds have been lavishly provided—with more promised—while the House of Worship remains untouched and unrelieved by the spirit of progress and accommodation. Holding the undergraduate body responsible for this condition is a bit ostrich-like."

A CHAIN-STORE CHARITY

FROM THE OBSCURITY of a bargain basement in a middle-sized city, where he polished stoves and nourished an ambition to become a salesman, Sebastian S. Kresge emerges to-day as a Crœsus of charity. The boy was promoted to salesman on the main floor. Then he went on the road, selling tinware, working hard and living thriftily. One day he sold an order of tinware to another chain of stores, and saw an opportunity for himself in a chain of five-ten-and-twenty-five-cent stores. He began with less than $8,000, it is said, and that has multiplied into a fortune reputed to be $100,000,000. Recently it was announced that he will give approximately $23,000,000 for charitable and public welfare purposes. This gift is to be added to the unheralded Kresge Foundation, which was established by Mr. Kresge in 1924 with a fund of $2,000,000. That this great philanthropy may be directed into the most useful channels, the first work will be to survey the field. The survey will follow the lines adopted by the Sage, Guggenheim and other foundations, which went deeply into social problems to determine how best to serve the greatest good. When a specific program has been decided on, we read further in press reports, distribution of money will be left to the discretion of the trustees of the foundation. Further gifts will be made from time to time, as the work progresses, according to Mr. Kresge's present intentions. The chain-store owner, having made ample provision for all his dependents, has already made many large gifts to charity, and has also contributed large amounts for religious work and for Prohibition, in which he is very much interested.

P. & A. photograph

THRILLED WITH GIVING

Sebastian S. Kresge, who announces a donation of $23,000,000 and says he can get "a greater thrill out of the idea of serving others than out of anything else on earth."

The new gift, we read, is made in a form that will permit it to grow. It will consist of 500,000 shares of S. S. Kresge Company common stock, which has a market value on the stock exchange of approximately $45 a share. The stock pays dividends of $1.20 a share per year, which will give to the foundation an income of $600,000 annually at the start. After the next dozen years or so the earning power of the stock is expected to furnish the foundation an income of about $5,000,000 a year. Thus Mr. Kresge takes rank with those other American multimillionaires who believe that great fortunes are a public trust, and leads the Baltimore *Sun* to say: "The diversion of great fortunes to public service is an American habit." *The Sun* muses:

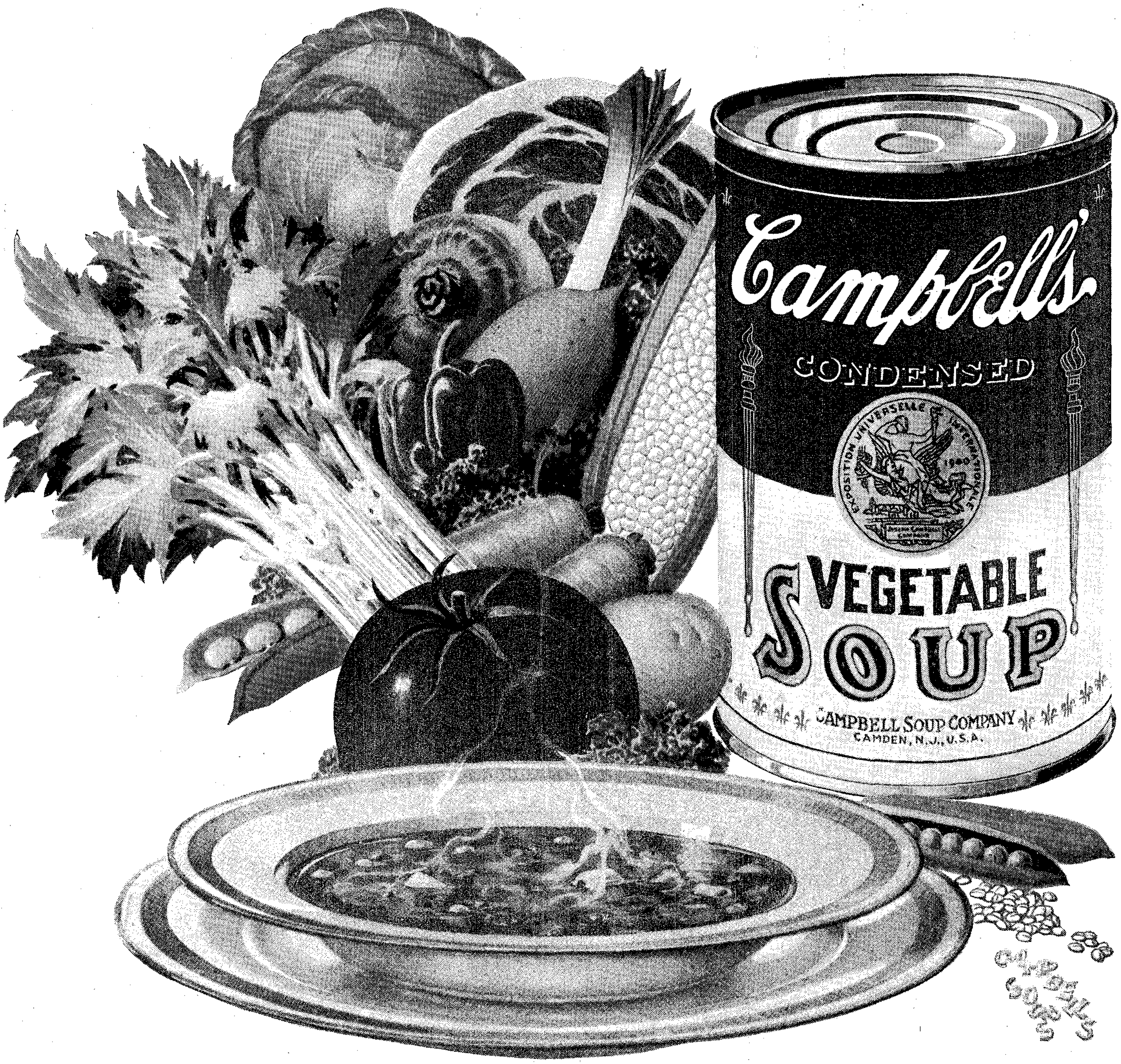
> "What is it in the American air that leads so many American merchants and manufacturers, apparently identical in type with their European equivalent, to feel a sense of public responsibility? They are not supermen. They have no excess of culture and they admit to faults and follies in due measure, but they have also a sensitiveness to the ills of society which expresses itself in funds for research into and relief of these ills. They encourage education, medicine and the physical sciences. They support libraries, museums and allied institutions of no practical importance. They care for their families, but they have a place in their hearts for the public as well.
>
> "Can it be that they understand that democracy is more than a political procedure—that its advocates have not only the right to pursue happiness themselves but the obligation also to assist others in the same pursuit?"

Taking a similar cue, the New Haven *Register* remarks: "It is a small man who amasses a great fortune and hoards it. In America we have few makers of great fortunes motivated by any such narrow idea of the responsibility of wealth." Commending the idea of preparing a program before allotting money, the Brooklyn *Eagle* observes that "one of the most difficult problems on earth is the use of cash in large amounts so as to be sure of helping rather than of harming humanity. Deliberation in reaching even a tentative solution of this problem is always advisable." Security, certainty and regularity of income, freedom from disturbance of general business conditions and other factors must be considered by the philanthropist of to-day, remarks the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. It makes remote the incident of the Good Samaritan; yet,

> "That the present world calls for large plans, not small, that matured programs of cooperative charity and human betterment are necessary as against the individual, perhaps impulsive act of other days, does not spell deterioration but rather advance and faithfulness to the duty of the times. It is surely imperative to keep the spirit of the Good Samaritan—this efficient and resultful age needs to be reminded that where there is no heart in a gift or a million, it is sounding brass and nothing; yet Kresge with his money casting about to make it count for his fellows and to the maximum is no less admirable. To carp because the sums are large, and because a good business man proposes there shall be no waste and all shall be system, is to regard lightly the exercise of substantial virtues. Charity and philanthropy will lose, not gain, by being set adrift in this complicated age as pretty, fragile craft of sentiment rather than convictions and resolves, matured in dedication and availing themselves of the best of method and machinery that the heart and mind of man have latest conceived. The community chests and the Foundations are Good Samaritan, Incorporated. The motives and spirit at work are hidden as in all good works, but there is something ennobling in knowing that one may do justly and love mercy and walk humbly before his God in big, permanent ways to meet vast, desperate needs of to-day not less than in the simple, neighborly kindness of the pastoral age when the world was young."

A close-up of Mr. Kresge, given us by Elmore Leffingwell in the New York *World*, reveals a man who believes in hard work, plain living and Christian principles. The formula of success he gave Mr. Leffingwell is: "Hard work, thrift, sobriety and an earnest struggle to live an upright Christian life constitutes the first rung in the ladder. There is no substitute for any one of these things. Slight one and all may fail." He went on:

> "If the start has been righteous and if the teachings of the Bible are used as a guide, together with common sense, the beginner strolls down the path of life to the glorious sunset—a success.
>
> "But no person's life is a success if it is selfishly lived. I can get a greater thrill out of the idea of serving others, fighting for the Church and its teachings, and vindicating the simple principles with which I began life than out of anything else on earth. I really want to leave the world better than I found it, and I think most men and women feel that way.
>
> "If I have been able to build up a useful organization for service in the business life of the country, I want that result of my efforts now to go to work for others."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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

MR. HARDY'S charming hospitality is praised by all; here in the London *Observer* it is celebrated in sympathetic verse:

A STRANGER AT MAX GATE

By Frederick Heath

I.

Your April thrush was singing in the trees,
The tall green shades behind the broad, white gate.
Scent of Spring flowers and magic of your name;
Two lovers laughing on the Wareham road;
The bark of "Wessex"* harsh within the house,
I remember when I came.

II.

A winding path that finds at last the porch,
Gives back the echoes of a stranger's feet;
Slight figure moving past the window frame.
Weak, nervous pull upon the iron bell;
Green door that opens to a Dorset voice,
I remember when I came.

III.

The proud new books upon the humble shelves,
Tulip and violet nestling in their glass;
Small kettle boiling to a homely flame;
A low voice speaking of his favourite walk;
The door ajar and music from a church,
I remember when I came.

IV.

Grey eyes of youth within a wrinkled face,
Twin-voice of Shakespeare talking of the world
And how it changes, yet remains the same.
Play of thin hands upon a modern book;
Praise of its worth and reason for the praise,
I remember when I came.

V.

Clock-tick and sudden silence in the house,
A shadow's touch on one impassive face;
"Youth's joy is hope" soft-spoken in the hall;
The door wide open to the waning day;
Heart-stirring at the handshake and the smile,
I remember best of all.

*The name of Mr. Hardy's dog.

SUCH ideas as we find exprest here were freely charged against Germany during the war, but we find the author is Irish and the place of publication (*The New Statesman*, London) English, so the world seems much the same:

FOUR CONSCRIPTS

Traditional

By Michael Mulready

Long ago there lived four conscripts,
Four conscripts of Chauta-gne,
In the Kingdom of Sarda-gne,
Long ago there lived four conscripts.

The finest lads in all the land,
The best they were to dress the vine,
And there they stood all four in line.
The finest lads in all the land.

The King gave word to seek them out,
To guard his towers and embattled walls,
Their breast a shield 'gainst enemy balls.
The King gave word to seek them out.

They set out from Chambéry,
Singing to hide their tears,
Chaffing to still their fears.
They set out from Chambéry.

The road to Turin they had to run,
Not to be late at parade-a,
For to join the King's Brigade-a.
The road to Turin they had to run.

Turin gave them sabre and gun,
A hundred balls were in each pack,
The night they slept in th' old barrack.
Turin gave them sabre and gun.

When the four had well been taught,
To fire and handle the sword-a,
Said the King to himself, "My word-a."
When the four had well been taught.

"My chest with gold is right well full,
Lives I can spare my lands to round,
More soldiers have I than ground.
My chest with gold is right well full."

It was four active, lusty lads,
Four conscripts from Chatania,
Who fought in the King's campaign-ia.
It was four active, lusty lads.

The second month it all was done,
A bursting shell had made them more,
Two o' th' conscripts were cut into four.
The second month it all was done.

In the third month the peace was made,
The feasting princes had their way.
Our King had won; he gorged his prey.
In the third month the peace was made.

"Go home, and make me more conscripts,"
Said the King, "Now I have won these fights,
I'll search out some more o' my rights.
Go home, and make me more conscripts."

This is all, the end of my tale,
The very next year each Savoyard-e
Two boys she bore for the King's Guard-a.
This is all, the end of my tale.

W. B. YEATS wrote, "The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams," but here in *Harper's* is one who will never feel these regrets:

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO WINKLE

By Vilda Sauvage Owens

I've never been to Winkle, but
Well I know
What I shall find if
Ever I go—
A rose-hung door that is
Trying to hide
From a gay little pathway
(Not too wide)
With border of cockles,
Marigold, gilliflower,
Blue periwinkle, and
London Pride.

My little house in Winkle has a
Roof of thatch,
Where silvery lichens
Cling and catch
The fluttering gold that
Every breeze
Shakes from the tall
Laburnum trees.
And musk and marjoram,
Lavender, honeysuckle,
Drift through the lattice,
Just to please.

I'll *never* go to Winkle! I
Never could bear
To find that my little house
Never was there.
So I'll dream by the fire when the
Day has died,
Of a gay little pathway
(Not too wide)
With border of cockles,
Marigold, gilliflower,
Blue periwinkle, and
London Pride.

THE June *Century* brings us this without explanation whether the song is a translation as it appears, or something that interprets the Armenian soul:

ARMENIAN SONG

By Anne Stoddard

When my parents died, they left me little—
Only a pair of red shoes and a song.
My father gave me the shoes,
But the song is from my mother.
I always see white pigeons circling
When I sing the song;
And my mother standing in the fields of millet
With a sickle in her hand.
She wears a blue bodice with silver buttons,
And the song she sings
Is of her own making.
I think it is the voice of her heart, crying to me,
Though the words are about the pigeons.

Sometimes my red shoes tempt me
And urge my feet into strange paths;
But I never listen to them
Because of the song—
The song which is my mother's love.

MONTAIGNE was an ardent traveler, but he declared that he never willingly covered the same road twice. Here in *The Adelphi* (London) is perhaps a reason:

TO ONE WHO REVISITED AN OLD GARDEN

By Catherine Kirsopp

You must not come again,
Because you were away from here too long;
And what you seek is drowned in the quiet pools
And flown with the bird's song.

You must not enter here,
For those who stand with you outside the gate
Would suddenly seem strange if they came in:
Then go, it is too late.

And if you come alone,
The love that those who wait without now keep
For you, would seem less dear than phantoms are
And you could only weep.

O do not come again:
In this sweet place, for you a cold breath blows,
And sadness stills the all too silent pools
And the too heavy rose.

IN *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) is this poem to keep for next Easter:

A POEM

By G. F.

Once, standing in the fields, the Mother heard
The happy children shouting at their play,
While near at hand a tawny, tuneful bird
Sang sweetly, then flew merrily away.

But Mary, sad at heart, forsook the hills,
Thinking of Jesus, and began to creep
To the deep ghost-woods, where dead daffodils
Shone like pale spectres from the land of sleep.

Here, with bowed head and tender, lovely face
She waited God, because she knew Him dead,
Watching the flowers nodding in that place,
And light to dew, and shade to shadow wed.

Watching the large gloom folding to her breast
Flower and fern, and leafy bough and trees,
She mused how her dear Son had erstwhile blest
The little children for their happiness.

It was the loved John brought the news to her:—
"Jesus hath conquered," then away he crept.
She smiled, then kissed the children, half in fear,
And, for the first time since His death, she wept.

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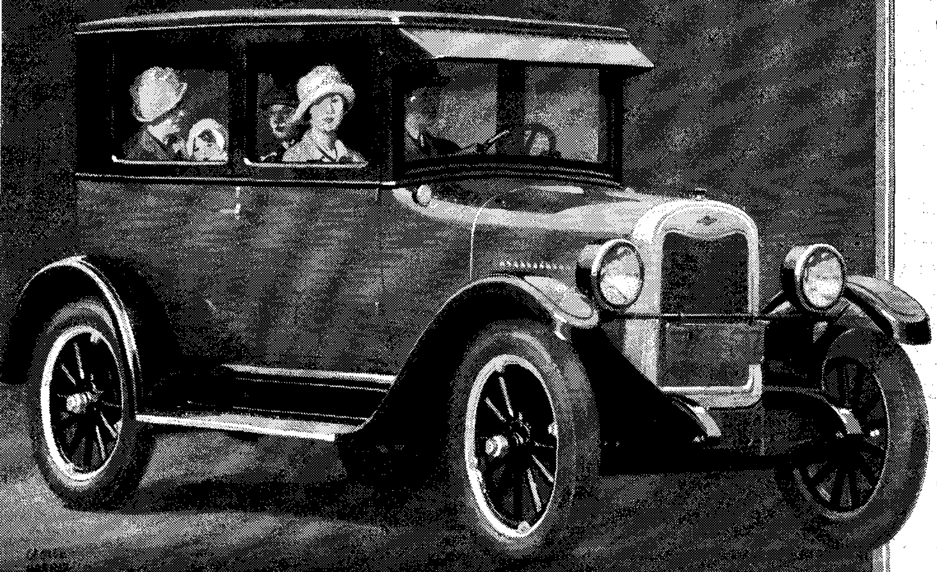

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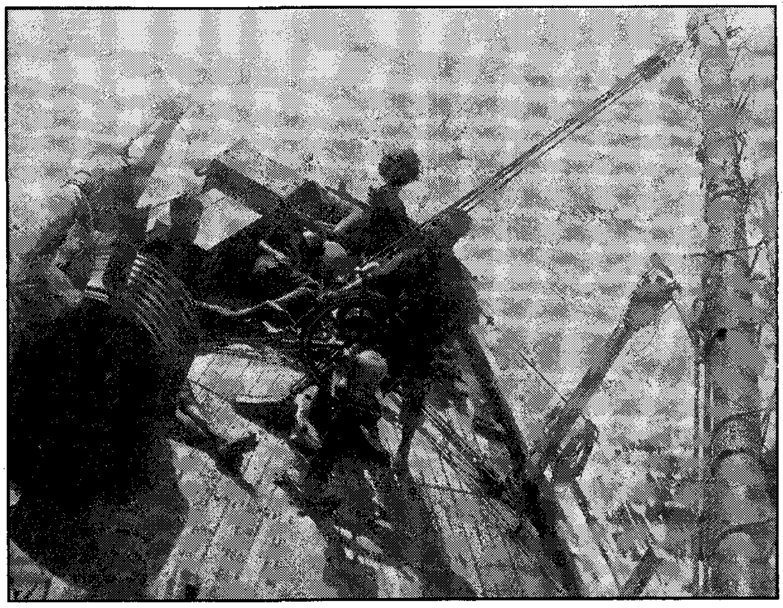
BLACKBIRDING WITH KID GLOVES AMONG CANNIBALS

AT TWILIGHT "THE DRUMS begin their pulsing." Barbaric chants of lament and farewell arise from the Papuan dwellings. The labor schooner, which has recruited twenty-five stalwart "boys" for two years' service on distant plantations or in mines, is to sail in the morning, and "all is bustle and confusion in the village." Those who depart must be provided with comforts — "roasted grubs, sago, coconuts and crabs." The breaking of dawn is dramatic. "Shrill and sharp in the gray morning the master's whistle cuts across the village, and, in answer, a woman's voice, high-pitched, full of grief, rises from a hidden house." These simple savages are emotional, quick on the trigger. The blackbirding game is not what it used to be. One no longer raids the jungle, clubs one's victims, chains them in a string and marches them aboard a slave-ship. It positively isn't done any more. Very strict government regulations have been thrown around the contract labor traffic.



Photographs by courtesy of *ASIA Magazine*

BUCKING A GALE ON A 65-FOOT SCHOONER

The *Sir Arthur*, once a famous Australian yacht and now a New Guinea blackbirder, catches heavy weather on one of her labor-recruiting voyages.

New Guinea, the great cannibal island of the tropics which lies to the north of Australia, is a well-policed backwater of the British Empire, where the untutored savage is thoroughly red-taped against illegal exploitation, we learn from an article by Warwick Miller Tompkins in *Asia* magazine. And yet blackbirding—regulated blackbirding—appears to be a lively local industry. We learn that at Port Moresby—"that sprawling, blistering, collection of iron-roofed shacks" which is the capital of British New Guinea, or Papua—the traveler is likely to meet "one of the two or three labor recruiters who sail at irregular intervals into that vague and tantalizing 'West' where are the Fly River and the Delta." And if you are friendly and look able to withstand hardship, the writer adds, and "if you take a marked interest in the *Sir Arthur*, the graceful schooner of the recruiter, it is more than barely possible that the bronzed, lonesome skipper will invite you to accompany him on his next expedition." That was what happened to Mr. Tompkins, who tells us that the *Sir Arthur* is "the most famous of all recruit ships and was once the greatest of all Australian yachts." Here he pauses to explain:

> It requires thousands of laborers to work the great coconut plantations, the wide-spreading cotton-fields, and the gold and copper mines of this virgin land. Back in the jungle is a supply of potential labor, a race of stone-age men who eat human flesh when they feast and hunt with longbows and bone daggers. And in response to the demands of the planters, the recruiter journeys thousands of miles through utter wilderness to induce these savages to work on the plantations.
>
> Now let there be no misconception of labor recruiting. The day has passed, in Papua at least, when natives are rounded up at the muzzle of shotguns, chained together and sent to toil their lives out under the whips of overseers. Now, under a code of paternalistic laws such as only the white colonizers of New Guinea have framed for the good of their black subjects, the Papuan is given a square deal. Absolutely no force can be used in recruiting. The native works or not, just as he pleases. If he works, it is for wages insured by the Australian Government, which administers New Guinea under mandate from the League of Nations. He is well housed, well fed and protected against disease. Should he get into debt at the trader's store, there is no way by which the extender of credit can collect, since the old, outrageous debt slavery is unknown in New Guinea.
>
> So, relieved to find that the pleasant young captain is not a bloody-handed trader in human merchandise, you at last stand on the deck of the schooner while your new friend pilots her out of port. The thrill of the explorer is yours as the ship heels to the sweeping might of the southeast monsoon and races away on her northwesterly course.
>
> Fifty time-finished laborers moil about on the deck forward. They are powerful, kinky-haired black men, garbed in brilliant calicoes and gaudy, wide-striped jerseys. Treasure - laden, they are homeward-bound. Six have odorous goats, ten, yapping dogs; and it is a poor laborer indeed who does not boast an indignant, clamant rooster. The rigging is cluttered with their shiny new Dietz lanterns, clashing tinnily with every lunge of the ship. Before the mainmast is a pyramidal heap of garishly varnished trade-boxes, kerosene cases, and caddies of that vile product dignified by the name of "trade tobacco."
>
> Now there is a long stretch of dangerous coast, and the *Sir Arthur* stands well out to sea and heads due west on an all-night traverse. The fury of the vast South Pacific is caged in this end of the shallow Gulf of Papua. Huge seas march row on row toward the beach; swollen rivers spout brown, raging floods that build tricky cross seas and eddies. Scraping along the bottom are water-logged trees, whose branches reach up like ghoulish fingers to grip and destroy. . . . There has been no sight of headland or cape since sunset and thick clouds baffle the sextant. Soundings tell little, since the rivers have here created a vast plain of mud over which the dirty water is uniformly shallow. A sailor hauls in the spinning log, and, in the dull binnacle glow, the skipper reads it. "Hm!" he soliloquizes; "we must be somewhere near the Baroi Bar."
>
> The waves seem to be growing more restive, more threatening. The squat, powerful mate looks inquiringly at the skipper, who answers laconically: "Yes, Wagi. It's the bar. Batten down the hatches and take the wheel."

But luck is against the blackbirders. The "fierce sea-pull on the rudder" is indicated by the "straining figure" at the wheel. At length, however, after many perils, the schooner works its way into the peaceful inland waters of a delta, "wrapt in a magnificent wilderness." And now the *Sir Arthur* rounds a bend and heaves into view of Kaimare, "the largest of Papuan villages"; whereupon, we are told:

> There is an outburst of frenzied cheers from the passengers. But it has not been needed to draw Kaimare's thousands to the

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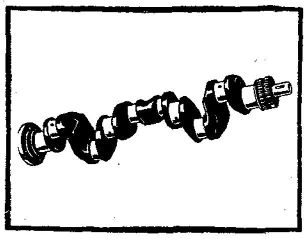
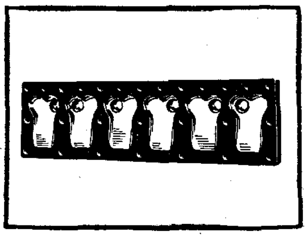
Rigid, No-whip Crankshaft—



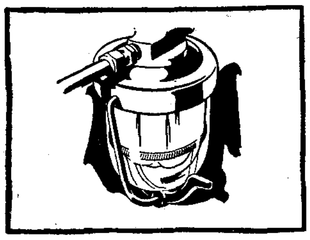
Hupmobile Six has a heavy, rigid crankshaft—the kind too costly for common use. Vibration is eliminated in a Six by a rigid crankshaft to overcome whipping and bending, and by a damper to counteract the torsional or twisting tendency of a revolving crankshaft.

Machined Combustion Chambers—



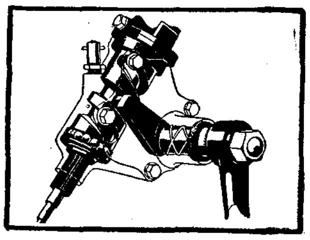
Another high-priced practice. Its results are uniform compression and power impulses, for smooth operation; reduced carbon, and easier removal of carbon at more infrequent intervals. Hupmobile ingenuity devised a shape to be machined exactly to uniform size.

No Dirt or Water in the Gasoline—



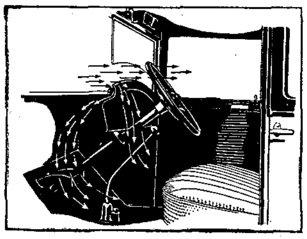
Every drop of gasoline is filtered clear of all dirt, sediment and water. The gasoline going into the carburetor of this car is *clean.* Another highly valuable safeguard.

Remarkably Easy Steering—



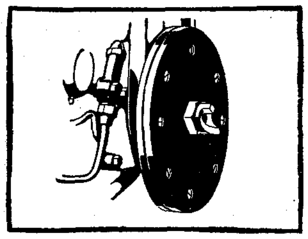
Few cars steer as easily as this. It seems as though you only wish to turn and the turn is made. Hupmobile was first to use steering gear especially designed for easy control with balloon tires. The ball-bearing principle of the mechanism keeps steering as easy when the weather is cold as when it is warm.

Special Windshield Clear-Vision, Ventilating—



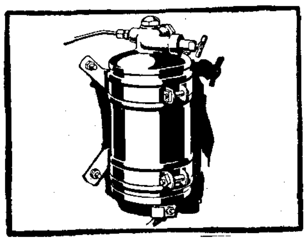
The one-piece, clear-vision windshield ventilates without tilting in or out. It raises vertically by a hand lifter, circulating a full-width sweep of air down into the driving compartment, and straight back into the car when desired, as shown by the arrows.

Special Vibration Damper—



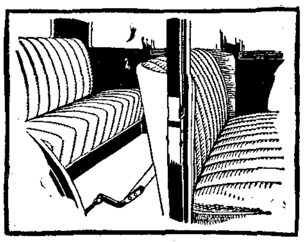
No vibration damper can do more than eliminate the torsional vibration already referred to. And without a heavy, rigid crankshaft such as this engine has, a damper itself means little. The Hupmobile Six damper is a special and improved design.

Clean Oil from the Oil Filter—



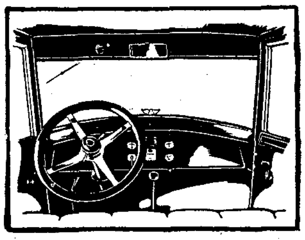
The Hupmobile Six disposes of dirty engine oil by a highly efficient oil filter. The oil automatically passes through the filter under pressure, and is fed to bearings and moving parts wholly freed from the dirt, bits of carbon and other contamination which do actual damage.

Newest Upholstery in Latest Mode—



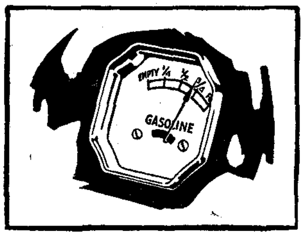
Closed car upholstery is a new shade of blue-gray, best described as platinum, in a deep pile fabric. Cushions are soft and deep, built over springs which contribute greatly to comfort.

Safety in the Clear-Vision Bodies—



Hupmobile bodies have narrow pillars for clear vision. At the pillars, the internal framing is of steel. Elsewhere the framing is of wood. This composite construction affords all advantages of both steel and wood, and eliminates the disadvantages of all-steel and all-wood.

A Gasoline Gauge in Front of You—



You know from your seat the exact quantity of gasoline in the tank at the rear. The gasoline gauge is on the dash in front of you, one of the units in a beautifully neat grouping of the five instruments.

Sedan, for five, four-door, $1385; Coupe, 2-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385; Touring, for five, $1325; 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, 4-wheel brakes. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, plus reduced tax.

HUPMOBILE SIX

water-front. Word that the recruit ship was approaching sped through the quiet jungle to the wonderful collection of huts and *ravis* long before the *Sir Arthur* was even across the bar.

With one man or perhaps as many as thirty men to a canoe, a whole fleet rushes out to meet the schooner, prows lifting and falling to the rhythmic impulses of the long-handled paddles. Bump! Thud! Over the rail vaults the advance-guard as the leading canoes come alongside. Now the slower ones arrive, and the ship heels under the avalanche that pours over her decks. One suddenly realizes how impotent one would be in the face of such a charge, were the natives hostile.

WAGI, THE FIRST MATE

He is a modernized Papuan who has sworn off cannibalism and faithfully serves the white man.

But Kaimare "boys" have been dealing with the white man for a score of years. They are no longer cannibals as far as his sacred person is concerned—retribution follows too surely on such intimate advances—but long pig still graces their secret, religious ceremonies. No, now they are tamed, avaricious, light-fingered, mendacious. Their charge upon the *Sir Arthur* was instigated by nothing more than a desire simultaneously advertised, screamingly, maddeningly, by three hundred voices:

"Kuku, kuku, taubada, kuku! Paypa, giv'em paypa, taubada!" The assault deafens.

The "makings" for cigarets! Smiling a negative to the first demand—one utterly ridiculous in a country where tobacco is money—the skipper produces all the old newspapers he can find and distributes them, a sheet to a boy, by way of special favor.

"Dank yo!" There spoke a boy who has worked before, and his friendship is worth cultivating. The vender of free paper gives the thankful one a small piece of tobacco.

Wagi, the mate, appears with a big box of "trade stuff," and he and the skipper go ashore to start the actual business of labor recruiting. Entering one of the big, principal ravis, or club-houses, they spread the "trade" out on the floor in neat little heaps. In each pile there is a sixteen-inch knife, exceedingly useful in clearing away brush if the user will substitute muscle for cutting-edge, a wavy-faced mirror, a fish-line with four precious hooks, a broad leather belt, five sticks of tobacco and, glory unspeakable, eight feet of red, blue or green calico, the *rami*. The lot is worth all of ten shillings.

The sun swings high and drops low while the talking and smoking continue, but no recruits appear. Outside of the select circle around the treasure, however, things are beginning to happen. The returned laborer has excited numbers of his friends by tales of plantation days with their regular meals, busy working hours and nights of merrymaking. With the spirit of adventure in their eyes, the lads stroll over to look at the glistening "trade." But they are bashful. Finally the old worker, his tales firing his own enthusiasm, dives for a pile. He precipitates a landslide, which, when it ends, has brought the recruiter twenty-five boys. The "trade stuff," barring the rami and belt, is swiftly divided among the relatives of the recruits, according to custom.

Then comes the description of the night of farewells, with the drums pulsing in the jungle, followed by the dawn with its wailings; and now—

The lament spreads. Canoes put out, recruits in them conspicuous in their gaudy ramis. The air is full of weepings and wailings. Men join in the general ecstasy of tears. Women thump the sides of the resounding canoes and raise their keenings until the din is unbearable. Those left ashore wallow wildly in the mud. Old crones tear their faces and breasts with clawing fingers. Young girls, it is worth noticing, go through these last desecrating movements but are careful to attack themselves with nothing sharper than their knuckles. The recruits lean against friends and relatives, joining sobs and letting monster tears splash on the deck.

The engine starts. Some, perhaps half of the three hundred visitors, take the hint and get back into their canoes. No amount of shouting will shake off the rest. The schooner moves away, and Wagi proceeds to clear the deck with buckets of water. Those that can, tumble into the few canoes still alongside, four or five of which invariably fill and sink. Others, fleeing the flying water, dive headlong into the river and swim for shore.

As the recruits, forgetting their tears with suspicious promptitude, fall to on the big bucket of rice allotted them, the *Sir Arthur* heads for other hunting-grounds over Turama and Fly River way. That country is still wild, and the skipper produces a friend worth having there, a heavy .45 that fits almost unnoticeably under his left armpit. The chances are he will never need it, but—you can not tell!

Dusk finds the schooner anchored on the border of country scarcely reached by the long, strong arm of the government. Goaribari Island shelters her from the moaning gulf seas, whose choppy "miniatures," chattering and chuckling all night long, wheel her this way and that while the chain grates harshly on the bobstay.

The very name of Goaribari not long ago was a synonym for practises utterly repulsive to the white man. On the eastern end of this swampy isle is a break in the solid jungle walls that will mark, for a few scant years more, the last great battle-field of the Government and the Goaribari people. There stood a village into which two over-zealous white missionaries insisted upon forcing their way, despite reiterated warnings that such trespass would mean their death. Arrogantly they paid no heed and entered the *dubus*. They were killed, cooked in the stone ovens and eaten. Fire, the bayonet and the bullet brought swift and terrible retribution. The long-houses went flaring skyward, and the villagers fell before the volleying Martinis. Now the ancient jungle is reclaiming its own once more, and the islanders lay no hands on the whites.

They paddle out to greet the recruiter. They are bigger than the people of the inner rivers, and they handle their boats more deftly than do the Kaimare watermen. As they approach, the skipper goes about the deck, securing things for the night; for they hold that everything is theirs which is not nailed down and that nothing that can be pried loose is really nailed down.

Before it is fully light the next morning, the *Sir Arthur* is sticking her jib-boom into country where anything may happen.

And now for a somewhat disquieting experience, which taxed the nerve of the labor recruiters. As the story goes on:

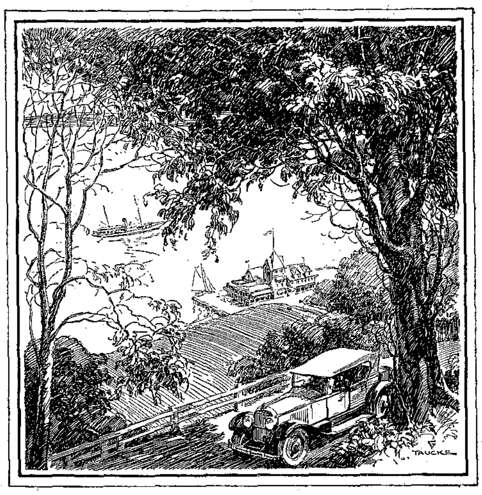
Five miles inland the skipper sights a haze of smoke arising from the point ahead. Ten minutes later he has anchored off a village of considerable size where cooking fires are flaring. Not a "Sail ho!" is heard, not an echo of a voice. The ominous quiet frightens not only the Kaimare recruits but the more sophisticated crew as well. They know full well that, when a Papuan is frightened enough to run, he is not very far from the point where he will turn and shoot from his hiding-place. And, should this sole white man go down before a flight of arrows, a massacre of every one on the schooner is a certainty.

Wagi, his black face almost pale, is the only one who steps forward when the skipper calls for the dingey. Together, mate and master, they pull shoreward, land unchallenged and carry the trade-box to the center of the tomb-like village. A cur sniffs and snarls at their heels, but the treasured and more dangerous village pigs are gone with their owners.

It is eery to walk about in the silent streets, knowing perfectly well that hundreds of sharp, glowing eyes are watching one's every move from the near screen of the jungle. Here is a sago-beating club. Its end is glistening with the sweat of a startled woman who dropt it, grabbed her baby and ran. There are some objects priceless to a collector—a perfect stone ax beautifully mounted, a new-made *kaimunu* mask, which awaits ceremonial removal into the holy of holies. Two dozen bone-tipped, carved war arrows lie, temptingly, where an old craftsman sat ten minutes ago. His puddle of scarlet betel-juice still shimmers. But in the bush are at least a hundred fighting-men with strung bows and ready arrows. Touch one thing, and the chances are excellent that those arrows will rip whistling from the jungle. There is no escaping all of a hundred deadly bamboo shafts!

The skipper and Wagi wait quietly for an hour. Nothing happens. The native plays a far better waiting game than the white invader. "All right, we'll move on," the skipper remarks. "Leave ten sticks of tobacco, that bundle of paper and a box of matches here in the ravi." Deposing this symbol of good-will on the floor, the two sailors pull back to the schooner. The motor coughs, and the vessel moves on upstream. But some day, native fear being dulled by the gifts of tobacco, a recruiter will begin to take laborers from the Gamu country.

The goal of hopes unrealized for any other car



Enthusiasm over this latest great new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is more ardent and eager and vigorous than was the outburst of approval over the first great eight-cylinder Cadillac eleven years ago.

It is an enthusiasm which has burst the ordinary bounds of restraint and registered itself in a sales preference surpassing all past golden periods in Cadillac history.

This freshened and swelling enthusiasm over Cadillac is impressive because it is spontaneous and unforced.

It is public *recognition* in the truest sense—a recognition that Cadillac performance is still, as it always has been, the goal of hopes unrealized for every other car.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit.

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

MATA HARI'S GHOST STILL RAISING HOB IN FRANCE

OVERWHELMING THUNDER ON THE RIGHT drowned the voice of the trembling Minister of the Interior as he tried to make himself heard in his own defense. The hostile outcry awakened a counter-demonstration from the government side, and the French Chamber of Deputies became a pandemonium, dominated by the accusing, remorseless, maddening rhythm:

"Mata Hari! Mata Hari! Mata Hari!"

International Newsreel photograph

WITH RUIN IN HER EYES

The destruction of a statesman's career was a mere incident to Mata Hari.

The Minister, M. Jean Louis Malvy, debilitated by seven years of banishment and disgrace, stammered a few heartfelt phrases of protest and self-exculpation, but their only effect was to swell the insulting chorus of "Mata Hari! Mata Hari!" With the name of the Javanese dancer and war-spy ringing in his ears, M. Malvy collapsed in a faint. Efforts to revive him in the Chamber were unsuccessful, and he was still unconscious when driven to his house. When he came to his senses, he hastened to resign his portfolio in the Cabinet that M. Briand had reorganized overnight during a political crisis this spring. The inclusion of Malvy's name—altho he had largely retrieved his reputation by conducting the negotiations which brought about cooperation between the French and Spanish armies in Morocco, thereby paving the way for the eventual defeat of Abd-el-Krim—"drew upon the Cabinet all the fury of the Opposition." Briand himself was taunted with defeatism in the war, and with the failure of the Champagne offensive. Crying out that "things of this sort disgusted him with politics," Briand disclaimed all blood-guilt for the men killed in the Chemin des Dames, and thereupon the attack was shifted to his newly appointed Minister of the Interior. The basis of the Mata Hari scandal, as attached to M. Malvy, was that the dancer, executed as a German agent on October 15, 1917, had received ardent letters from a minister whose name began with "M" and ended with "y." Nobody seems to have thought of another ministerial "M——y" until this juncture, when, with M. Malvy at death's door, it was discovered that Gen. Adolphe Messimy, a "babbling" old person who had been Minister of War for three years prior to the war, was the author of the infatuated "M——y" letters to Mata Hari. This discovery, accompanied by General Messimy's belated confession, was brought about by Mme. Severing, a well-known writer, and it has resulted in the rehabilitation of M. Malvy, and his restored health, in the midst of a popular reaction recalling the climax of the Dreyfus case. As John Carter puts the case in the New York *Times*, "the conspiracy of gossip is broken up, and France is treated to a 'Hearts and Flowers' dénouement of one of the fiercest political struggles in her history." And he continues, after a brief review of the Dreyfus case:

> In much the same way the attack on Malvy seems to have been the work of the "Plutarch group" of the French Army—a military clique which holds that the French High Command can make no mistakes. After the terrible failure of his offensive in Champagne in April, 1917, General Nivelle needed an alibi badly. Malvy was that alibi. The charge was later disproved, but what of that? It was used against him as recently as March 18, 1926.
>
> Also, the morale of the French troops was low after the Nivelle failure. General Pétain put down a mutiny with crushing severity. Another alibi was needed. Malvy again served as such. Through all his misfortune, he found no champion save himself, tho his friends defended him on the occasion of the attack.
>
> When it might be made to appear that Malvy, instead of Messimy, was implicated in the Mata Hari letters, it was Malvy who received the odium due to a former Minister of War, a "Plutarchist" who could do no wrong. And when Malvy was attacked, the leader of the attack was Léon Daudet, heir of the anti-Dreyfusards, and champion of the French royalists.
>
> The incident has all the improbability of a fantastic melodrama. Take Mata Hari, for example. Where, outside of E. Phillips Oppenheim, could you find her like? She was born in Java, about 1880, daughter of a wealthy Dutch planter and a Javanese woman. Her given name was Marguerite Zelle. The girl's father died when she was still a child and the mother consecrated Marguerite as a bayadère, or temple dancer, in a Buddhist shrine in Burma, where she received the name of Mata Hari, which means "Eye of the Morning." Her duties in the temple presupposed a vow of chastity, which became irksome when she reached the age of 14.
>
> It was then that she attracted the roving eye of Sir Campbell MacLeod, a British army officer, who eloped with her. Two years later they were married. In about her twentieth year, having borne the baronet a son and a daughter, Mata Hari (or Lady MacLeod) lost her tropical temper in dealing with a maid. This maid was beaten and discharged. By way of wreaking vengeance she induced a gardener to poison Mata's son. On discovering the culprit, Lady MacLeod blew out his brains with a pistol. The scandal was such that she was compelled to flee from India. She made her way to Holland and there she placed her daughter in a convent.
>
> When Sir Campbell found her in Paris she was already living under the protection of a "high German official" in a villa at Neuilly-sur-Seine. The husband promptly divorced her, but never recovered from his infatuation, dying miserably in Paris a few years later. The enterprise of a Parisian impresario induced Mata Hari to do her bayadère dance on the stage. It made a deep impression on the boulevardiers. Soon she was flitting about Europe, appearing in London, Vienna, Petrograd, Paris.

Wide World photograph

VINDICATED AT LAST

After years of exile, M. Malvy is proved *not* to be the mysterious "M——y."

Of the dancer's status when the war broke out, we read:

> Accompanied always by a German maid named Anna, and protected by her Dutch nationality, Mata Hari was living in Paris. It was just before that time—when Louis Malvy had not yet become Minister of the Interior—that Gen. Adolphe Messimy, Minister of War, wrote her the letters. Of these letters he said last week:
>
> "Let this adventure serve as a lesson to young Deputies of Ministerial timber whom beautiful women pursue with advances they suspect, somehow, confusedly. Let Deputies beware of leaving in ladies' hands both their overcoats and their letters, which might serve as poisoned weapons for the reporters of *L'Action Française* (Daudet's paper) in the future. In the last analysis it was to that hate-filled paper that the whole perfidious

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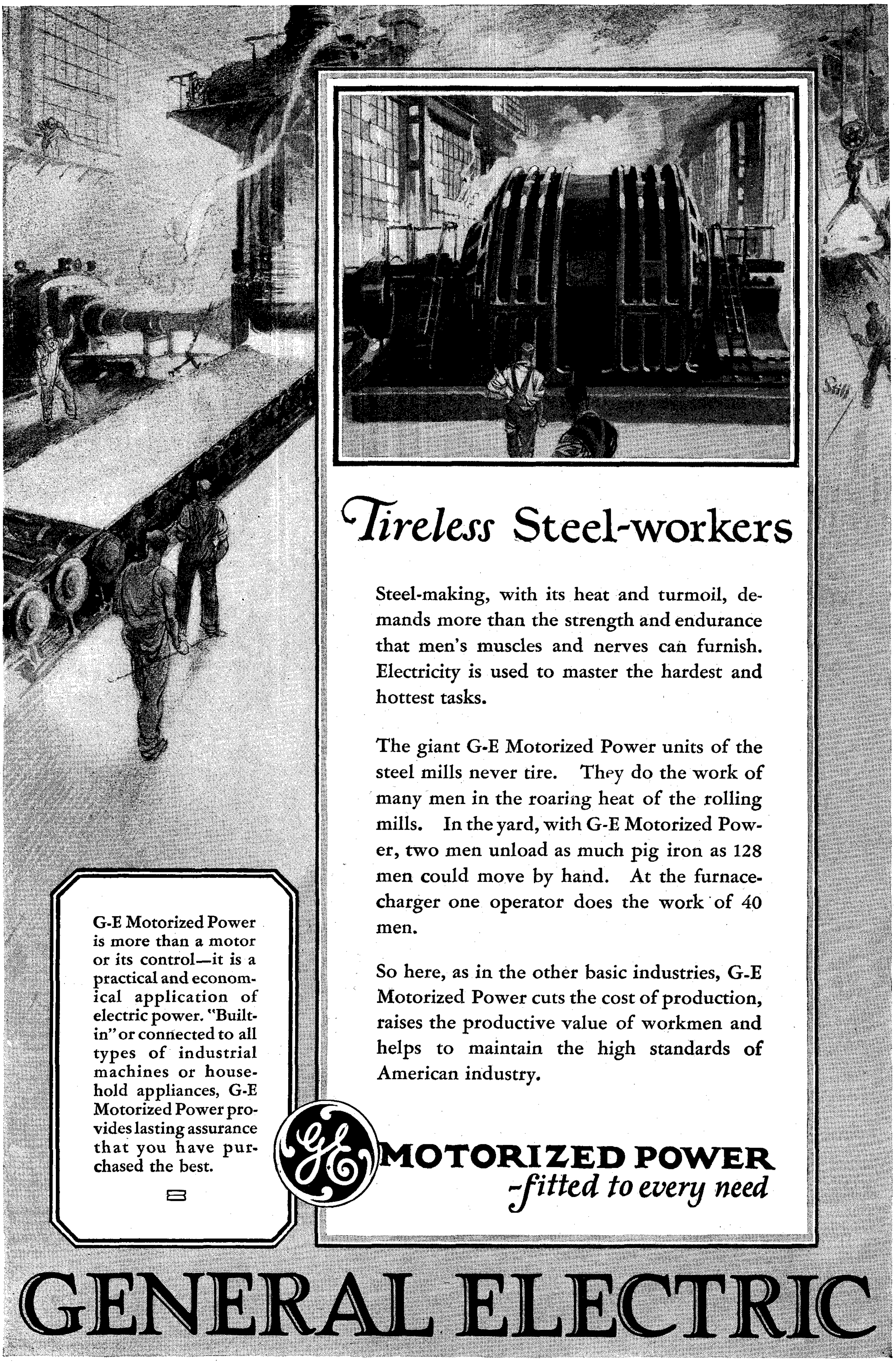

Tireless Steel-workers

Steel-making, with its heat and turmoil, demands more than the strength and endurance that men's muscles and nerves can furnish. Electricity is used to master the hardest and hottest tasks.

The giant G-E Motorized Power units of the steel mills never tire. They do the work of many men in the roaring heat of the rolling mills. In the yard, with G-E Motorized Power, two men unload as much pig iron as 128 men could move by hand. At the furnace-charger one operator does the work of 40 men.

So here, as in the other basic industries, G-E Motorized Power cuts the cost of production, raises the productive value of workmen and helps to maintain the high standards of American industry.

G-E Motorized Power is more than a motor or its control—it is a practical and economical application of electric power. "Built-in" or connected to all types of industrial machines or household appliances, G-E Motorized Power provides lasting assurance that you have purchased the best.

MOTORIZED POWER
-fitted to every need

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BOLTLESS Harvey RACINE

If you break a spring

When you break a spring on your car, there's just one best thing to do:

Keep going until you get to a place where you can replace it with a Harvey Spring. Don't take "the nearest thing;" insist that it shall be a "Harvey."

Then don't worry about *that* one any more.

There are two reasons for giving you this advice. One—We make and sell Harvey Springs; we know they're good. Two—It's good advice for you to follow.

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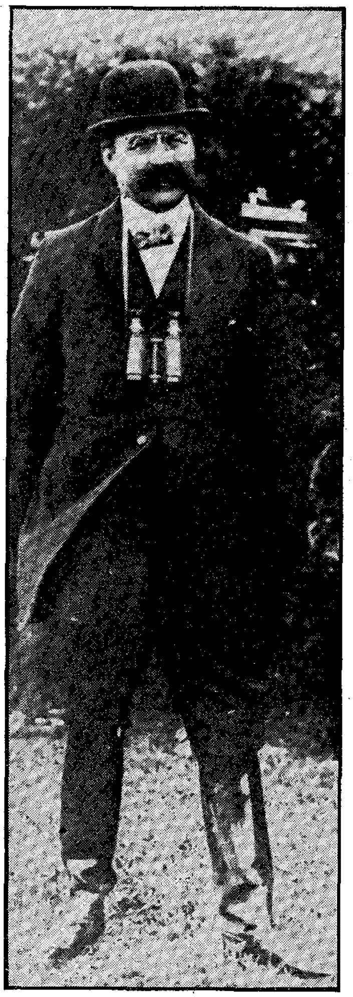
Harvey RACINE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

campaign aimed at lining up M. Malvy's name with that of the celebrated spy can be traced."

The offense with which Mata Hari was accused in 1917 was that of sending to the Germans word of the great allied surprize of that year, the "tanks." Early in 1917 she visited the town in England where the tanks were being made. Then she visited in Holland. Later she went to San Sebastian, Spain, and just before her arrest was found in Paris with a young British officer attached to the tank service.



International Newsreel photograph

THE REAL "M——Y"

Elderly General Messimy, who confesses that he wrote to Mata Hari.

Mata Hari was tried by a military tribunal and found guilty of espionage on July 29, 1917. During her imprisonment at St. Lazare she wrote her memoirs, using French, Dutch, Japanese, German, Javanese and English to express her multiple past. Appeals to higher courts confirmed the conviction, and it was at dawn on October 15, 1917, that she faced the firing squad on the parade-ground of the Fortress of Vincennes, outside of Paris. During the trial the "M——y" papers had been freely circulated, and even then it was intimated that she was in close touch with a member of the Government—who was also a Deputy—namely, Malvy. At any rate, the conspiracy of gossip proceeded apace.

Of General Messimy's own part in the war there is little to relate. On July 30, 1914, as Minister of War, he ordered the French troops to withdraw ten kilometers from the frontier, thus abandoning the iron fields of Briey to the Germans. He took full responsibility for this action, alleging that it was necessary to avoid giving the Germans any occasion for claiming French aggression, and in this was fully backed by Premier Viviani. His action, however, was severely criticized—in the Briey instance—by General Lanrezac, then commanding the Fifth French Army, who claimed after the war that the evacuation had not been ordered in advance and that the ironworks had not been crippled. The Germans worked the iron fields throughout the war, as they were beyond the range of the French cannon at Verdun and air raids against them were ineffective. Many a French soldier died from shells made of Briey iron.

The abandonment of the fortress of Maubeuge by General Fournier so infuriated Messimy that he is reported to have sent General Pau to have the commander shot when Fournier reported that the fortress could not be defended. Messimy continued to act as War Minister until the end of 1914, and then, being judged inadequate, yielded to Painlevé in the Union Sacré, which fought the war for three years.

Revelations of his friendship with Mata Hari were given last week to Mme. Severing, a French Socialist writer, in order to help clear the name of Malvy. He insisted that he had made no secret of his infatuation after the war was over; nevertheless, he stands responsible for having permitted Malvy to be tried and exiled on charges based largely on the assumption that Malvy had written the letters to Mata Hari. His publication of the truth comes only after Malvy's health and spirit have been broken by enemies.

Louis Malvy was forced on the Viviani Ministry of 1914 by the Radical-Socialist party of Caillaux. He was thus Minister of the Interior when the war broke out, and in that capacity he continued under the various Ministries of Ribot, Briand and Painlevé, until his resignation in the autumn of 1917, under the charges brought against him by Léon Daudet, editor of *L'Action Française*, and by the Clemencist coup de Ministre of that year.

As Minister of the Interior he is understood to have blocked a scheme of the General Confederation of Labor to thwart the mobilization plans of the French Army. He became a member of the War Council in 1916 and was retained when the second Ribot Ministry was formed in March of the following year. As the war progressed Malvy conceived it to be his duty to France to rally all shades of French opinion, radical as well as conservative, to support the struggle against Germany.

All went well until General Nivelle staged his spectacular and unsuccessful offensive against the Chemin des Dames. Nivelle insisted that the secret of the offensive had been given away to the Germans. Following the failure there was an outbreak of mutiny among the discouraged French troops. Only firmness saved the French armies from a rout as disastrous as that of the Italians at Caporetto, in October, 1917. The French troops were fed up with the war and the methods of the General Staff. Agitators supplied by such German agents as Bolo Pasha began their intrigues and there occurred an organized outbreak of pacifism.

M. Malvy's trial opened in the middle of July, 1918, and ended on August 6. While it lasted it provided Paris with a highly dramatic sensation. Four Premiers—Briand, Painlevé, Viviani and Ribot—testified in Malvy's behalf and maintained that his actions were perfectly proper.

They say I'm "fussy"

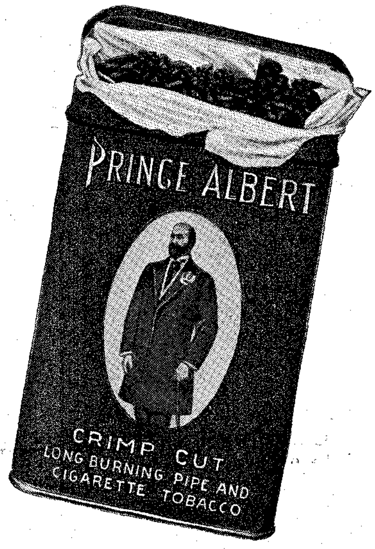
WELL, let that go. I'm ready to admit that so far as pipe tobacco is concerned, I've got ideas. And if insisting on a tobacco that won't bite the tongue or parch the throat is "being fussy," you can write "guilty" alongside my name, and I won't appeal the charge.

I can't speak for anybody else, but personally I smoke *for pleasure!* So I smoke Prince Albert. I'll say I do. Right after breakfast, on up until I switch off the light for the night. Pipe-load after pipe-load. Day after day. Prince Albert treats my tongue as gently as a mother handles a brand-new baby.

They tell me it's the Prince Albert process that cuts out bite and parch. Fair enough. I'll testify before the well-known world that P. A. is the coolest, sweetest, most genuinely friendly smoke a fellow can get on this planet. You suspect *that* the minute you throw back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin and get a whiff of real tobacco.

Now, I'm telling you to be fussy about your smoking. Many a pipe smoker has fooled himself when he should have been soothing himself with P. A. I say it pays to be fussy about anything that means so much to a man. What do *you* think?

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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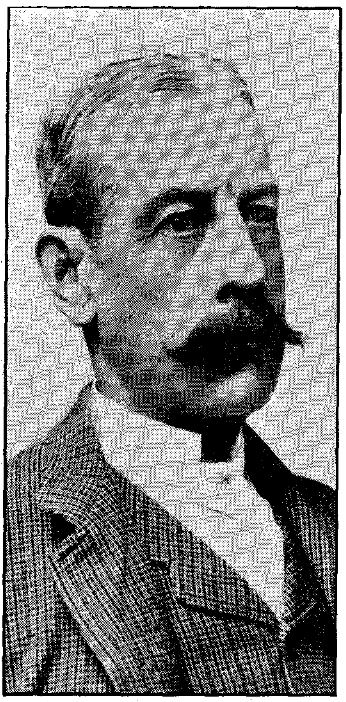
PLAYING ARABIAN NIGHTS WITH JAMES GORDON BENNETT

JUST AS IMPORTANT A PERSONAGE as the Kaiser, if you please, was the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, in his own estimation. Nay, he made no secret of the fact that he rather heartily disliked the imperial Wilhelm, who was then hitting the high spots of his ante-bellum career. But Mr. Bennett "was extremely fond of the young Crown Princess, whose father, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, had been a warm personal friend." A knowledge of his cavalier sentiment toward the German ruler adds a zest to the story of what happened one day while Mr. Bennett, touring in his yacht, the *Namouna*, was visiting Beirut. For, lo and behold, "the Kaiser, in his imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, and accompanied by several German warships, arrived at that port." The tale is told by Albert Stevens Crockett in a reminiscent and racy volume, "When James Gordon Bennett was Caliph of Bagdad" (Funk & Wagnalls), wherein the author retraces his own career as a *Herald* man—one of those fortunate enough to attract the lightning of proprietorial favor and to bask for a few years in the somewhat precarious beatitude reserved for "Bennett's white-haired boys." Returning to the Kaiser and "the Commodore" (as Mr. Bennett was called affectionately by the faithful), it appears that when the German royal armada swept into port, the proprietor of *The Herald* happened to be ashore. All the vessels in the harbor drest ship in honor of the German Emperor. Mr. Bennett perceived the unwonted display of bunting as he was being rowed out to his yacht. He also perceived with a frown that his own *Namouna* was drest up just as gaily as any other craft, if not a little more so. The executive officer had done himself proud. The yacht looked ready for a carnival. Here let Mr. Crockett continue the tale:



WHEN HE WAS "CALIPH"

"Stern features," "a prominent nose," "eyes which looked authority," and "a tall, slender, slightly stooping figure" characterized the owner of *The Herald* in the prime of his power.

As the officer met him at the gangway, Mr. Bennett, with a glance aloft, demanded: "What's all that about?"

"I thought, sir," replied the other, paling, "that if you were on board, you would order it done."

"Never mind what you thought. Hereafter, when you are in the slightest doubt as to what I want done, do nothing. In that way you can always please me. Order those flags down." Then he hurried to the bridge and gave the order to steam out to sea.

As a matter of fact, the captain of his yacht was never her commander in Mr. Bennett's estimation. He always referred to the other as the "first officer," or "executive officer"; he himself was in command. He had a master's license, and when at sea he stood watch regularly and plotted courses; in fact assumed entire charge of the navigation, often taking the wheel.

During the days of the *Namouna*, Mr. Bennett, with a party of friends, was cruising in the eastern Mediterranean, when, not far from the Piræus, he came up with the first American White Squadron, which was then performing evolutions. On the bridge with the Commodore at the time were several guests and Samuel Chamberlain, one of his secretary-editors, and at that time his favorite. In alarm the others noted that the yacht's course, if held, would bring her into collision with the flagship of the squadron, and Chamberlain protested.

"Keep right ahead," said Mr. Bennett to the helmsman, "that ship has no business crossing my bow."

Chamberlain continued his protests, pointing out that running into an American warship would involve serious consequences, not only to both vessels, but to Mr. Bennett himself. The latter suffered himself to be persuaded, and altered the course a point or two, but he did not willingly forgive Chamberlain for his interference. The story goes that later in the cruise he marooned his employee on an island in the Mediterranean; but that when his guests protested he consented to take him back on board, and that at the first port the yacht made the outraged secretary-editor quitted Mr. Bennett's service in disgust. He it was who founded the Paris *Matin*.

"Sam" Chamberlain afterward flourished for many years as right-hand man to W. R. Hearst, first in San Francisco and later in New York, where he became the first managing editor of Mr. Hearst's morning paper. Mr. Crockett tells us that "the Commodore" was fond of a practical joke, "so long as it was not played upon himself," and continues:

On one of his cruises in the North Sea, with a congenial party on board, he put into port. The guests had become a little bored because of the disagreeable weather encountered, and their host decided he would provide them with an original sort of entertainment.

An excellent theatrical company was playing at one of the local amusement houses, and Mr. Bennett invited its members aboard the yacht one afternoon. While they were occupied below, he gave orders to put out to sea. When the actors and actresses realized where they were, land was no longer in sight, and it was getting dark. There was no hope of getting back to port in time to play the performance booked. They were in great distress, but the Commodore had them give a private performance for the benefit of his guests, and not only handed each a liberal present but reimbursed the theater for its loss.

Sometimes the guests on his yacht were made the butt of his own practical jokes. One of them, a bachelor, complained that he was not called at the right hour in the morning and that he had difficulty in getting his bath. Mr. Bennett promised that the next morning the other should be called early and that his bath should be brought to his stateroom.

At daybreak the guest awoke to a belief that he was being borne over Niagara Falls. From the deck outside the nozle of the biggest fire-hose on board had been poked through his open port-hole and was playing on him by the barrelful, and his berth was almost awash.

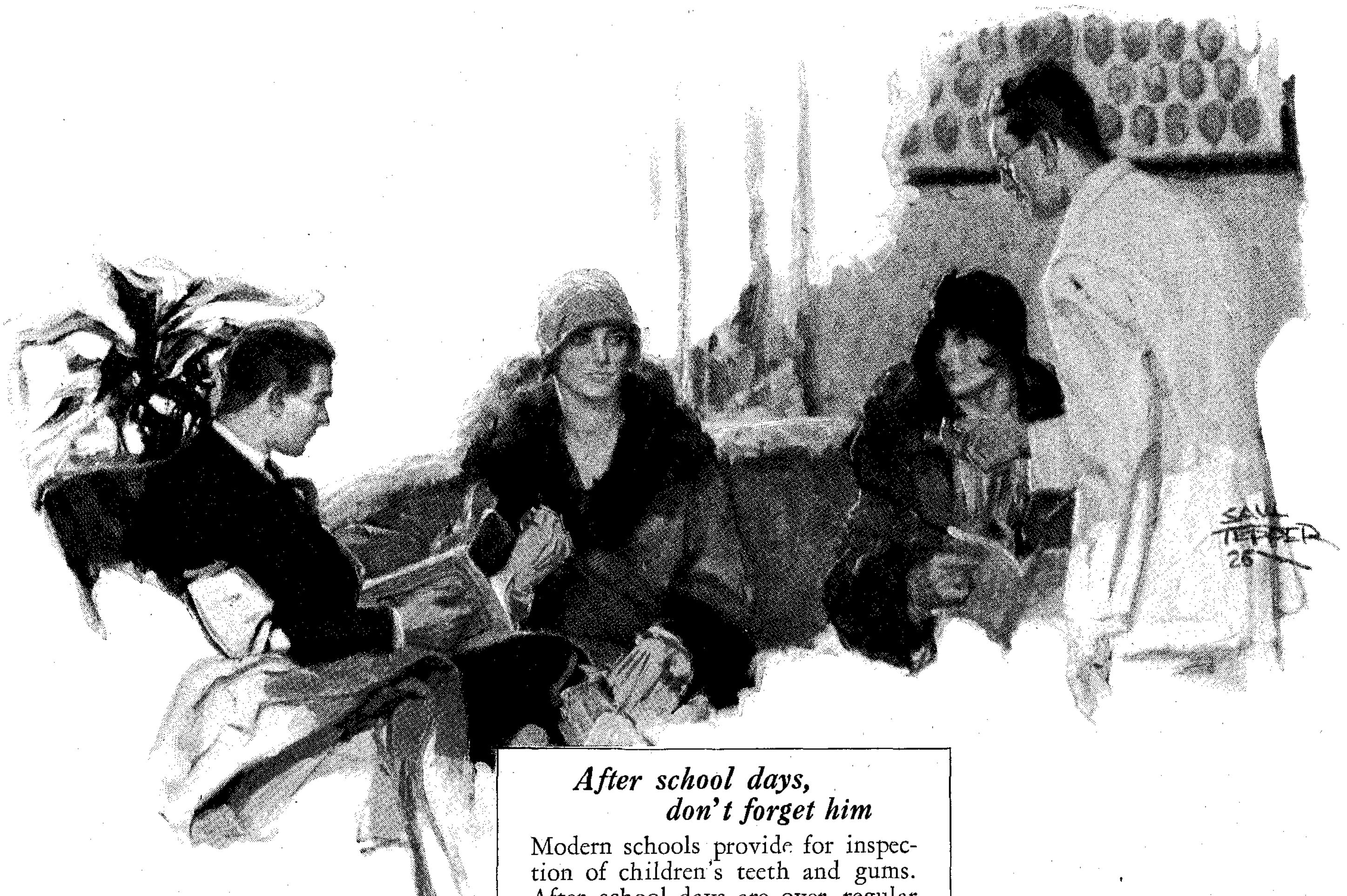
"Well," said the Commodore, grimly, when the half-drowned guest made his report, "didn't I promise to awaken you early this morning with a bath? What more do you want?"

An earlier passage relates to the wild legendry connected with Mr. Bennett's life in Paris at the time when the author, an unsophisticated but ambitious reporter whose every dream seemed to be coming true, received the accolade of a summons to Europe. As he tells us:

Of Bennett's life in Paris, particularly its excesses, there were many stories still repeated in Europe twenty-five years ago—tales of his smashing up Maxim's or some such resort, and paying thousands of dollars in damages, of wild parties which rivaled the days of ancient Babylon, and so on. These reports were difficult to sift for truth. But it is a matter of record that on one occasion Bennett, who was ordinarily an expert driver, while under the influence of liquor drove a coach and four horses at break-neck speed along the Avenue des Champs-Elysées and, to the horror of bystanders, wheeled at the curb of his old apartment at Number 120, and lasht the beasts toward the narrow, arched entrance such as was a feature of most apartment-houses on the thoroughfare. The maddened horses kept going, but as the coach passed under the low archway Bennett was caught by the solid stone above and hurled from the box, and for weeks lay at the point of death. The fact that this mad escapade did not end his life was due to the presence in the immediate neighborhood of Charles Christianson, his faithful secretary for many years, who within a few minutes of the accident had the most famous surgeons in Paris at the bedside of his chief.

But, after all, whatever Bennett's eccentricities, however foolish some of his acts, however far removed his manner of living from accepted standards of the Victorian era, he was a ruler over a domain of romance; he himself at times a romantic ruler. It was said that when friends who knew him well enough to take such a liberty remonstrated with him for making *The Herald* virtually support fads which were either against reason

(*Continued on page 49*)



After school days, don't forget him

Modern schools provide for inspection of children's teeth and gums. After school days are over, regular dental inspection is equally important. Visit your dentist at least twice a year. He will detect any lurking trouble in your mouth and correct it.

Pyorrhea attacks 4 out of 5

Carelessness lets pyorrhea, dread infection of the gums, steal upon four out of five after forty and thousands even younger, according to dental statistics.

Don't let neglect place you among the unfortunate number. At the first sign of pyorrhea, go to your dentist immediately for treatment and start brushing your teeth night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

Tender, bleeding gums are pyorrhea's danger signal. Finally teeth may loosen in their sockets and poison spread through the system, causing rheumatism, neuritis or worse.

To be on the safe side, commence using Forhan's for the Gums today. Forhan's contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use to treat pyorrhea. If used regularly and in time, it prevents pyorrhea or checks its course.

Forhan's is a pleasant tasting dentifrice the entire family likes. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly.

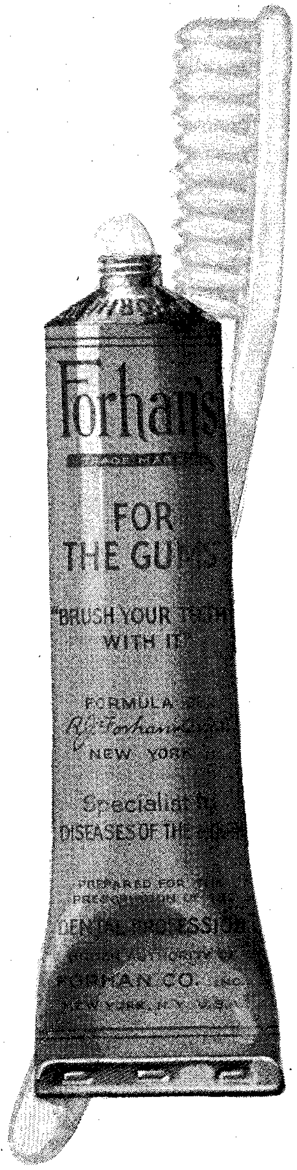
Resolve today to be one of those who escape pyorrhea. For your health's sake start at once brushing your teeth with Forhan's. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

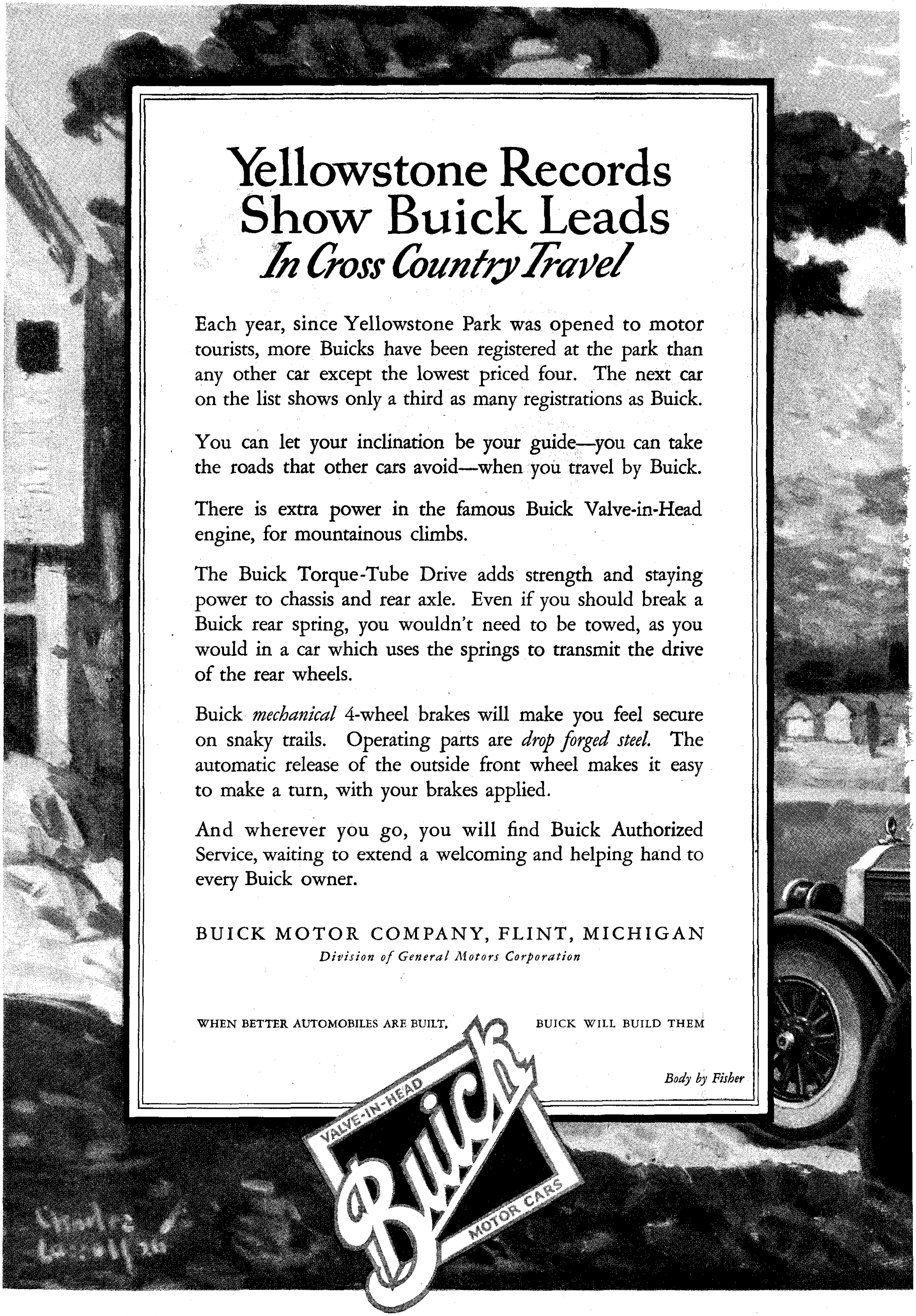
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS



MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*



Yellowstone Records Show Buick Leads

In Cross Country Travel

Each year, since Yellowstone Park was opened to motor tourists, more Buicks have been registered at the park than any other car except the lowest priced four. The next car on the list shows only a third as many registrations as Buick.

You can let your inclination be your guide—you can take the roads that other cars avoid—when you travel by Buick.

There is extra power in the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine, for mountainous climbs.

The Buick Torque-Tube Drive adds strength and staying power to chassis and rear axle. Even if you should break a Buick rear spring, you wouldn't need to be towed, as you would in a car which uses the springs to transmit the drive of the rear wheels.

Buick *mechanical* 4-wheel brakes will make you feel secure on snaky trails. Operating parts are *drop forged steel.* The automatic release of the outside front wheel makes it easy to make a turn, with your brakes applied.

And wherever you go, you will find Buick Authorized Service, waiting to extend a welcoming and helping hand to every Buick owner.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

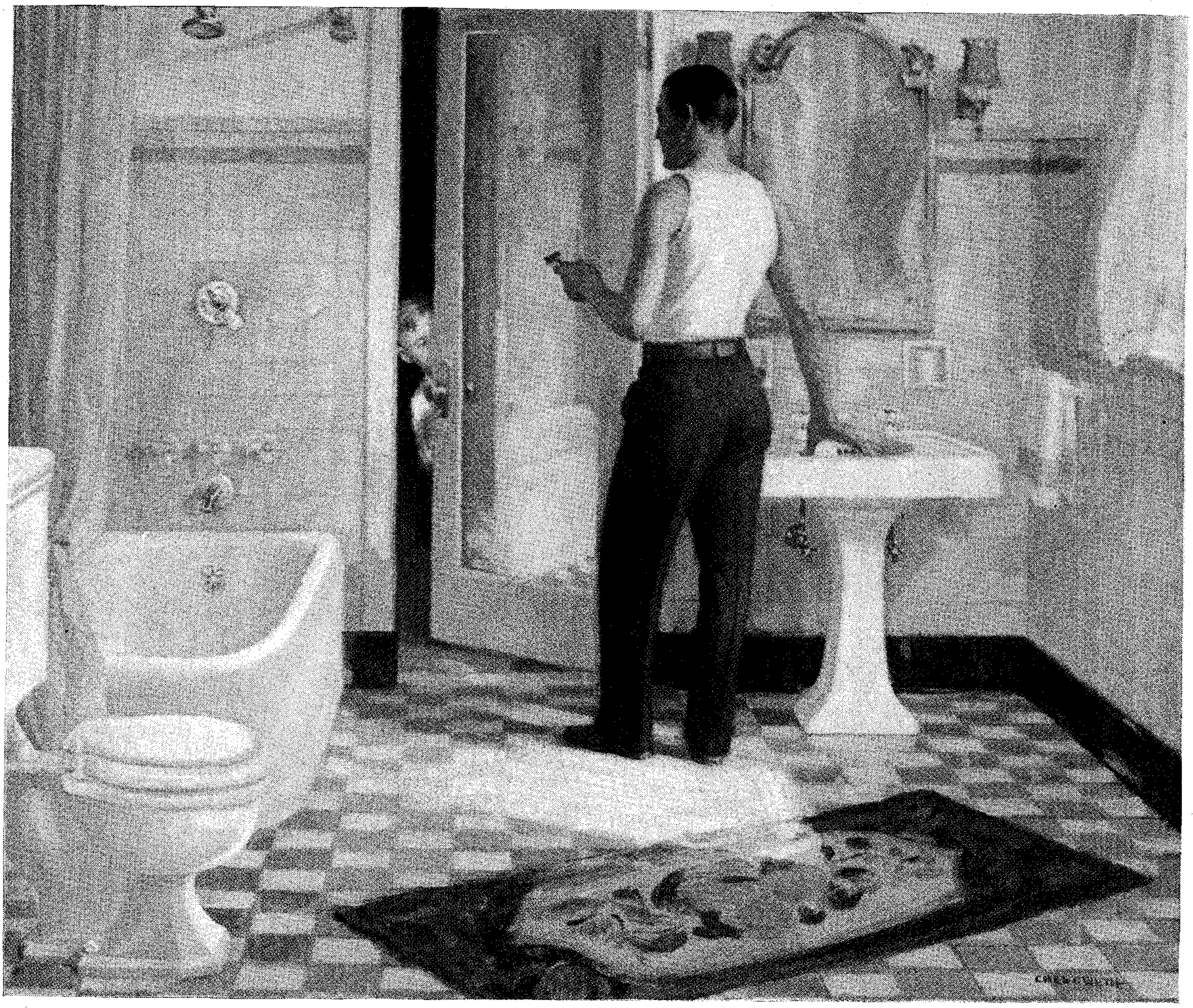
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Body by Fisher

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

130

Does your family's health wait...



Does your family's health wait on a morning shave?

Father usually has the bathroom undisturbed every morning, for Father must prepare for business.

But should Father's shave be more sacred than the bath which Mother wants to take, or which the children ought to take? Could a bath for everyone be squeezed into that vital half-hour between the alarm clock and breakfast time, in the average home?

Truth is, morning baths must be omitted when bathroom facilities are limited. Other health habits often are neglected, too.

To prevent bathroom congestion is not expensive. In some homes the attractive bathroom shown above would be fully adequate. Others require an added lavatory, shower, toilet; still others want one, two or three extra bathrooms. Your Plumber can supply "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures and Fittings for the arrangement best suited to your home.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Faucets and other Fittings—much depends upon them for satisfactory bathroom service. This is doubly assured when both Fittings and Fixtures are "Standard".

The Plumber Protects the Health of the Nation

"Home Book"—"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home," helps you plan your bath facilities wisely. Gives prices for your guidance. Write for copy.

AMPLE BATHROOM FACILITIES ARE NOT A LUXURY

(*Continued from page 44*)

and common sense or contrary to the revelations of science, he would retort, "You can't hurt *The Herald*." Events proved that Bennett was wrong, and he lived to see the great foreign prestige which had taken so many years to build up, wrested from *The Herald* by the newspaper whose founder had horsewhipped his father.

This refers to a flogging administered to the elder Bennett by Henry J. Raymond, following which the victim, as we are told in the first chapter, "cut corners for his Ann Street basement, feverishly scrawled a full story of the encounter, threw it into type, and rushed out upon the street a 'special extra' of *The Herald*, on whose first page were spread the comprehensive and exclusive details of the chastisement of its proprietor." Nevertheless, at the beginning of the present century:

The New York *Herald* was the one newspaper to which almost every ambitious reporter in the United States outside of New York turned ardent eyes. The opportunity for adventure and sudden advancement, two of the most potent allures in newspaper work, were commonly thought greater on *The Herald* than on any other publication. It was the only American daily printing a European edition; it spent for foreign news a sum that was said to equal the aggregate of the special cable expenditures of all other American newspapers; reporters were frequently being assigned to Europe or to the four corners of the earth, and its absentee proprietor lived in France in what was supposed to be regal state—except when ennui sent his magnificent yacht scurrying to remotest seas—and made and unmade men in a single interview, or in an emergency, by cable from a remote South Sea Island.

WHEN HIS SCEPTRE HAD PASSED

A snapshot of Mr. Bennett in his later years, arriving on one of the last of his rare visits to New York.

Mr. Crockett's first encounter with his chief was at 104 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, the Bennett residence in Paris. Of the room to which he was conducted he writes:

Such an extraordinary room I had never in my life seen. It was small, and choked up with furniture and bric-à-brac. A table was in the center, piled high with objects of many kinds. On one side was a desk and upon it a disordered variety of objects, including several blue pencils, each fully fifteen inches long; but what most strongly impress me was that no matter in which direction I looked I saw owls blinking at me. Owls graced every piece of furniture and every ornament in the room. Carven, cast, or baked earthen owls, serving as adornments or merely as receptacles, littered the table, the desk and the mantlepiece. I had been familiar with the owls on the Herald Building in New York, but I did not know that owls were a hobby of Mr. Bennett's. On the wall was a drawing of the "great seal" of *The Herald*, whose motto, "*La nuit porte conseil*," some one had translated for me as "Sleep on it."

As my eyes were taking in these extraordinary furnishings and decorations, I discovered the sole occupant of the room was Reick, who greeted me very cordially and told me not to feel nervous.

William C. Reick, the *Herald's* city editor and its proprietor's chief lieutenant, had followed Mr. Crockett to France by a faster steamer and arrived ahead of him. Reading on:

He suggested, in a whisper, that I be careful not to volunteer information unless I was asked for it—a totally unnecessary warning to a thoroughly awe-struck immigrant. In a few moments, a beautiful tiny Pomeranian rushed in from an adjoining room, the door of which was open, and made toward me. I stooped to pet it. At that instant the doorway was filled by a tall, slender, slightly stooping figure. Reick arose and so did I. I had time to note stern features, a prominent nose, a high forehead, a drooping gray mustache, and eyes from which looked authority. And yet I detected a certain shyness about the man, once I had gained control of my senses. He reproved the dog for jumping at me, just as if it had been a child guilty of bad manners. Reick introduced me and the Commodore gave me a quick handshake and motioned me back to my chair. The interview was very brief, indicating that Reick had told him everything necessary to know about me.

"You had better spend a fortnight—two weeks—helping in the office in the Rue du Louvre, and learning what sort of news is expected from London and in what shape it comes," said my Big Boss. "Reick, you had better tell him how to get there. Better take a day off to rest up after your voyage and report to-morrow afternoon. The editor-in-charge will tell you what to do. At the end of the fortnight, go to London. Snyder has been asking me for a vacation. Good-morning," and he nodded me out.

Such was the initiation of a European correspondent of *The Herald*. How life fared with a Bennett favorite may be judged from a summons that reached Mr. Crockett at Marseilles, where he had boarded a visiting American warship. He was luxuriating in the romance of his job, when, as he tells us:

A telegram from Mr. Bennett that was handed me later at the hotel seemed a continuation of the day-dream. It read: "Have you ever visited the Riviera? If not, how would you like to go to Monte Carlo, where you might get an idea of the life of the place, and at the same time interview some persons I have in mind?"

Acceptance was immediate and enthusiastic, and necessary funds soon came by telegraph.

A journey to famous places on the Riviera was an adventure into a region of real romance. I suppose most American youngsters of the 'nineties read with avidity Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York," whose hero and heroine made an astonishing trip down to Nice and Monte Carlo from Paris. I do not know how many times I went through the book. It may be a serious reflection on my literary taste to admit that it had made a great impression, but the fact could not be denied. I had even seen the play based upon the book, so that as the train approached Nice I felt as if I had stept into an atmosphere of fiction. This impression was heightened when Monte Carlo was reached, and I had found the Hotel de Paris, where I had been instructed to stop.

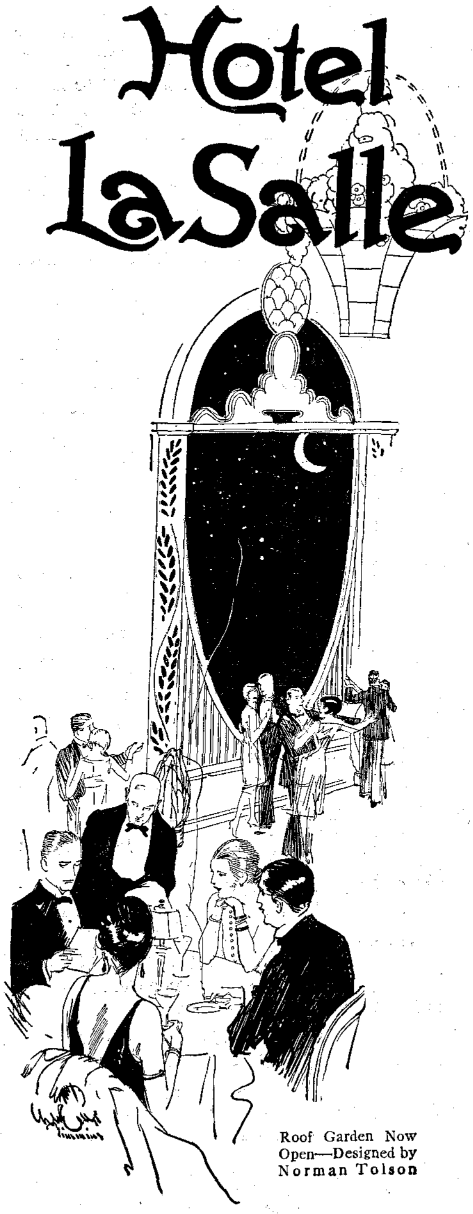
It was easy to obtain a card of admission to the Casino. As a matter of fact, the hotel concierge merely took me down through the subterranean passage that connected the hotel with the Casino and said a few words to the door-keeper at the other end, and I was passed up to the official at the *control*. Him I satisfied that I was not a Monegasque—subjects of the Prince of Monaco were not permitted to enter the Casino as visitors—and the card he handed over got me past the various door-keepers and into the great salon of chance, into which so many thousands have taken hope and brought out disillusion and despair. The season was almost at its height and there were enough Americans of familiar visage in the place to make me feel rather at home. One of these was the American Ambassador to St. Petersburg, who cautioned me to remember that he was there "incog." and that it would not be politic to mention that he was in Monte Carlo, and a thousand miles or so away from his post. And when I profest to be able to forget easily, he conducted me through the various salons and pointed out numbers of the notable and the notorious who were at the tables.

All of which leads up to the writer's acquaintance with Ciro's, and the history of how Mr. Bennett had manufactured fame for that resort of the gourmet and the globetrotter:

The story of Ciro, whose name is now claimed by a large number of fashionable restaurants in Europe and has even

CHICAGO'S FINEST HOTEL

Hotel La Salle



Roof Garden Now Open—Designed by Norman Tolson

Chicago's Highest Dining Point

High above the streets—protected from sudden temperature or weather changes—you dine in balmy comfort at Hotel La Salle Roof Garden. Here at Chicago's most famous Roof Garden you dance to fascinating rhythm—and eat viands straight from the pages of a fairy tale—and while away the summer evening in refreshing enjoyment. Here, as in all five dining rooms at Hotel La Salle, you enjoy the exacting perfection in every service detail that exemplifies "Stevens Management" throughout.

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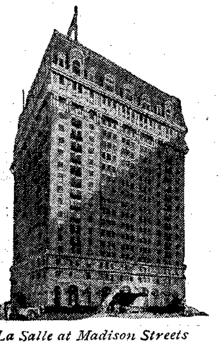
RATES FOR ROOMS

	Price per day	
Number of Rooms	*One Person*	*Two Persons*
162	$2.50	$4.00
73	3.00	4.50
18	3.50	5.50
247	4.00	6.00
189	4.50	7.00
142	5.00	7.50
175	6 00	9 00
20	7 00	10.00

1026 Guest Rooms



La Salle at Madison Streets
CHICAGO

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

extended to our own tango belt, was familiar to correspondents of *The Herald* of that time. A little Italian pastry cook, he had run a small shop in Nice or Monte Carlo, until one day Mr. Bennett chanced to taste his confections. The Commodore advised Ciro to branch out and make himself fashionable, and gave him a story in the Paris *Herald* to encourage him. Largely through the attention that Bennett was able to focus upon him by this free publicity and by personally giving parties in Ciro's new establishment, the last, in time, became the ultra-fashionable restaurant of Monte Carlo. As its owner grew in fame and waxed prosperous, some correspondent of *The Herald* each year received an assignment to treat himself to a good dinner at *The Herald's* expense at Ciro's, and at the same time interview the proprietor on the "prospects for the season."

Returning to the subject in a later chapter, the author remarks:

Not a few restaurateurs in France and in some of the other countries in which Mr. Bennett was accustomed to pass much time used to say they owed much of their success to the Commodore, who, if he was pleased with the cooking and the service of any establishment, was not afraid to have his papers indicate as much, and thus give the restaurant man what the French call a "*réclame.*" One of his beneficiaries in this fashion was Ciro of Monte Carlo, earlier mentioned.

His love for a joke prompting him to plan a unique celebration for one of Ciro's birthdays, Mr. Bennett sent two of his correspondents along the French coast from Mentone to Cannes searching for a pair of swans. As the only swans in those parts were in the public parks and belonged to the French Government, their quest was unsuccessful. However, not daring to report failure, they reasoned that geese belonged to the swan family—or vice versa—so they bought or otherwise acquired a pair of white near-swans and then proceeded to follow instructions.

At twilight a large and fashionable company was dining on the *terrasse* in front of Ciro's as the two *Herald* men came along driving the two large white geese, each reined with long white ribbons bearing in gilt the legend, "We are Ciro's swans."

When the maître d'hotel beheld the visitors and their charges, he promptly shooed them away, but they, undaunted, stole around to the back entrance and bribed an attendant to let them in. They climbed to the second floor, where there was a window overlooking the *terrasse*, and resting their charges on the sill debated as to their next move.

But the geese took the initiative. They spread their wings and started to fly. Unfortunately, they fluttered down in the midst of Ciro's patrons, upsetting bottles and dishes; and later Mr. Bennett had to pay out many francs for soiled frocks.

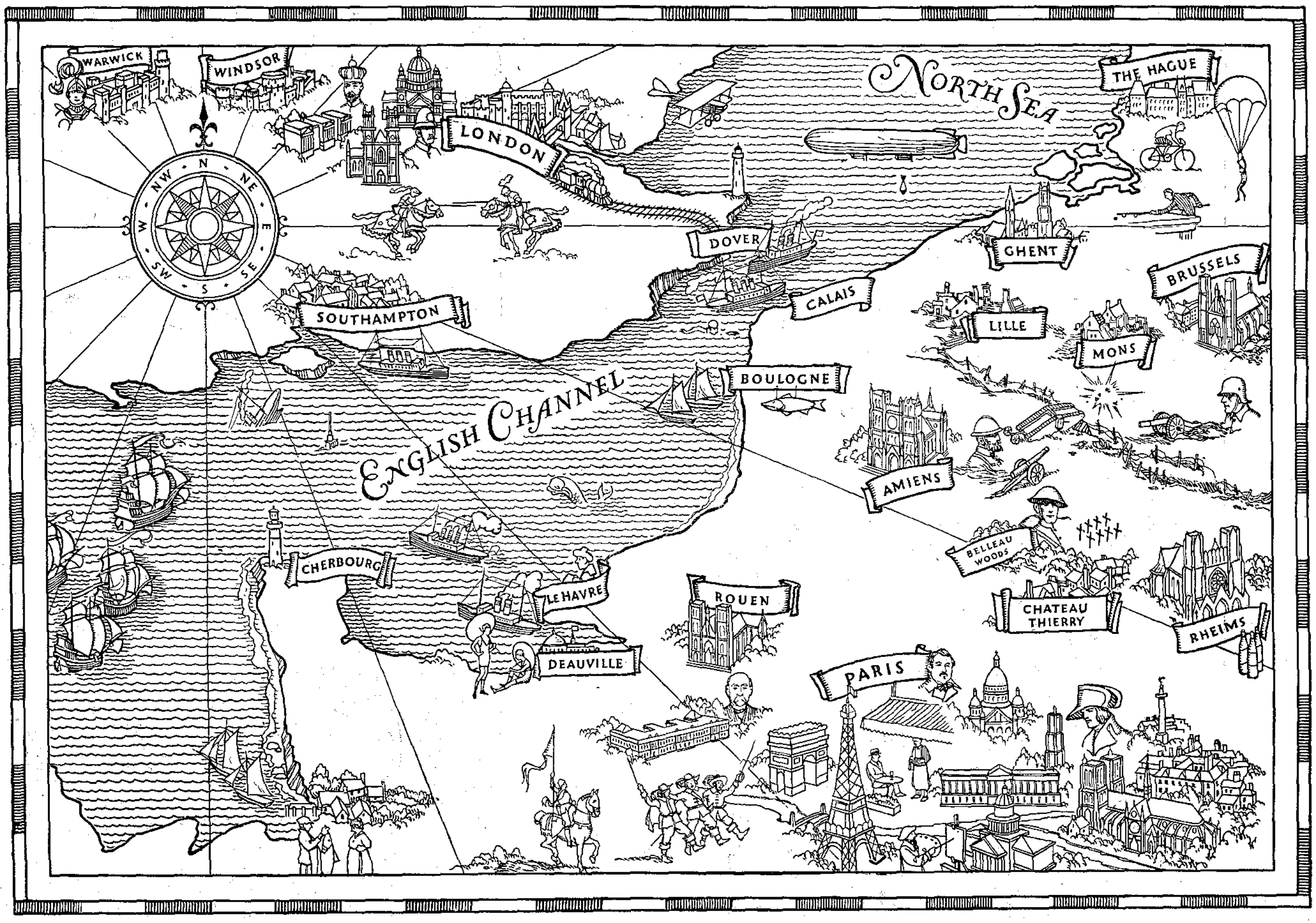
Coming down to the newspaper rivalry which ended in the New York *Times* wresting from *The Herald* its ancient prestige, foreign as well as domestic, the writer tells us:

On my return to New York from my first stay of two and a half years in Europe, I had found important changes in the *Herald* office. Reick was no longer City Editor, and report gave two reasons. One attributed the change to Bennett's jealousy of his personal representative. By this time Reick had accumulated, partly through the generosity of the Commodore and partly through his own business acumen and an acquaintance with men in the habit of making big money, a fair-sized fortune. At the same time he had developed an inclination for "society," and his name was in the Social Register, and many doors denied to social climbers had been thrown open to him. As the personal representative of Bennett and the latter's supposed adviser and mouthpiece in dictating what would or should not appear in *The Herald,* he was considered a person of unusual power. All this had crossed the Atlantic to Bennett, who, as previously intimated, held that he himself was *The Herald*, and that any authority he delegated to another was but delegated, and could be taken away without notice. And he never liked to hear that anybody in his employ was obtaining recognition of any sort, except as his man.

Also, Mr. Crockett surmises, Bennett blamed Reick for not having advised him that *The Herald's* famous "Personal" advertising column—successfully attacked in the course of a damaging Hearst campaign—was at variance with the postal laws. At all events he demoted his lieutenant, who eventually resigned and went to *The Times*. In after years Mr. Reick bought *The Sun* from the Dana estate, denatured it and sold it to Mr. Munsey. Later he purchased *The Journal of Commerce*, which he was conducting at the time of his death. Mr. Bennett was aggrieved by his defection and asked Crockett why Reick had quit *The Herald*; and we read on:

At that time I could have guessed, but I did not guess aloud. The European prestige of *The Herald* had hardly begun to show the scorch of the Hearst sirocco, whose effects had been felt so devastatingly at home. An assault upon the *Herald's* citadel, its almost unchallenged supremacy in the foreign-news field, and the name it had built up among European newspapers as the representative American journal—for the Commodore at heart was more intensely American than many thousands who have never been expatriated—would touch its proprietor to the quick. He had had a better grasp upon the situation in Europe, if only through proximity, than any other American newspaper proprietor; he was in a position to get the truth concerning international affairs, if the truth was to be had; in himself and in his Paris edition he was an outstanding American envoy to Europe and the world at large. Dislodge *The Herald* from its position in Europe and watch the old man wince! And I am within reason in saying that the chance to get even weighed quite as heavily with Reick as any thought of personal gain.

And his revenge came, tho others, perhaps more effectively than he, were instrumental in its accomplishment. *The Times* already had on its staff abler men than Reick, and some had much more force and persistence. Reick may have started the fight and even shown the way, but others soon took it up and in time forced it to a successful conclusion.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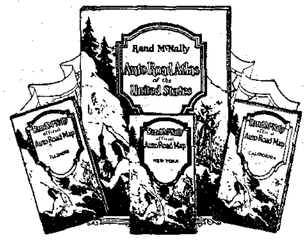
Everything is on the map!

You need only look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Whether you have been there or not is a matter of no consequence. You have read the Three Musketeers. You have studied the history of Napoleon and the Revolution. You have followed with anxiety and triumph the career of the A. E. F.

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BRUSHING
LACQUER
ONE QUART U S STANDARD MEASURE

Hundreds of Uses Everywhere

Rogers Brushing Lacquer opens up a new and limitless realm of color "painting." The ease and speed of application; the quick drying feature which saves time and confusion; the beauty of the rich, glossy colors; and the amazing durability—make it desirable for finishing or renewing an endless variety of things in the home; in stores, offices, factories, buildings of all sorts; in art shops, hotels, schools and businesses of many kinds

QUICKLY RENEWS SHABBY FURNITURE, FLOORS, STAIRWAYS,

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

Money-Back Guaranty

Try a can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price

You have seen the beautiful new *lacquer finish* used on fine motor cars and furniture. You have heard how it withstands the roughest usage. Heretofore this amazing lacquer could only be applied at the factory with special equipment.

Rogers Brushing Lacquer now offers you a *perfected* lacquer *for home use.* You apply it with a brush, just like paint—*right over the old finish.* Covers perfectly. Brushes out smoothly and—

Dries While You Wait!

You lacquer a chair and sit on it a few minutes later. You lacquer a table and within half an hour put on the tablecloth for dinner. You lacquer a floor and thirty minutes afterward walk on it. There are almost endless uses in every home, store, office, building, hotel, etc.

And the rich, lustrous, colorful finish is practically indestructible. Wears like porcelain. Does not print or hold lint. Does not gather dust.

DEALERS everywhere carry the genuine Rogers Brushing Lacquer. All the popular colors, also white, black and clear. Ready mixed and ready for use. Anyone can apply it. But be sure to get "ROGERS" in the Oriental can—the kind that is sold on a publicly advertised money-back guaranty.

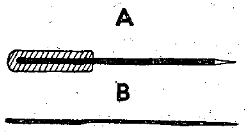
DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS
Detroit, Michigan
Makers of Highest Grade Paints,
Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING LACQUER

WOODWORK, CABINETS, BRIC-A-BRAC, TOYS, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

This rigid Ever-Ready Blade has the keenest edge in the world!



THE Ever-Ready Blade is a husky piece of diamond-hard steel — staunch and rigid in itself, and made more so by its double-thick backbone.

With this ample stock to work with, it is possible to give a perfect bevel which terminates in a minute but true edge —a *super-keen* edge which is also super-durable—*the keenest edge in the world.*

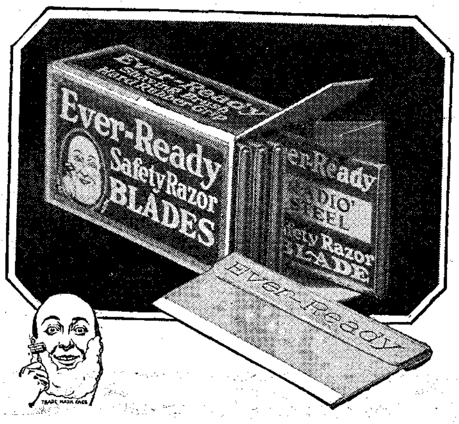
The Ever-Ready Blade (A) above, is scientifically better than the thin wafer type of safety razor blade (B). Its rigid edge, as well as its body, is needed to stand up against your whiskers. It gives the *perfect shaves* made possible by its husky construction—and it *retains* its *keenness* through shave after shave.

Ever-Ready Blades are guaranteed to give you more and better shaves. They run 100% uniform to the package. Money back if you aren't 100% satisfied —and this holds good for the Ever-Ready Razor, too.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, New York

Ever-Ready Blades


Ever-Ready Safety Razor BLADES
Ever-Ready RADIO STEEL Safety Razor BLADE
Ever-Ready

WOMAN'S DEBT TO ADVERTISING

IN THE days when "mother used to buy a bar of Castile soap half a yard long and four inches square, and saw it up (she kept an old saw for the purpose) into cakes an inch thick," and when the domestic cake of soap was "as hard as Stonehenge" and its corners were "sharper than a serpent's tooth," it took weeks of use, we are reminded, "to wear it down so that it comfortably fitted the hand." Whereas to-day—thanks to advertising, argues this writer—we have a cake of toilet soap "just the right shape to fit the hand, just as pure as Castile, scented if we like, tinted to match the bathroom decorations if we prefer, reasonable in price; and when we want another cake we go to the nearest grocery or drug store, and there it is." And that is only one small example of woman's debt to advertising, as set forth by Ernest Elmo Calkins, a well-known advertising authority who was awarded a Bok prize last year for his public service in that field. Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, he points out:

> We have seen the evolution of shaving-creams, safety razors, and tooth-pastes, as well as soap powders, laundry chips, washing-machines, vegetable shortenings, self-raising flours, electric sadirons, vacuum cleaners, hot-water taps, aluminum cooking-utensils, refrigerators, and kitchen cabinets—everything, in short, that constitutes the difference between our mothers' kitchens and our wives'.

In fact, the writer exclaims, the amount of sheer drudgery that has been taken out of housekeeping in fifty years can be realized only by comparison, by "drawing the illuminating parallel," which he proceeds to do:

> An iron, soft-coal cook-stove; a reservoir at the back the only source of hot-water supply; the green-painted iron pump in the wooden corner-sink for cold; drinking-water from the pump outside; saleratus instead of baking-powder; hog lard instead of vegetable shortening; butter and milk hung down the well by a string to keep them cool; heavy iron pots and skillets to be lifted, to say nothing of the coal hod; dishes washed by hand; no device to alleviate the frightful labor—no rubber scrapers, scouring-mops, metal-ring dish-rags, wire brushes, drying-racks, or cleansing-powders; baked beans an eighteen-hour job; oatmeal an over-night operation; sugar, salt, dried fruit, pickles, crackers, rice, coffee, pepper, spices, lard, bought in bulk, scooped out of open boxes or barrels or tierces exposed until sold, and dumped on a sheet of paper laid on the scales; molasses and vinegar drawn from the wood, and between whiles the gallon measure standing around, proving the adage that molasses attracts more flies than vinegar. Food was unclean, there was no sponsor for its quality, and it came to the kitchen almost in a state of nature. The housemother became a miniature manufacturing plant before the food was ready for the family to eat. And the preparation of meals was but a small portion of the housewife's burden. There was cleaning—with no other implements but a rag, a broom, and a turkey wing. Clothes were washed with a rub-rub-rub that wore the zinc from the washboard.
>
> Put such a kitchen beside the one pictured in most advertisements selling kitchen equipment, or those complete ones shown in the housekeeping departments of the women's magazines: "How to furnish the ideal kitchen." Or, better still, take a modern housewife—not the delicatessen and can-opener type, but a real housekeeper, who keeps her house and takes pride in it (there are such even to-day)—and put her in an old-fashioned kitchen like that described above. She could not do in a week what my mother did every day of her toil-bound life. To keep house with what was available half a century ago was an art handed down from generation to generation, which happily has been lost, except among the newly arrived foreign-born.
>
> You say I am contrasting a poor woman's kitchen of fifty years ago with that of a woman of means to-day. Not at all. What my mother contended with was what they all had. If she could have afforded it, she would have hired another woman to struggle with it. It was not a matter of wealth at all. It was a question of facilities available. That was all they had—raw materials, a few crude tools, and "elbow grease."

Directly and indirectly, says Mr. Calkins, the amelioration that has come about in fifty years is due to advertising. He reasons thus:

> These things did not come into existence because women demanded them. Women did not know they were possible. They exist because there was a method of distributing them, of teaching possible buyers what a help they would be, of educating the housewife while offering her the means of applying what she learned, and of doing it on a large scale. And the strongest urge to invent desirable labor-saving devices has been this same possibility of distributing them; that is, selling enough of them to make it worth while. Sometimes advertising supplies a demand, but in most cases it creates demand for things that were beyond the imagination of those who would be most benefited.

Some day, says Mr. Calkins, we shall have ideal advertising, but that will be when our industrial plants and transportation systems have also become ideal." And meanwhile—

> Objections to advertising based upon advertising itself, the amount of it, its persistence, congested pages of magazines and newspapers, mail cluttered with circulars, painted bulletins marring attractive scenic spots—all these are incidents of advertising.
>
> We are pleased when a railroad adopts electrification and puts its trains underground, or when it designs and builds a station that is an architectural ornament to the city, or when it traverses a district of scenic beauty, giving the passenger a by-product in his journey. So advertising is aware of the opportunities of making itself more attractive, while not jeopardizing the ends at which it is aimed. Such results may be called the by-product of advertising. In the total they are tremendous and should not be overlooked in a fair appraisal of the real part that advertising is playing in our civilization.

When he comes to *your* home—what? *Master of bolts and locks . . armed for instant action . . a clever, cold-blooded criminal . . familiar with the habits of householders and servants . . prepared to stake liberty and life for the valuables he covets . . what protection have you against him?*

BURGLARY is on the increase. On the heels of nation-wide prosperity has come an alarming growth in crimes of violence. Homes that once were beneath the criminal's notice now yield rich booty to these vultures of the night.

Robbery has been raised to the rank of a profession. Today specialists in crime may be studying *your* home, laying their careful plans. Ingratiating themselves with servants. Checking up on the movements of every member of the family.

See the Ætna-izer in your community—now! Let him insure your valuables with an Ætna Burglary policy. For a few cents a day you can be secured against any loss from robbery. And you can have the protection of your Ætna policy extended to cover *personal hold-up* of yourself or family, on the streets, in your car.

The Ætna-izer is a man worth knowing. He represents the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world. He can give you sound protection and dependable advice.

Ætna issues virtually every form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches, Accident and Health, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine, Fidelity and Surety Bonds—policies that protect yourself, your family, your home, your business.

Ætna-ize! According to your needs! As you prosper and as your obligations increase!

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Fair femininity switches cigarette smoker to a pipe

It is always interesting to hear how pipe smokers come to discover their favorite tobacco.

Ed Maher frankly admits there's a "she" in his case. And to her he gives the credit for his present pipe-smoking enjoyment.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I happen to be a student at the University of California, and since I first started to smoke I have always smoked cigarettes.

One day SHE said to me, "Ed, dear, why don't you smoke a pipe. I think those long, straight-stemmed pipes are so much more manly-looking than cigarettes."

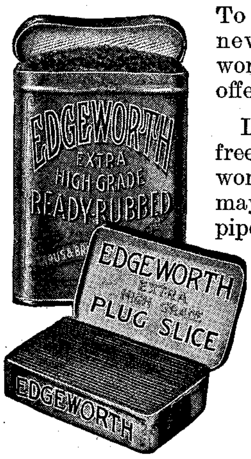
So, naturally, I had to buy a long-stemmed pipe and a can of—well, we'll call it "Blubs Mixture tobacco." Immediately with a certain feeling of pride in my new pipe, I "lighted up" and proceeded *to have my tongue bitten. I tried almost* every brand I had ever heard of but none satisfied me.

Sadly, I had to confess to HER that as a pipe smoker I was a good dietitian.

"Did you try Edgeworth?" she asked. "That is what dad smokes, and he's always smoked a pipe."

So to make a long story short, I was forced to try Edgeworth, and all that I can say is that if every fellow that has tried to accustom himself to a pipe, started with Edgeworth, there would be very few that would go back to cigarettes.

Yours sincerely,
Ed Maher, 1731 Hayes St., San Francisco.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2R S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

A SPANIARD DISCOVERS AMERICA

AMERICA was predestined from the beginning to be the land where the movies should be invented, according to Señor Antonio Heras. No other form of art, he thinks, harmonizes so well with our "agitated, violent, and frequently terribly artificial life."

Señor Heras is a Madrid poet and scholar, who came to this country several years ago, and who has served as a professor of Spanish literature in leading universities—Chicago, Minnesota, Iowa, California—traveling all over the United States and observing us through keen and kindly-humorous eyes. Now he has told his friends in Spain just what he thinks of us—in a book called "De la vida norteamericana" ("Concerning North American Life"), which is discust by Harry Kurz in the June *International Book Review.*

While his travels have led him to New York, Señor Heras writes mainly of Chicago and places further West. To Chicago he applies frequently three adjectives—disconcerting, enormous, and noisy. Other large Western cities impress him more favorably. "After having seen New York and Chicago by night, with their electric signs, fantastic and brilliant, continually coming and going on all sides," he says, "we do not hesitate to call Denver the Luminous City." New Orleans is the city most after his own heart. In Los Angeles, Señor Heras also notes less haste and fever than in other American cities. "Life under that beautiful blue sky seems to have something human and attractive." He soon becomes aware of the rivalry between that city and San Francisco, and even explores a cafeteria to find out why Los Angeles is called the "Cafeteria City" by its jealous rival. His sad adventures with a tray of food convince him of the mortal insult intended by that taunt.

Concerning motion pictures, Mr. Kurz translates him as saying:

> If a pretty girl disappears from her home, in Europe the guess is that love has had something to do with it; in America it is the craze to be a movie actress. Pictures replace reading. Crimes are committed because film scenes suggest them; and in certain gestures of young men or in glancing smiles of young women, there is a reminiscence of something seen on the screen. In Los Angeles, however, one does not even need to go to the theaters to see pictures. Do not tremble for the safety of that group of young men disporting themselves on a cornice fifteen stories high, or of that gentleman who is throwing himself from that high window into the street. These people make their living that way, acting for the movies.

This Spanish observer is much imprest with the dominating rôle of the motor-car in American life. The pedestrian here seems quite ridiculous, he finds, "something like the man who goes to a dress party with his shoes unbuttoned." To be automobileless is to be nobody. In Spain much can still be done if one has a few dollars in one's pocket; but in the United States, if you want to make a hit with a girl, or do good business, or be a politician, writer or professor, you have to own a car. There is no way around that, he concludes sadly, giving thanks that he has not yet been flattened out on some street.

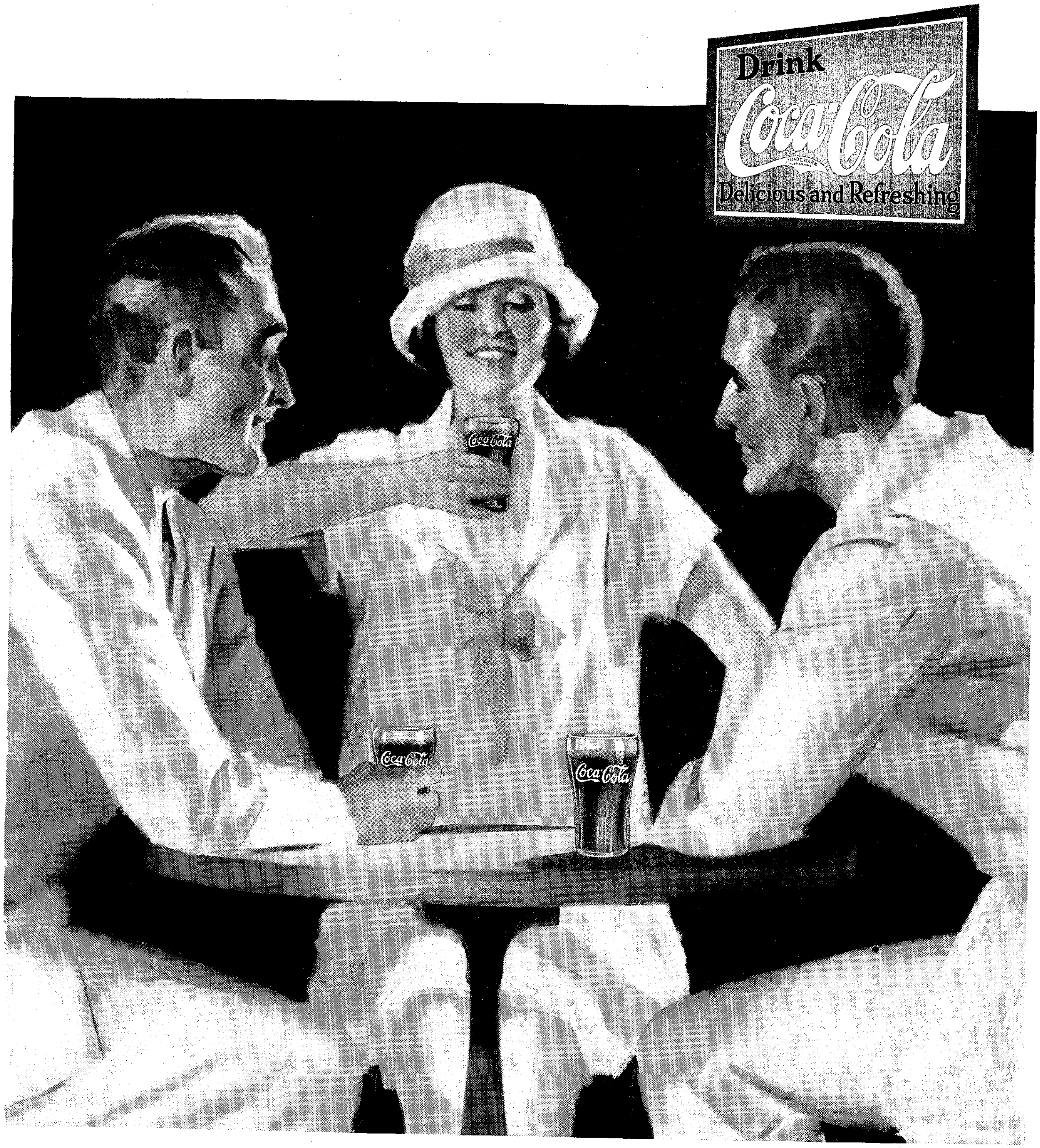
Another thing Señor Heras has discovered: America thrives on propaganda—for Women Suffrage, for Prohibition, for Americanization, for going to church on Sunday. "In Spain," he tells his Spanish readers, "we say that we go to church to do our duty toward God; in this country, people go to church to fulfil their duty toward God and society." He describes the social aspect of the religious service, with its greetings and conversations, so different from the individualistic worship of Spanish tradition. As for the other Sunday morning duty, that of reading the Sunday newspaper, it appalled him at first; but he has now recovered from the sense of suffocation produced by that mass of advertisements and reading matter. He confesses that he has learned to eliminate one section after another, until now he merely glances at the headlines before turning to the picture section to enjoy the pretty girls. "I breathe a sigh of satisfaction," he says; "I have read the newspaper."

And here is another gentle thrust at our superficiality—apropos of our national trait of optimism:

> It is evident that a man who has money and sports an automobile, who does not miss church, and is ready to dance and tell jokes from the age of two to ninety, such a man has to be a real optimist. Here, in order to arrive, don't forget it, you have got to earn the title of "good fellow." A good fellow is invariably light-headed, entirely free of ideas or troubles, having no time to read anything . . .

Señor Heras also has been struck by our predilection for drives. Not the locomotive kind. He is at a loss to translate this word into Spanish, so he circumlocutes: "A *drive* is something like a terrible charge, a real battle which is fought out at intervals, having some purpose, generally praiseworthy, like religion, education, charity, etc." While deploring the holes made in his pockets by these pecuniary attacks, he finds consolation in the fact that the wounds are inflicted by groups of adorable American girls. "In exchange for a few coins which you give up gladly," he says, "they place in your lapel some countersign, a sort of safe-conduct, which permits you to cross, without being molested, the ever active ranks of these enemies of your purse."

After this, it is not surprizing to find this Spanish gentleman indulgent even to reformers, and buying their leaflets with a sense of adventure. For twenty-five cents he can please some pretty girl and obtain a lot of startling information about abuses in


Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
Delicious and Refreshing
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

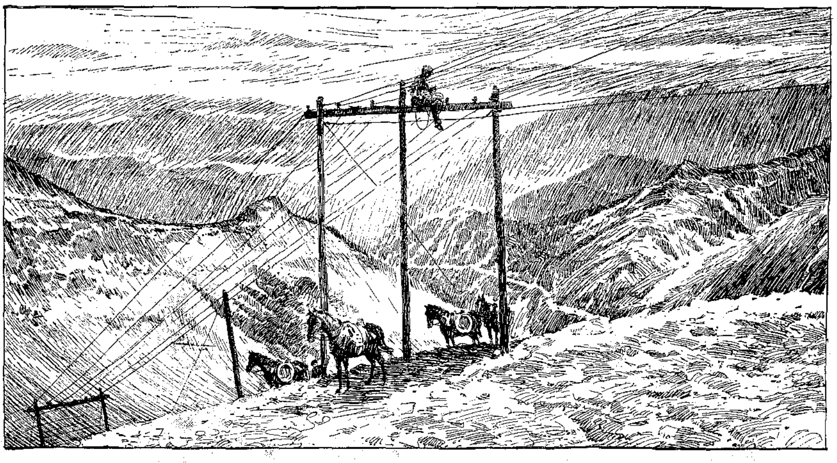
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THE GLASS OF FASHION

Coca-Cola's pure and wholesome refreshment is enjoyed by more people, of more ages, at more places, than any other drink.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS ~ 7 MILLION A DAY

Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains



The Builders of the Telephone

SPANNING the country, under rivers, across prairies and over mountain ranges, the telephone builders have carried the electric wires of their communication network. Half a century ago the nation's telephone plant was a few hundred feet of wire and two crude instruments. The only builder was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant.

It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

Telephone builders are still extending and rebuilding the telephone plant. A million dollars a day are being expended in the Bell System in construction work to provide for the nation's growing needs.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

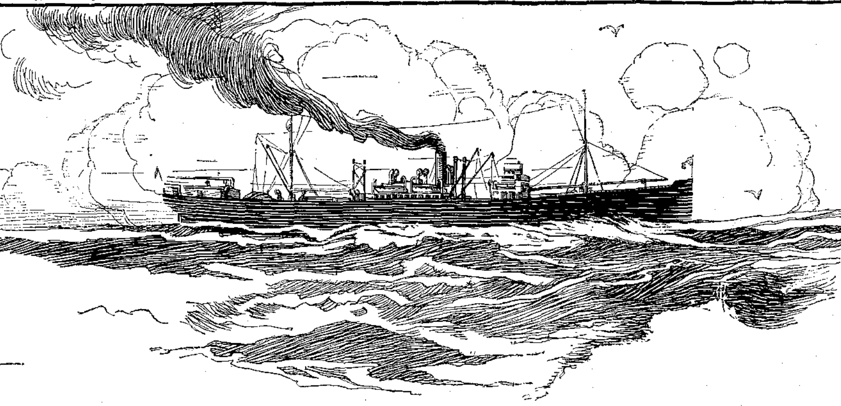
every part of the world, along with cure-alls to mend them. Thus he learns about blue Sundays, movie censorship, Prohibition problems, anti-tobacco pronouncements, and exclaims:

> Here there are people who are truly admirable. Each day, after twelve or fourteen hours of work, they still have time left, and good humor, to invent theories of salvation, to hold meetings, write articles, make speeches. Apparently in this country no one wants to die without having accomplished something transcendental; and whoever can't think of anything else invents a new religion of which he is prophet, priest, and missionary. . . . A friend of mine asserts that half the people here are busy making miserable the other half. . . . However, as far as I am concerned, you may believe me, I feel as if I were in the best of worlds. These reformers of both sexes offer to my enjoyment most diverting spectacles and they keep busy preparing for me, whether I wish it or not, my eternal salvation after death.

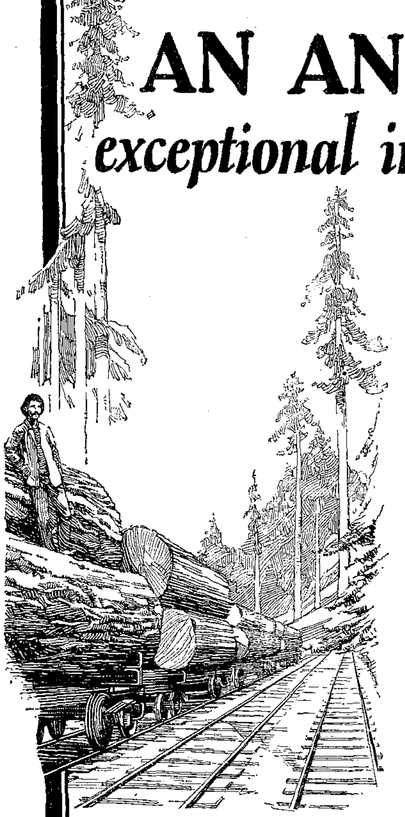
By this time it should be apparent that the professor long ago succumbed to the charms of the fair sex. He marvels at the ability of the fidgety ladies "who, while the train covers fifty miles, read two or three novels, half a dozen newspapers, and a sizeable bundle of magazines." He recalls Spain's traditional practise of "stultifying the minds of her women with superficial and hollow phrases," barring even the most illustrious of them out of the colleges, and continues: "In North America, by active and healthful life and exercise in all kinds of sports, they are creating physically a type of womanhood, each year more admirable, which even now many artists consider the most perfect in the world." He rejoices in the fact that a woman here "is no longer reduced to a choice between an absurd marriage and a sad celibacy"; but he adds that in America to call the fair sex weak is an amusing libel.

Another European judgment on things American appears in the same issue of the *International Book Review*—in Claude G Bowers's article, "An Englishman Interprets Thomas Jefferson." Mr. Bowers, himself an authority on the Jeffersonian period, is writing of Francis W. Hirst's book, "Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," and finds it "the most intelligent and illuminating political study of an American career that has come from an English pen"; but he takes occasion to say some severe things about the biography of Hamilton written some years ago by an Englishman, Mr. F. S. Oliver. Of that book Mr. Bowers says:

> It is impossible to believe that the fulsome praise bestowed upon it by men of the school of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge was not due more to the wretched caricatures of the Jeffersonians than to the fidelity with which the portrait of Hamilton was painted. Writing from



AN ANNOUNCEMENT *of exceptional interest to Lumber Buyers throughout the east*



From the Vast Forests of the Pacific Northwest

Douglas Fir
Pacific Coast Hemlock
Western Red Cedar
Sitka Spruce

Mammoth timber, capable of producing any size, grade, or quality of lumber that may be wanted.

Structural lumber, shingles, siding, or factory lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Mills at Snoqualmie Falls, Washington.

Three Weyerhaeuser Mills on Tidewater at Everett, Washington.

Three new mills being constructed at Longview, Washington.

Nine complete manufacturing units in Idaho.

Three complete manufacturing units in Minnesota.

IN PORTSMOUTH, Rhode Island, on June 7th, the *second* of the three great Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants on the Atlantic Seaboard will be opened for service.

The *first* of these Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants was opened in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1921. The *third* is now under construction in the Port of Newark, New Jersey, only 7 miles as the crow flies from the New York City Hall.

Serving 30,000,000 *People*

If you are living anywhere in New England, New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, you are a member of the most concentrated community in America; 30,000,000 men, women and children.

You can imagine the lumber requirements of so many human beings—and their greatest lumber supply today is in the Pacific Northwest.

The two states of Washington and Oregon contain 50 per cent of the total forest reserves of the United States. A sure resource of the finest kind of lumber for many generations.

But—between the *forests* and *you* lies the *whole breadth* of the United States—3,000 miles!

Three weeks, four weeks, by rail—a long costly haul.

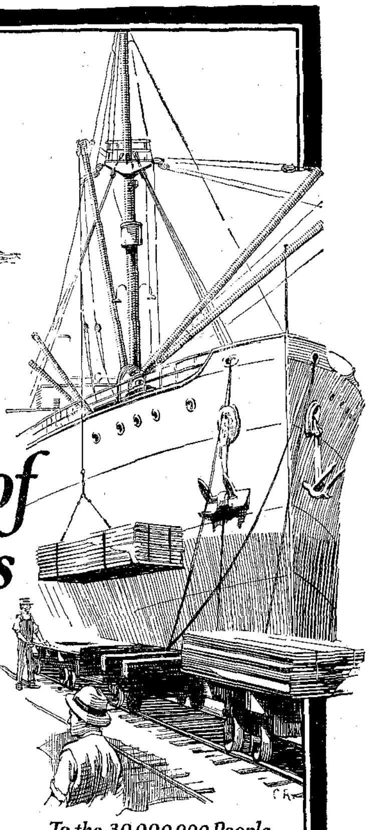
The Meaning of Weyerhaeuser Plants in the East

Baltimore and Portsmouth today (and Newark in the near future) are stocked to the full with fine, wanted varieties of lumber.

Back and forth through the Panama Canal *go* the Weyerhaeuser ships—moving the best forest products of the Pacific Coast right to the very door of the Eastern markets.

A dream—a service unthought of even five years ago.

A supply of lumber continuous for many years—with more and more mills being built to see that the people who depend upon us today shall have good reason to do so tomorrow.



To the 30,000,000 People of the Atlantic Coast by Weyerhaeuser Ships via Panama Canal.

The three Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants will comprise—

A half mile of deep water frontage.

4500 feet of dock.

More than a half mile of loading platform.

Ten miles of railroad trackage.

9500 feet of storage sheds holding 125,000,000 feet of Weyerhaeuser lumber, ready for immediate delivery.

25,000,000 feet of timbers. 3 re-manufacturing plants.

Cheaper water transportation.

Lumber for almost every purpose shipped in 24 to 48 hours.

Quick delivery to dealers all over this section.

Dealer's turnover speeded up.

He is never "out."

His investment is reduced. Economy in piling room.

Emergency stocks for railroads and big industries.

All around an achievement in better service at lower cost, of intimate personal value to everybody.

Supplied by fleet of Weyerhaeuser-*owned* and Weyerhaeuser-*operated* ships carrying cargoes of Weyerhaeuser lumber via the Panama Canal to Baltimore, Portsmouth, and (soon) to Newark.

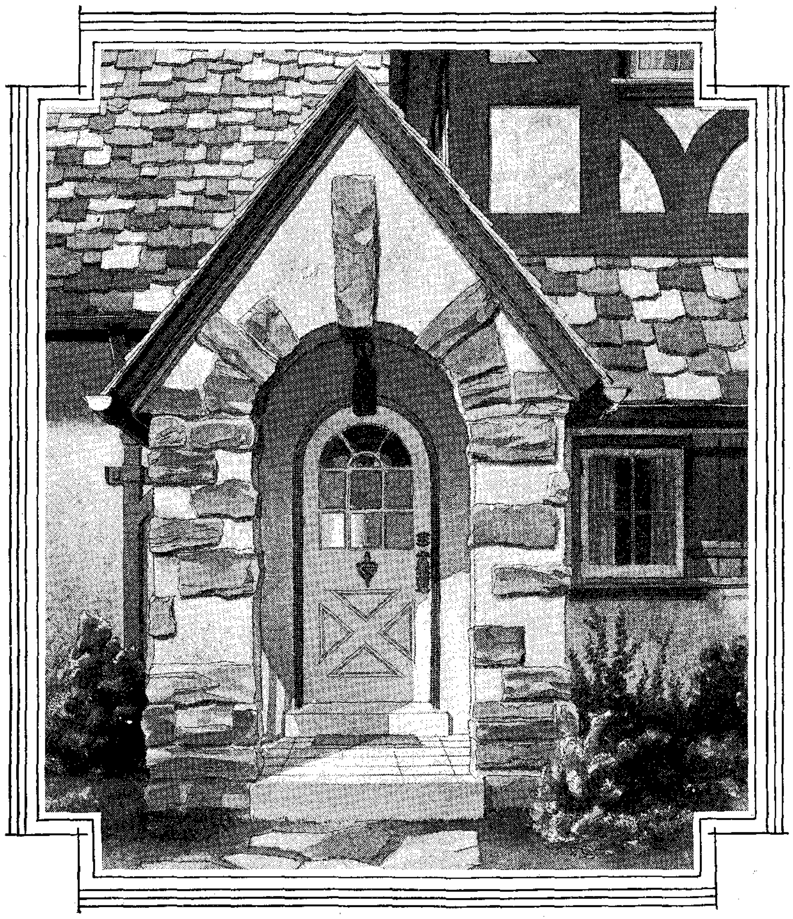
Economical water transportation instead of costly rail haulage.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 285 Madison Ave., New York; 812 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and Portsmouth, Rhode Island; and with representatives throughout the country.

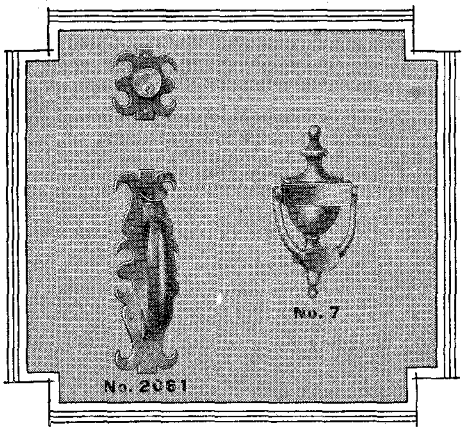


"Come in, Come in"

Pulses quicken and feet hurry before this doorway. Beneath the sheltering porch there is a handle built for friendliest gripping. A cheerful knocker waiting to be sounded . . . Tlock! Tlock! And then a kindly voice fulfilling a doorway's promise of the home behind it . . . "Come in, come in."

YOUR doorway, whatever its style, can be cordial too. From Sargent locks and hardware of solid, time-defying brass or bronze, you may choose just the correct designs, graceful and friendly. The patterns shown owe their inspiration to fine pieces of bygone days. But Twentieth Century craftsmanship has endowed them with new convenience, greater smoothness in operation. It has connected this handle with the most dependable protection of all time—the Sargent Cylinder Lock. Write for the free Colonial Book and plan now, with your architect, for Sargent locks and hardware. Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers,* 40 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE



PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the White House to this English defamer of the author of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Roosevelt revealed the feature of Oliver's book which appealed to him with the amazing statement that "the worship of Jefferson is a discredit to this country."

In this book of Oliver's we have disclosed a stupendous ignorance of the American spirit and of American institutions, reeking with abuse of Jefferson and all his associates. Thus Madison, "Father of the Constitution," is dismissed contemptuously, Monroe is described as a cross between a moron and a blackmailer, Gallatin is falsely described as an "ex-rebel," and Giles is put down as a drunken ignoramus. English readers turning the pages of this book would have a grotesque notion of American politics in the formative years of the republic.

Along with this may be bracketed C. Hartley Grattan's article, "The Sad Case of American Culture," in the same magazine, in which he pays his respects to Thomas Beer's book, "The Mauve Decade," and its criticisms of American life. Mr. Beer holds that the American mind collapsed in the 1890s, when the economic revolution and the Civil War put New England out of the culture business. In fact:

> The confusion of morals with manners apparently inherent in the world that speaks English, had helped the mental lassitude of the Americans to destroy what was honorable in the Bostonian tradition, and from the remains of that tradition welled a perfume of decay, cants, and meaningless phrases: "the nobility of democracy," "social purity," and the like.

Other timely and timeless feature articles in the *International Book Review* for June are as follows:

"New Light on Hawthorne and a Salem Pepys," by Julian Hawthorne; "Finding Romance Among the Money Changers," by Donald Douglas; "Woodrow Wilson Puzzles the Historians," by Edwin L. Shuman; "When New York was a Well-Bred City," by James L. Ford; "A Hard-Hitting Professor in the Ring," by Lionel G. Short: "The Tragedy of Russia's Libraries," by A. M. Nikolaieff; "What Price Authority?," by Mildred Wasson; "Introducing Modern Spain to Modern America," by Cora Carroll Scanlon; "Marco Polo Is Believed at Last," by Wayne Gard; "An Englishman Interprets Thomas Jefferson," by Claude G. Bowers; "Gathering Treasures Among Negro Folk-Songs," by Margaret Widdemer; "John Barrymore Again Achieves the Unexpected," by Philo Higley; "Old Playwrights and Modern Playbooks," by Brander Matthews; Editorial: "The Man Behind the Mask"; "Arrows in the Air," by Mr. Smith; "A Woman Who Tried to Clean up Chicago," by Harold C. Burr; "A Spaniard Puts Us Under the Microscope," by Harry Kurz; "The Beloved Vagabond at Home," by Frances Carson Platt; "A Woman Sees Things in Darkest Haiti," by Stanton A. Coblentz; "The Sad Case of American Culture," by C. Hartley Grattan; "What Ellen Key Did for Women," by Rheta Childe Dorr; "America—Dependent or Independent?" by Katherine Woods; "Bret Harte's Fight to Make a Living," by John W. Crawford; "California's Venerable Woman Laureate," by Maurice T. Andrews; "A Town for Dogs and Dog Lovers," by Gilbert Sevier; "Learning to Sing in the Rain," by Edwin Markham; "New Books for Boys and Girls," by Mary Graham Bonner.

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DODGING DEATH ON THE WIRES

CHILL runs the electric lineman's blood when he hears the sound that means "the burning down or short-circuiting of high-voltage wires." As we are told, he needs no word "to recognize it as a warning of terrible death," for it speaks "with an ominous, sullen roar and a consuming fire." Therefore, according to a veteran, "to work hourly with such a hazard requires presence of mind and a cool head," for the high-voltage lineman "simply doesn't make mistakes and live, short of a miracle." Then the veteran, by name Jules V. Young, goes on to say, "Remember that the next time you pass a lineman working on a pole high up among the wires. You probably never stop to wonder whether they are high-voltage wires or not. And if you do, you say to yourself, 'Oh, well, he has on rubber gloves?' Rubber gloves! when there may be sizzling within six inches of an elbow or an ankle enough death to kill a regiment. One slip of his foot, one careless thrust of a shoulder, one little miscue—blooie!" Writing in *Everybody's*, Mr. Young tells his own story—thus:

> Back in the days when we worked from "can't see" in the morning until "can't see" at night, I broke in with my first line gang. It was down on the desert. The Western Union was stringing wire from El Paso to San Antonio. I asked for a position and I got W-O-R-K.
>
> The foreman put me to "bucking the reel." Now bucking the reel is this: A coil of wire intended to reach a mile and weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds is placed upon a reel which has handles before and behind. Sets of shoulder-harness are supplied the two buckers to help relieve the strain on their arms as they push and pull along. They pick up reel, wire, and all and take out down through the mesquite and cactus, the wire paying off the reel as they walk. There is one consolation, the further you go the lighter the load. But I did not find much joy in that thought, for at the end of the mile lay another full coil to burden our weary backs for the next mile.

To carry the wire up the poles and lay it over the cross-arms, the linemen come up behind them, and Mr. Young says, candidly:

> I thought it would be dandy if I could trade loads with them. I wished all I had to carry was a belt around my waist and spurs upon my feet. And I've wished many a time since that I'd never wished to trade. For subsequently, after bucking that reel through ninety miles of sun, sand, and stickers, I was promoted to wear spurs.
>
> I have been wearing the spurs periodically ever since. And I have had more ups and downs than an elevator—first for the telegraph companies, then for the telephone, and now as a light lineman.
>
> In working overhead there are several distinct sets of wires to be reckoned with. First come the high-voltage transmission lines called "high lines," carrying from 10,000 to 220,000 volts. These run to the various substations where they pass through giant transformers and their energy is sent back out on the lines in the form of "primaries," whose voltage is usually 2,200 or 4,400 volts. The primaries in turn run to transformers located on poles near their immediate centers of distribution where the electricity is further cut down to 110-2,220 volt "secondaries" for house lighting and smaller type motor use. It is the high lines and the primaries which the linemen term "hot stuff."

That "hot stuff" is an awful thing to deal with, the insurance companies fully realize, and Mr. Young tells us, "it is comical to note how hurriedly the insurance agent excuses himself and rushes off to find better prospects when he inadvertently broaches his wares to a lineman." Yet "the game" has its fascination, for all that, and Mr. Young observes: "A man who has learned how to handle himself and his work in the air feels that he has actually 'won his spurs.'" As for the risks he runs.—

> The laws aim at the protection of the men by providing that a three-foot climbing space be left on each side of the pole. All too often this space exists only in the engineer's office, on the blueprint, and not out on the pole where it is needed. In many cases the climber has to weave his way up through the maze of hot wires and circle round and round the pole in order to reach the particular lead where he will work. Contact with any two wires simultaneously, the two broken ends of the same wire, or with one wire and any metal that leads to the ground, will send the current through him.
>
> Sometimes, too, new poles are green and water-soaked, and will conduct electricity. A short time ago there had been a fire on a busy corner and my gang was sent to replace a pole which had been badly burned. The new pole which we were to set up was wet and green, the street was still wet from the firemen's hose, and overhead was a high line carrying 33,000 volts. We hooked our block and tackle onto the old burnt pole and were, by the aid of it, hoisting our new pole up through the wires until it could be dropt into the hole dug for it. I had thoughtlessly seized the butt end of the new pole as it swung clear of the ground and was guiding it into place when, suddenly, one of our boys made a run for me and knocked me sprawling. I arose from the sloppy street, wet, muddy and ready for fight, altho for the life of me I could not see why "Slim" had hit me. I remembered no previous trouble with him.
>
> When I turned on him, there he was grinning at me and shaking his forefinger much in the manner the teacher uses on naughty boys. Then he pointed aloft to where I saw the new pole had hit the lower high-line wire. I also saw instantly that had he not taken such quick action in knocking me clear of the pole, I would have been a "goner." When it and the high-line wire came in contact with one another, the 33,000 volts would have raced down the pole and through my body into the ground, and that would have spelled for me—Finis.

During storms, when everything is wet and ready to conduct electricity, the linemen are more than ever in danger. As Mr. Young remarks, "the winds, or sleet and snow break the wires down, or rubbing against wet limbs they burn down and must be repaired as quickly as possible. To be sure, rubber gloves, boots, slickers,

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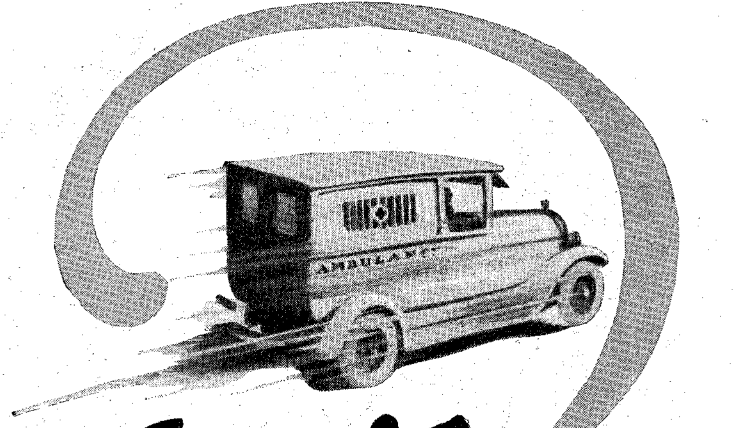

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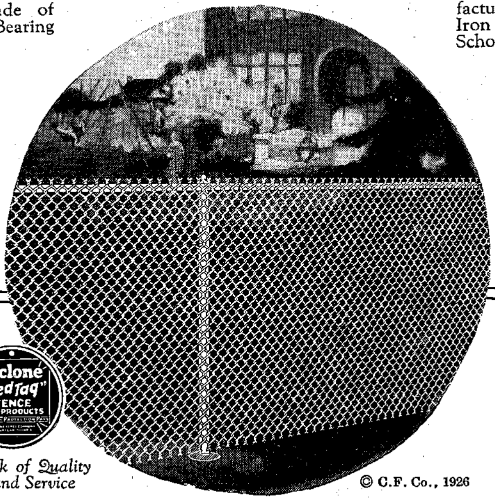

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

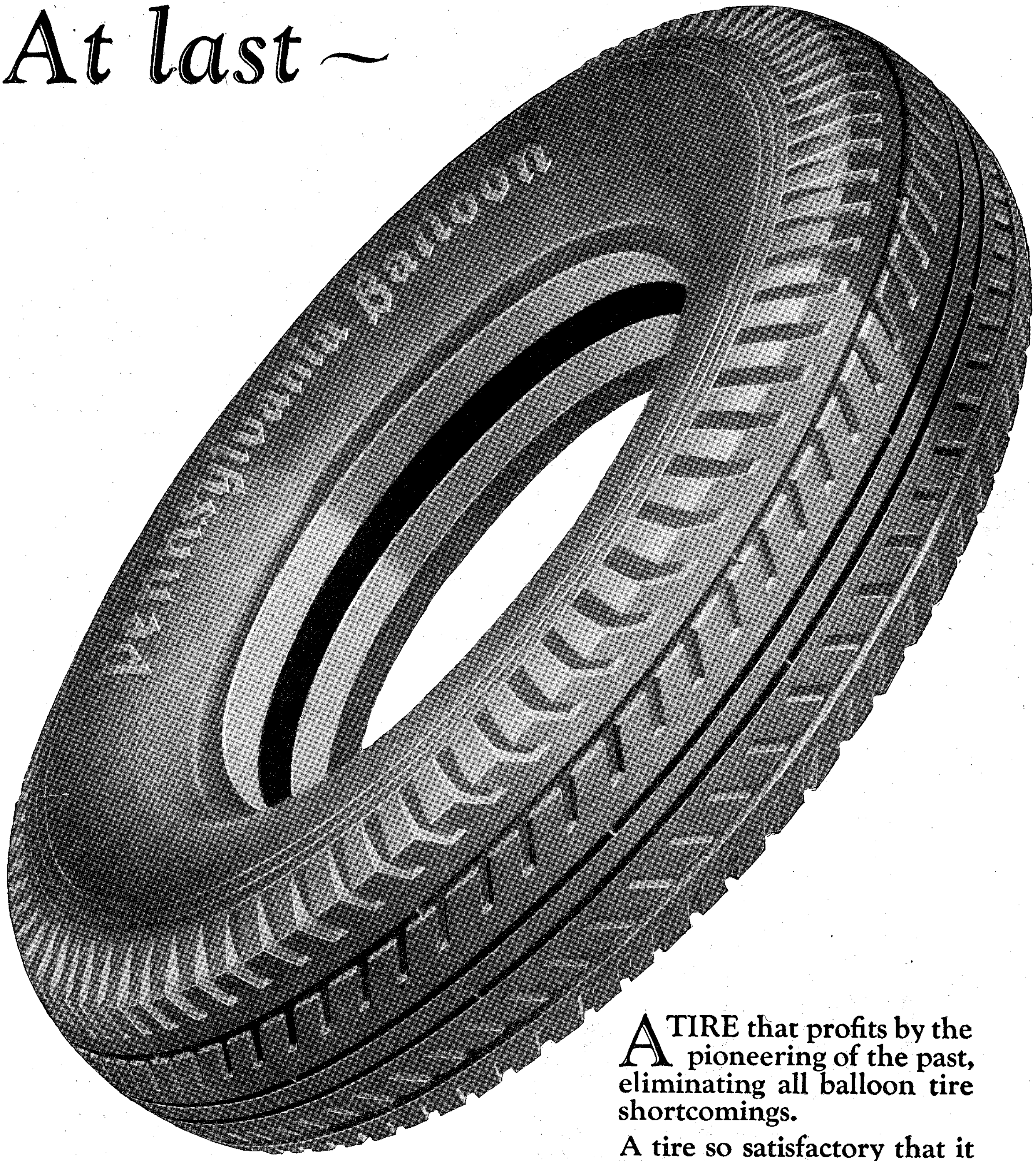
etc., are to be had as well as rubber blankets to insulate the wires. But just picture going aloft on a wet pole in the middle of a stormy night when every volt in the wires is sparkling and crackling to get at you." Reading on—

> Often in wet weather, due to faulty insulators, the pole gets so charged that it is a matter of impossibility to stand on the ground and start the climb up, for to stab the pole with a spur (climber) will knock the lineman down. Under such a condition it is necessary to take a long running jump and spear the pole with both spurs at the same time. Once clear of the ground the climber may proceed on up unharmed.
>
> The power companies endeavor at all times to keep their other wires (primaries and secondaries) at least eight feet from their high lines, but even then lines running parallel to high lines for any great distance are liable to gather to themselves so much of the static electricity thrown off by the high line that they may have voltage enough to kill. It is in handling such seemingly innocent wires as these parallel lines, that linemen often get burned when they fail to take proper precautions.
>
> A year or so ago two men were badly burned while working on one of the intercommunication telephone lines. It had been ordered removed from its position just below a 66,000-volt high line. A take-up reel had been set up in the rear end of a truck where one man, ostensibly safe, was busy reeling in the wire which was lying loose on the cross-arms. The end of the telephone wire caught in passing over a cross-arm, and the strain when it released whipt it up into the 66,000-volt line and down sizzled the 66,000-volts over the telephone wire, through the man in the truck, and along the truck to the bookkeeper who was standing with one foot on the fender and the other on a street-car track. It passed through the bookkeeper and into the car track. Of course the loose end of the telephone line dropt away from the high line immediately afterwards, but in the instant of contact the man at the reel got a hole as big as a tea-cup burned in his leg, and the bookkeeper had half his foot blown away and a hole burned in his side where his metal-backed ledger touched the truck and his side. Both men were rushed to the hospital, and as far as I know both recovered. The poor bookkeeper was the unwitting cause of the accident, for the pneumatic tires of the truck would have protected the lineman from being grounded had the bookkeeper not leaned against the truck while writing.

Happily, no man is allowed to work in "hot stuff" alone on the pole. The law forbids. As Mr. Young tells us,

> There must be two men up there at all times, and it is customary for one to work while the other watches and corrects him if he sees him about to make a mistake. Also he is there to pull the worker loose from the wires should anything happen.
>
> Recently an old-timer in the game said as we stood watching two young linemen making a hot connection on a 4,400-volt line. "Do you know what I do when I'm on the pole with a man? Well, if he is going to make a hot cut or tap one hot wire on to some other wire, I realize that

At last ~



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

he may get caught, so I put on my rubber gloves for protection the same as he does. Also I figure out beforehand just what I am going to do if such a thing happens. Maybe I'm going to pull him loose, or, if I can't reach him, maybe I'm going to cut this wire so as to stop the flow of juice (electricity). All right; now suppose he does get hung up in the hot stuff; I don't have to stop and waste precious seconds thinking what to do, for I've doped it all out beforehand. I act. And by acting quick, I've saved many a man in my time."

When Mr. Young asked him if he had ever been "burned," the old-timer replied, "Oh, yes. I got it once, all right," and told the circumstances:

"You see I was up on a pole where the fire-alarm people had run an iron wire from their underground to their wires overhead and my spur must have been touching this pipe. I had started to release a steel guy rope when some one in the lead down the street a long ways let a 2,200-volt line slack down across the guy wire I had hold of, and it sure got me—froze me so fast to it, I couldn't turn loose. Do you know, it is a funny thing how the human mind retains things. Why, while I was sizzling up there on that wire I remembered everything I'd ever done, things I had not thought of for years. My whole life passed before my conscious mind in those three or four minutes. I promised myself a hundred times in that interval that if I ever got down off of there alive, I'd never climb another pole."

He did get down, not because of any skill of his own, but because workmen, understanding his plight, loosened the wires, and this experience of his with "hot stuff" may serve as a warning to those who, without adopting the lineman's profession, are in the way to expose themselves to the perils of electricity. To all such people Mr. Young sounds a warning—or rather, a series of warnings, in the form of "Don'ts." Says he:

These don'ts are for the average man or woman who never thinks about the menace that may lurk in the electricity that twists and twines all about you. Sometimes in the big cities, where the trolley power transmission is through an underground slot, people will stand, after a sleet or snow-storm, watching some street-cleaner digging out this slot with a wooden bar. Suddenly there is a sizzling flash in the slot and the man who has been straddling it jumps up in the air about a yard. "Stay with it, kid," yells the crowd, laughing at the expression of terror on the poor chap's face. They just don't know what it means to face this menace close up.

Yet every once in a while the time comes when almost any one may have to handle a spitting, twisting, live wire, and it's important to know just what to do. Don't touch a fallen wire, for you can never tell what it may be in contact with. If you must remove it from your path, first secure a dry board, free from metal, then gently push the wire to one side. It is innocent looking, but there may be several hundred volts flowing through it.

Don't, while in the bathtub, touch a light socket or anything that pertains to electricity. In the water or in a wet tub you are what is known as "solidly grounded," and should there be anything wrong with the socket or other apparatus, even the low-voltage light wiring could kill, and many times has killed. That is because, unless help arrives, you would be powerless to pull loose, and the continued shock would end life.

Don't clamber up among the light wires to fasten your radio aerial way up high. Be content to string it a bit lower, for the radio aerial is a dead or solid ground, and your flimsy little circuit breakers will not hold high voltage. Solid grounds are ticklish things to be carrying up among the hot stuff, since electricity has so positive an affinity for the ground.

Don't grab a wire to see if it is alive. If you must know, just tap it with the *back* of your hand. It may, if hot, knock you down or burn you, but your muscles and nerves can not contract and hold you fast for the simple reason that your hand can not close backwards.

Don't, above all things, let your children fly kites using small copper wire in the place of string. Boys sometimes do this very thing, either to cut the other fellow's string, or possibly in emulation of Benjamin Franklin. If the kite wire comes in contact with the high voltage, it usually means—dead boy.

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Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

"The most tremulous stop on the organ does not raise the American movie fan to anything like the pitch of tension that results from the agonized yells, sobs, and prayers of the Arab master of ceremonies, as the villain in a sombrero seizes a paper-knife and chases the heroine around the table. The ride to the rescue is whooped up by such frenzied yells as chill the blood of the Tommy who for the first time hears the Afghans come u-lu-lu-ing down from their hills. And the clinches and fade-out kisses are interrupted in terms of picturesque and detailed passion seldom encountered outside of Burton's translation of 'The Thousand and One Nights.'

"But the best tribute to the enthusiasm of these wild tribesmen for the art of the moving picture, lies in the fact that we have had to change our movie screens from cloth to wood, so as to withstand the showers of sticks, stones and refuse with which the excited spectators, lashed to a frenzy by their spokesman, insist on showering the villain as he reels beneath the blows of the conquering hero.

"For all tired movie men, worn out with conferences and 'yessing,' I suggest as a tonic a visit to a movie presentation anywhere east of Suez."

THE HUMORS OF GEODETIC SURVEY WORK

WHILE pitching camp late one afternoon in a lot near a negro church, some distance from a small town in Mississippi, Mr. J. S. Bilby noticed that two negro boys were watching him as he put up his tent and antennæ. He is a reconnaissance engineer of the Coast and Geodetic Survey; hence the antennæ, for his occupation is a lonely one, and he must somehow keep in touch with the big world. He paid no attention to the negro boys, who presently went away. After supper, he was listening to a program while he got ready to make out his daily reports, when he heard a commotion in the lot outside. "I glanced out," he says, "and saw more than a hundred and fifty negroes driving into the lot in old buggies and wagons." In an article by Donald Edward Keyhoe in a *Bulletin* of the Survey, Mr. Bilby's story runs on:

"I supposed they were going to the church, so I went back to my reports. In a little while one of them put his head in at the door.

"'We-all waiting fo' de show to begin,' he announced.

"Then it dawned on me. The two boys who had been watching me put up my tent had mistaken me for one of those old-time medicine men who draw crowds by a little act or two before trying to sell their tonics or pills. They had evidently spread the word far and wide, for the crowd was getting bigger all the time. I didn't want to disappoint them, for they were good-natured, easy going plantation folk, so I did the best I could. I happened to know that it was 'Old Fiddlers'' night in Jefferson City, so I tuned in and moved the set out to the door.

"Then I split the two headsets and

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Springfield, Missouri

passed them around. It wasn't long before that 'Virginny Reel' music had an effect. In a few minutes the phones were handed on, but the first listeners began making their own music, and they had some mighty good voices, too. That started the whole crowd going, and in a little while they were singing and dancing away, with the radio half forgotten. There was a show all right, but they put it on themselves. It lasted until after midnight."

Another of Mr. Bilby's stories in Mr. Keyhoe's article shows how far out in "the wilds" a geodetic engineer sometimes gets:

"One night I had stopt at a desolate spot in Montana and had rigged up my set so I could get in touch with civilization. While I was listening to an orchestra I heard a noise near the tent and looked up to see a small boy staring at me. I hadn't an idea where he came from, but there he was. He asked me what I was doing. Rather surprized, I told him I was listening on the radio.

"'Radio?' he repeated. 'What's that?'

"When I saw he wasn't joking, I explained the apparatus briefly and handed him the earphones. He listened with his eyes popping out and a scared look on his face.

"'Where's this a-comin' from?' he demanded, pulling off the headset.

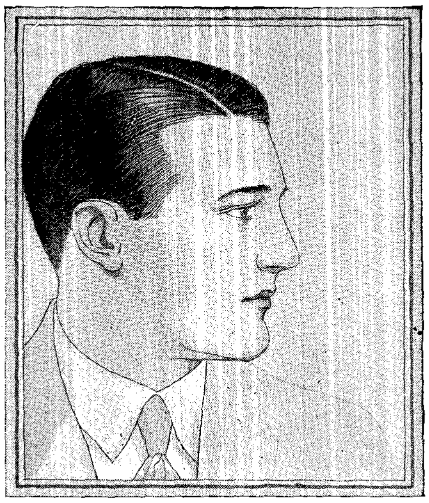
"I told him it was Kansas City, but I saw the name didn't mean anything to him, so I explained it was a large place several hundreds of miles south, in the State of Missouri. That was as far as I got. He backed away and was out of the door before I could say another word. I didn't expect to see him again, but in about an hour a wagon drove up. There was the boy, with his father and mother and the rest of the family, a half-dozen children in all. The boy had run all the way home, wherever that was, to tell them about the music that came out of the air, and they hadn't wasted any time in getting back to see if he was telling the truth. None of them had ever heard of the radio. I tuned in stations all over the country for them, and they never left until the very last one signed off."

However, the funny side of being a reconnaissance engineer is offset by some grim and awful hardships, and Mr. Keyhoe quotes his report written during a blizzard:

"The wind was blowing a gale, and it became so cold my 2-burner gasoline stove would not heat my tent. I took an ordinary 5-gallon motor-oil can and filled it nearly full of water. Leaving off the cap, I placed the can on the stove and waited until the water reached the boiling point, when I turned down the blaze. Then I spread a tarpaulin over my cot so that it came down to the floor on all sides. By putting a lighted lantern underneath I managed to keep my bed warm, while my hot water system warmed the tent. It was fine. If the weather gets any colder I'll just add another can of water."

Even rougher experiences than this may fall to the lot of the reconnaissance engineer, and Mr. Keyhoe tells us:

An extract from one of Mr. Bilby's old reports, reading, "lost half day on account of a storm," gives an interesting sidelight on this typical engineer, when it is explained that the "storm" was later found to be a Kansas tornado which scooped up his tent and all his belongings, scattering them clear into the next county.



Falling hair? Dandruff? Too dry? Too oily? {4 simple answers}

"I AM only twenty," writes a university student, "yet I am already getting bald. What shall I do to prevent this?"

Falling hair. Dandruff. Oily hair. Dry hair. These common troubles worry 8 out of 10 of the many hundreds who ask our advice.

In many cases, the answers lie in the simple Packer Home Treatments discussed below. These treatments, conscientiously followed, will usually restore to hair its normal health and vigor.

Packer's Tar Soap, the basis of the treatments, is as safe and gentle, yet as efficient a shampoo soap as can be made. For over 50 years physicians have recommended it in the care of the hair, scalp and skin.

for DANDRUFF

Authorities find that dandruff is responsible for at least 75% of the cases of falling hair. But dandruff need not result in serious consequences if carefully and properly treated, and treated early. The Packer Method of treatment, based on modern thought, will be found in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for DRY *hair*

Successful shampooing removes the accumulations of surface oil from the scalp. This makes the hair seem dry at first but this dryness is temporary and only noticeable for a day or two. If dryness persists it is probably due to inactivity of the oil glands—a condition requiring special care and treatment. You will find an authoritative treatment for dry hair in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for OILY *hair*

Too oily hair is produced by an over activity of the oil glands. A special treatment for oily hair, including hints on the correct way to massage, is given in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for FALLING *hair*

For falling hair, we recommend the Packer treatment for dandruff, the most common cause of premature baldness or loss of hair (you will find this treatment in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap). If, however, the regular use of this Packer treatment does not stop the loss of your hair, consult your family physician. He may find some underlying cause due to your general health or he may suggest that you see a scalp specialist.

Send 10c for sample and helpful booklet

On receipt of 10c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and our Manual "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." This profusely illustrated little book of 32 pages contains dozens of authoritative hints which will give you real help in keeping your hair healthy and young-looking. It gives in great detail treatments for the hair conditions briefly discussed on this page. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

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packed with every CAKE

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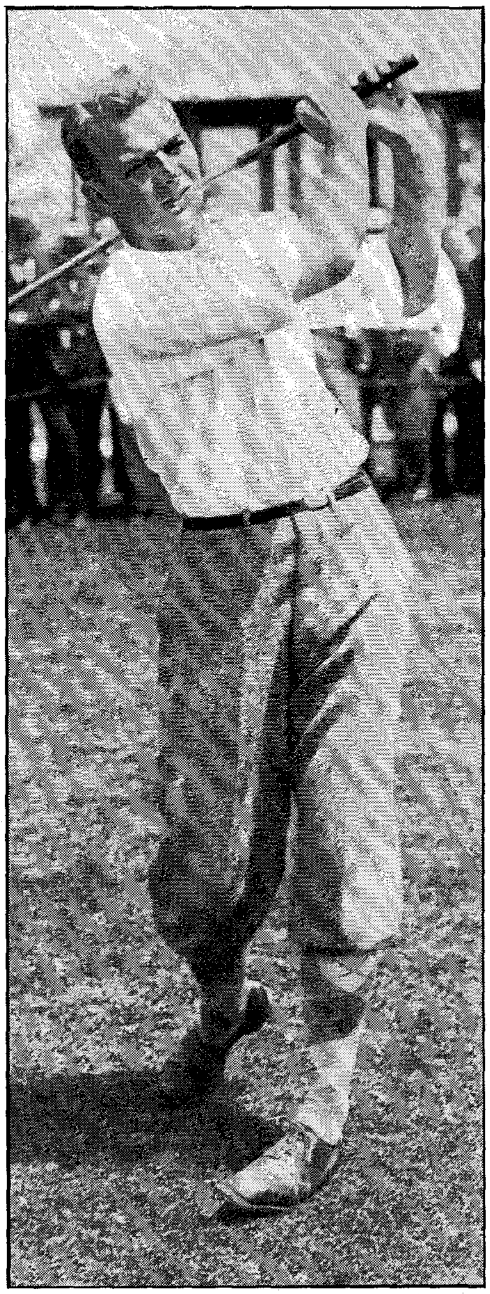
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

JESS SWEETSER'S RIDE ON BRITISH SHOULDERS

"THIS IS WORSE THAN RIDING A CAMEL," panted the first American-born winner of the British Amateur Golf Championship trophy. Amid the "unprecedented enthusiasm" of the spectators on the course at Muirhead, Scotland, Sweetser was carried triumphantly through the crowd to the club-house, a quarter of a mile away. Prior to that he had been almost overwhelmed in the rush to congratulate him—for, as an Associated Press correspondent puts it, "a good golfer is a good golfer with these Scottish crowds, let the strokes come from the clubs of an American or a home star." Generous rites of festivity marked the occasion. "The widespreading eighteenth green was set like a great carpeted stage, with the trophy won by Sweetser gleaming in the sunlight on a table in the center. Crowds massed twenty deep around the green, and near the cup gathered members of the Honorary Company of Edinburgh Golfers, officials of the U. S. G. A. and famous figures of the golfing world." The new champion's appearance on the festive scene, we read, was somewhat delayed by Scotch lads and lassies, who flocked around him with their autograph books and their congratulations as soon as he emerged from the club-house. The modest Jess, finding himself the center of 5,000 buzzing fans, seemed inclined for flight, but the crowd hemmed him in. However, a lane was finally opened for him, and he was welcomed by S. Gillon, captain of the Honorable Company's team. From which point we quote the dispatch:

> "My lords, ladies and gentlemen," said Gillon, "are we downhearted?"
>
> Cries of "No, no," came back from the crowd.
>
> "The Amateur Championship has gone to a citizen of the United States," he continued; "it's happened before and, I fear, will happen again, unless the youth of Scotland take to-day's result as a lesson and in the future devote more time to the ancient game.
>
> "There is no doubt that the best man won. Sweetser is a complete golfer, armed with every possible stroke a golfer should have. I hope he will come back to Britain and defend his title, and I hope that we will beat him."
>
> As Gillon presented the trophy to Sweetser, cries for a speech from the crowd brought modest response from Sweetser.
>
> "I will come back and I will be beaten," said the new champion, who paid tribute to his opponent's effort to carry on when apparently beaten this afternoon. He asserted that Simpson's remarkable recovery from a trap at the thirteenth and his wonderful putt would ever be remembered in the history of golf.
>
> Sweetser said the galleries at Muirfield had been very fair and declared that "my good shots were applauded more than my opponent's were."



International Newsreel photograph

HIS STYLE IS SWEET, SIR

And Jess Sweetser is the first native American to lift the British Amateur Championship mug—Travis having been of Australian birth.

In describing Sweetser as the first American-born holder of the British amateur title, one does not forget the triumph of Walter J. Travis, but one remembers that Travis, altho a truly American golfer, is an Australian by nativity. The historical aspects of the case, as well as the dramatic features of Sweetser's victory, are handled by Anthony Spalding in a copyrighted wireless from Muirhead to the New York *Times*, from which we quote:

> After an interval of more than twenty years an American golfer has won the British open amateur golf championship. The honor goes to Jess Sweetser and his distinction is not barren, for there were many lions in his path, including Francis Ouimet, J. D. MacCormack, Irish champion; Alan Cave, Oxford Varsity Captain, and Robert Scott, last year's champion and the most experienced player in Glasgow.
>
> In the final he was face to face with Alfred Simpson of the Lothian Burn course. This course is on the spur of the Pentland Hills, and is so short that brassie play is unnecessary and is unknown to the best players. Simpson came to Muirfield without such a club in his bag and his ignorance of the use of that club made the contest unequal. Jess won by 6 and 5. There was a difference of class between the two players at the same time. One finished playing his shots after the manner of a professional; and the other, while good from the tee, confident at 150 yards from the hole and deadly on the green, was the weakest man ever seen with his intermediate shot to the green in a championship.
>
> Simpson tees the ball high and when he hits it falls back slightly, with the result that often he had a cut on the ball. On the other hand, Sweetser delivered the goods expected of champions. His tee shots were long and straight, with the reserve of power on which to draw when necessary. With magnificent and controlled iron shots and steady if not brilliant putting he really never was prest and took four over fours for the thirty-one holes.
>
> The victory was witnessed by about 6,000 persons. The match was one-sided, commencing with Simpson finding two traps at the first hole through hitting a cleek shot off the bank. Jess half topped two shots with his wood and may have been a trifle lucky to win. Simpson was bunkered, but holed a twenty-footer to save the third and when he holed a fifty-foot run-up at the next the Scottish crowd became delirious with joy. Simpson putted at the fifth and sixth as if the hole were a benevolent soup tureen. He became 1 up, but topped an iron shot and lost the short seventh. He became entangled in the rough and sand and lost the eighth, turning 2 down. Sweetser was out in 38 to Simpson's 41.
>
> Jess went on merrily shooting par while the bunkers at the twelfth and thirteenth turned Simpson's cake into dough. At the fifteenth Simpson showed the first crack in his armor. He missed a five-foot putt and became 3 down. Simpson's attitude was revealed at last. Safety first was his motto. He went to lunch 4 down. Sweetser made the round in 75 to Simpson's 82.

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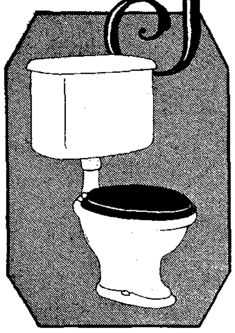
Specialization is producing finer toilet seats of every type for all buildings



THE Never Split Seat Company has specialized in the manufacture of toilet seats of all types in both hard rubber and wood, the only practical materials.

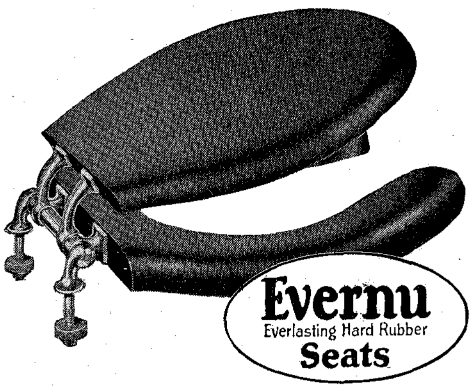
This specialization has resulted in the pioneering of improvements and the development of better toilet seats. It has made the name "Never Split Seat Company" the identification mark of the finest material and construction.

The company makes a seat for every installation need. There is a model, in both hard rubber and wood, to fit every bowl. The quality ranges from the least expensive to the finest. And regardless of price each seat is guaranteed.

Whether you are interested in the selection of equipment for a home, hotel, industrial plant, or public school, consult your architect about the toilet seat specifications. With this company's complete line to select from he can recommend the model you need at the price you want to pay.

If the seat you have in your home now is worn and unsightly ask your plumber to install a Never Split or Evernu Seat in the material and finish you prefer.

Never Split wood and Evernu hard rubber seats are specified by architects and sold by plumbers *only* everywhere because they give the longest service at the least cost. A complete catalog and sample cross-section will be mailed on request.



Evernu Hard Rubber Seats are everlasting, always new. Nothing compares with hard rubber as a material for toilet seats. No joints to open up. No finish to wear off. The beautiful ebony appearance of the seat is as durable as the rubber itself. The smooth surface is germ-proof and sanitary. This construction eliminates all repairs or replacements and makes Evernu the most economical toilet seat that can be installed.

Never Split
Wood Toilet
SEATS

Never Split Seats are the most durable and sanitary wood seats made. The quarter-sawed sections are joined by bolts concealed in the wood. So tight is the grip of the bolts, so accurately fitted are the tongue and grooves that the seat cannot split or come apart. This famous "bolted-joint" construction has been the standard of comparison for twenty years. Never Split Seats are made of various fine woods and finished in mahogany, oak and genuine white "Duco."

NEVER SPLIT SEAT COMPANY

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.
Founded 1905

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURER OF TOILET SEATS IN THE WORLD

Your Car Needs 3-in-One

How easily and quickly you can stop many squeaks in hinge, lock, windshield, hood cover or fender when you keep a Handy Can of 3-in-One in a door pocket!

And how much unnecessary wear and repair bills you can save by using 3-in-One regularly on the auxiliary apparatus upon which the satisfactory operation of your car depends—generator, starter, timer, horn, windshield wiper!

3-in-One
Prevents Rust- OILS - Cleans & Polishes

Rust and tarnish on nickeled parts are easily prevented by rubbing with 3-in-One. It penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a protective film that won't easily rub off. Keeps radiator shell, motometer, door handles always shining bright. Saves re-nickeling.

Clean windshield and windows with 3-in-One by pouring a little into the wash water. Dip cloth in the oily water. Wring nearly dry before using. Polish with dry cloth.

Clean and polish enamel with 3-in-One by wringing out a cloth from cold water and applying a few drops of 3-in-One to cloth. Rub a small surface at a time. Use dry cloth for polishing.

3-in-One is a high quality oil compound—not an ordinary straight-run mineral oil. Ask for it by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

Sold by auto accessory, hardware, drug, grocery and other stores, everywhere, in three sizes of bottles as well as the Handy Oil Cans.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130SP. William St. New York, N. Y.
32 Years of Continuous Service

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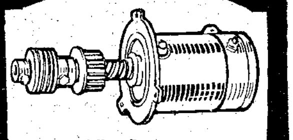
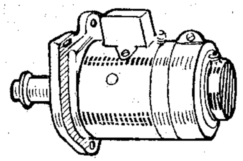
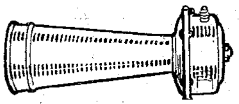


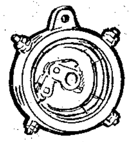
The Starter
has a high power electric motor, which needs good oil regularly, just like any other motor. 3-in-One is highly recommended.



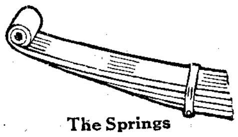
The Generator
has a small dynamo that operates whenever your engine is running. 3-in-One, applied frequently, saves repair bills.



The Horn
has a small electric motor requiring high grade, light oil to prevent unnecessary wear. The manufacturers of Sparton Horns strongly recommend 3-in-One.



The Ford Timer
That important little device, on the front of the motor, which "fires" each cylinder at exactly the right time, will give more satisfactory service and last longer if cleaned and oiled with 3-in-One.



The Springs
As a lubricant to cure or prevent spring squeaks, use 3-in-One and save possible breakage, which happens so often when spring leaves rust.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

The contingency of American victory had deepened into a certainty.

In the afternoon round, we are told, "it was more a question of how deep the Scotsman's grave would be dug than of any chance Simpson had." To summarize:

> Jess went on playing winning shots. Simpson continued to make mistakes.
>
> The latter topped and found the sand and lost the first hole, but his putting did not desert him. A four-yarder saved the second and a ten-yarder won the fourth in a birdie two. Jess missed one of 18 inches and on the fifth hole was only 3 up.
>
> This was Simpson's last spasm of virtuous reaction. He again topped his iron to the seventh, where Sweetser, who was rewarded by a big cheer, made a great shot to two yards from the pin. He was not asked to hole out. At the ninth Simpson was in a bunker, where he pounded the ball as if it were in a mortar. Sweetser's ball was a yard from the hole for a par, and he turned 5 up.
>
> The bunkers at the twelfth opened up and swallowed Simpson, and the players came to the short thirteenth, where the bunkers face the players as Banquo's murdered ghost faced Macbeth. The slopes were black with the crowd, who seemed to think it the place to get the value of their admission money. Sweetser's ball came along over and past the traps. Simpson went into one. Simpson disappeared into the bunker with the ball, which came up and was holed in a final long putt. His courage went straight to the spinal marrow of the crowd, but Jess was remorseless. He got his 3 and with it his crown of victory.
>
> The crowd cheered wildly for Jess and afterward for Simpson. Both players were carried to the last green, where Sweetser made a speech and paid a neat compliment to Simpson.
>
> "When you are dormie 6," he said, "and your ball happens to curl into a bunker and you get out and hole the putt, well, that's what we call stomach in America."
>
> No words he could have uttered would have received more appreciation. They were the truth and were deserved by Simpson.
>
> W. C. Fownes, head of the United States Tennis Association, told me the Americans found it impossible to say in words what was in their hearts about the course of their hosts and the delightful impartiality of the Scottish crowd. There will always be a bit of a joss stick for Muirfield smoldering in the American heart, for the people here had shown them many kindnesses.

Reviewing the repeated American attempts to lift the British mug, William D. Richardson writes in the same newspaper:

> In 1904, at Sandwich, Walter J. Travis, forty-two years old at the time, defeated the long-hitting Edward Blackwell in the final round and thus brought the trophy to his home club, the Garden City Golf Club, on a year's leave.
>
> Since then all of our leading amateurs, singly or as teams, have attempted to duplicate Travis's feat, but until yesterday, when Jess Sweetser of Siwanoy and Winged Foot defeated A. S. Simpson, in the final

round at Muirfield, their efforts have been frustrated. In 1909 Jerry Travers, then Travis's only serious rival, our amateur champion at the time, made the journey and was beaten in the very first round by an unknown.

In 1914 Travers went over again. Meanwhile he had won his fourth American championship. But the same thing happened. In 1911 Chick Evans, then on his way to a career fully as brilliant as those of Travis and Travers, tried his hand at duplicating Travis's performance, but proved a dismal failure. In 1914 Travers and Evans were joined by young Francis Ouimet, who had defeated Vardon and Ray the year before in a play-off for the open championship in another invasion. Travers went out in the first round, and Ouimet and Evans went tumbling soon after.

The year before, however, a more or less obscure golfer, Heinrich Schmidt of St. Louis, went over and advanced to the sixth round, where he lost out only after a nineteenth-hole match with the eventual winner, Harold Hilton.

The war came on in 1914 and put an end to golf championships abroad for five years, but when they were resumed in 1920 America again began casting envious eyes over the water. It was in that year that Robert A. Gardner, happening to be abroad on a pleasure trip at the time, decided to try a lone hand in the championship. And he came within an ace of doing the very thing that Sweetser has done. Reaching the semifinal stages by defeating Gordon Lockhart, Gardner next defeated the Hon. Michael Scott and went into the final, where he had Cyril Tolley as his opponent. Against Tolley he was 2 up and 2 to play and seemingly had the championship won. Tolley, however, squared the match by winning both the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth holes and then won out on the first extra green by holding a long putt almost from the edge.

Gardner's near-victory produced great interest in international golf, and the following year, 1921, an informal team went over for the championship, and while abroad inaugurated what has since come to be known as the Walker Cup matches. On the 1921 team were Bobby Jones, Ouimet, W. C. Fownes, Evans, J. Fred Wright, Paul Hunter, Guilford and J. Wood Platt. Guilford was eliminated in the second round, as was Ouimet. Fownes and Evans were opponents in the third round, and Evans went out. The fourth round saw the finish of Jones and Fownes; the fifth of Paul Hunter. Then in the sixth round the last of the Americans, Wright, was beaten by Bernard Darwin.

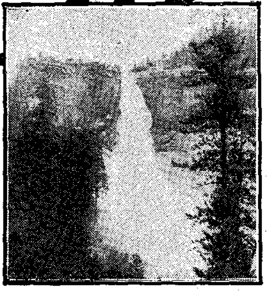
America mustered another strong invading force in 1923, Gardner heading up a team that consisted of Jones, Sweetser, Harrison Johnston, Max Marston, George Rotan, Ouimet, Dr. O. F. Willing, S. Davidson, Herron, Wright, Robert Hunter, Guy M. Standifer, Reginald M. Lewis and J. F. Neville. The only heavy casualties in the first round were Gardner and Sweetser, each of whom was defeated by an opponent of far lesser magnitude. Hunter, Johnston and Herron evacuated in the second; in the third Marston and Wright met defeat, and in the fourth Neville and Rotan.

Wethered defeated Willing in the fifth round and Ouimet in the semifinal after Francis had defeated Tolley in the sixth, which was played in the morning.

Sweetser's prospects were "not given a passing thought" by golf students until

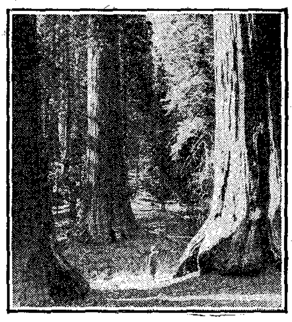
California

many
vacations
in one!



California has four National parks full of scenes like this.

SEASHORE and mountains—city and country—golf and motoring—fishing and dancing—your California vacation may include all of these—and all in one day!

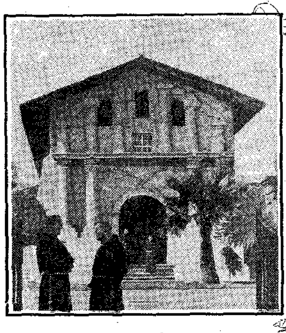


Redwoods—oldest living things!

Cool San Francisco—whence you start for everywhere—will delight you beyond words. Sparkling, invigorating, beautiful! With its great landlocked harbor and blue ocean, its majestic Golden Gate, the gateway to Hawaii and the Orient. Its hotels and restaurants are world-famous, its very streets distinctive. You may choose among twenty golf courses (two municipal), or fill your days with picturesque motor trips, or explore Chinatown, the waterfront, Golden Gate Park—a dozen fascinating interests.

It's Easy to Travel

In California railways and highways take you everywhere—even into the very heart of the high Sierra, whose snow-clad peaks stand guard over countless mountain camps—on lakes of azure blue or by rushing mountain rivers. Four great National Parks—Yosemite, open all year, with its 1000 square miles of scenery; Lassen Volcanic, with hot springs and fishing; Sequoia and General Grant, with thousands of giant Redwoods—present their varied appeals. Redwood forests, centuries old, stretch for hours along the great Redwood highway that reaches northward from San Francisco to Oregon. And the old Spanish Missions, starting with Mission Dolores in San Francisco, still delight the traveler along the Mission Highway leading south. There are dozens of clean, uncrowded ocean beaches, with cool days and nights, each a delightful summerland where you will wish to linger.



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Give yourself "many vacations in one" this year in California! You will enjoy every hour. Californians Inc., a non-profit organization, will gladly help you plan your trip. Remember—

San Francisco is America's Coolest Summer City

Where summer comes early and stays late.
Average Summer Temperature 58°

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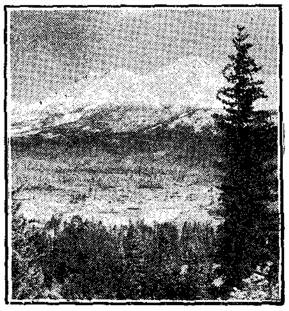

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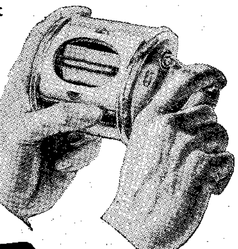

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

this year's championship games started. It is explained:

For one thing Jess has played but little golf since he finished college and took up a business career. For another he did not seem particularly keen on the game. There was still another reason for a lack of enthusiasm regarding his chances. It was felt that his type of game was not exactly adapted to conditions abroad. He plays most of his shots high, his forte being the high pitch shot. His tee shots are also of the sky-scraper sort. It was thought that the winds ordinarily encountered in England would play havoc with him. That had been his experience in 1923 when he was at the peak of his glory and there was no reason to believe that he would fare any better this time, even discounting the fact that Muirfield is not considered one of the worst so far as wind is concerned.

The four from whom most was expected were Jones, Von Elm, Evans and Ouimet. Being the amateur champion and enjoying the reputation of being the greatest amateur golfer ever produced in this country and probably the world, Bobby was installed as a prime favorite. Evans, while not chosen for the Walker Cup team, was supposed to be back in old-time form; Ouimet's play in England three years ago when he won the St. George's Vase and went to the championship semifinal and his showing at Worcester last year justified the hope that he might win; and Von Elm has long been fancied as a golfer second only to Jones himself.

But one by one our flowers withered away. On the first day our successes were great, for all of our giants survived. Then the carnage started. On the second day Roland Mackenzie, Von Elm and Gardner expired, Von Elm at the hands of Ouimet, against whom he was drawn. On the third day, Evans, playing his first round, crumpled in ruins and Ouimet went with him. On the fourth day Guilford and Watts Gunn dropt and on the fifth Bobby Jones, who had previously crusht the British champion, Robert Harris, was ushered out by a comparatively unknown golfer. Only Sweetser remained and he came through. What brought him through, no doubt, as much as his golf was his great fighting spirit, for next to Hagen there is no better match player in America.

The feeling regarding Sweetser's chances of being the first American-born to win the British amateur championship was much the same as it was in 1922 when he left for the Brookline championship. Then, except for the few metropolitan district golfers who had seen him break course record after course record and take the measure of one professional after another, no one had any idea that he would gain the American title. Those who knew him and who had played with him and watched him play knew that he had the golf necessary to win—and win he did!

No one who has ever won a national title had to surmount the obstacles that beset Sweetser at that time. Among his victims were Willie Hunter, winner of the British championship the year before; Jones, Guilford and finally Evans. One after another he defeated the master of the run-up shot, the mightiest hitter in the field, the master with wood and iron and one of the greatest brassie and mashie artists. Before he attained his majority

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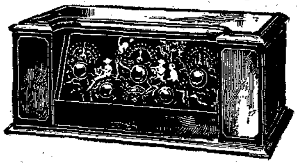

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he had gained the championship—the youngest golfer in history ever to win the title.

What was even more striking was the fact that in order to win it against such an array Sweetser was called upon to play only 153 holes, another record. Only once during the entire week's play was he ever down to an opponent. That was to Guilford, who at one time had a two-hole lead. No match went beyond the thirty-fourth hole.

Sweetser's competitive experience previous to Brookline was limited to the summer, for both at Exeter, where he "prepped," and at Yale he went in for the more strenuous forms of athletics and played the royal and ancient game only during his vacations.

From early childhood, however, he had a great aptitude for the game. He started out at St. Louis when he was nine years old, his instructor being Innis Miller, who saw that the youngster had an unorthodox style, but who knew enough to let him continue, gradually remolding it, however. Jess's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Sweetser, were both devoted to the game and encouraged him, with the result that by the time the boy was eleven years old he had established a record for the Normandie course. When his parents moved to New York and Jess went to Exeter he did little golfing, and it was not until he went to Yale that he blossomed out as a real star. He won the intercollegiate title for Old Eli at Apawamis in 1920, but, entering the 1921 championship without previous practise, lost to J. Simpson Dean's inspired game, in the final.

Making his first bid for the Metropolitan title in the Lakewood tournament of 1922 he won the event and repeated last year. He went to Flossmoor to defend his amateur title in 1923 and came within an eyelash of repeating. After traveling to the final round he was beaten by Marston in a thirty-eight-hole match in which two stymies figured, one which Sweetser negotiated on the thirty-sixth green to keep the match alive and one on the finishing hole.

He has been a member of every Walker Cup team, but ill luck has pursued him in the international event, his record being two wins and four losses. Numerous course records hereabout have fallen prey to his unerring eye. Before the Brookline event he was breaking them right and left and at Brookline he had a 69 in one round. His most renowned scoring achievement, however, is one that he registered at Pine Valley last year when he played the much-feared Clementon layout four times in two days and had three 69s to show for his efforts.

Sweetser was married during the past winter, his bride being Miss Agnes Isabel Lewis of Toronto. They now live in Bronxville near his parents' home and that of his brother, Ted.

When Sweetser came through so gloriously at Brookline his victory started a discussion as to methods—something that always happens whenever a golfer with an unorthodox style wins. Sweetser's style is unorthodox. His method of hitting tee shots is very restricted. It is a three-quarter swing at most, delivered with a punch that gets the ball well out. It was a trick Jess took from Chick Evans, who has one of the shortest, yet one of the most controlled swings of any. His best club is his spade mashie and his mashie niblick. Like Kirkwood, he carries but few implements—nine in all.

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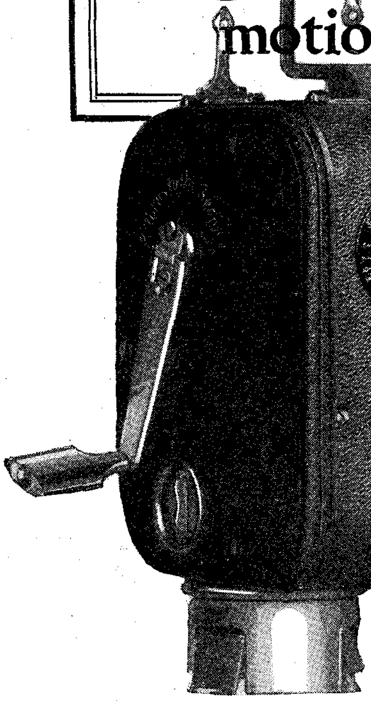

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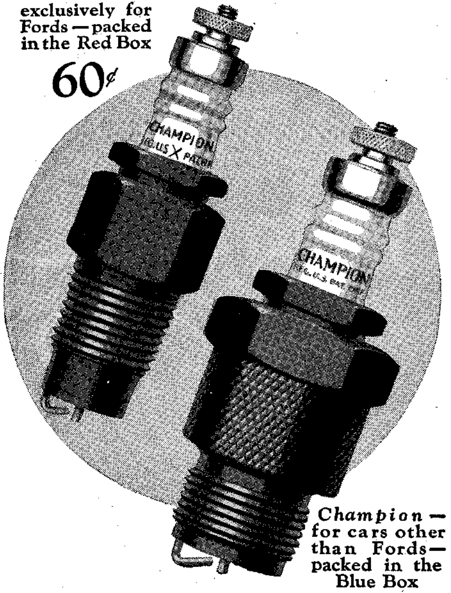

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

PROFESSOR RUTH AND DR. COBB TICKLE A HIGHBROW CRITIC

HOW to enjoy baseball esthetically would seem to be the theme of a graphic little narrative which begins with the astonishing assumption that some persons—presumably the highest of high-brows—"feel contemptuous toward professional baseball." Some such hypothetical killjoy is depicted in the act of remarking that the game is "a delightful thing to hold as a sentimental memory along with boyish pranks and the old swimming hole," but that "the prospect of sitting still among a large crowd of people and watching experts perform for money appears as something less than fascinating." And then the writer, Morris Markey, proceeds—in *The New Yorker*—to knock down his straw man with this account of his own esthetic reactions to what seems to have been an edifying duel of wits between Prof. Babe Ruth and old Dr. Ty Cobb:

> On a brilliant Sunday afternoon, not long ago, I went out to the Yankee Stadium to watch the New York team play against Detroit. Generally, when I find myself in a comfortable seat in that immense enclosure, I am not vastly concerned whether they ever begin the game or not. I find a place in the full sunshine and let my eyes rove between the dazzling green of the outfield and the majestic sweep of the stand itself: watching the crowds with their commonplace, eager faces, and following the long, curving flight of a hard-hit ball.
>
> I like my seat in the sun, and it is doubly pleasant because there is no crush of people in my immediate vicinity. In the shaded sections of the stand, of course, you will find the enthusiasts packing themselves into the very aisles. New Yorkers, you see, have no inherent feeling for the sun. Their whole impulse is to avoid it. It does not mean to them a beneficent God who makes flowers bloom or draws bread out of long, brown furrows, but merely an unavoidable phenomenon that turns milk sour on the door-step and increases the rate of sudden deaths during July and August.
>
> These idle speculations, as I say, are usually amusement enough to occupy the afternoon. But on this particular day I found a sharp interest in the contest itself. For on the Detroit team there is a player named Cobb, and on the New York team one named Ruth. These individuals share, almost equally, a fame that is identified not only with superior talent but with a definite dramatic power. It would be interesting to see them opposed.
>
> But before the game started, I was conducted by a friend to the bench where the players sit. We met a number of pleasant, brown-faced youths, and sat chatting with them for a time. And as we talked with these lads, watching their bright, eager eyes and listening to their earnest voices, I reflected upon the notion, held by not a few wise critics, that baseball players are concerned only with the money they make. It seemed a singular idea.

Of course, admits Mr. Markey, they are paid for playing. "The world has always

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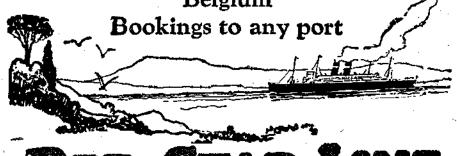

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paid the fellows who amused it, whether they were poets or painters or gladiators or clowns," but—

Money is simply another tangible manifestation of applause. The payment of a salary, whether big or little, could have precious little effect, I thought, upon the native fervor of these young men for conflict, for playing a game that is to them both pleasant and exciting.

I asked one of our new acquaintances why it was that baseball players had never formed an effective union as, for instance, the actors have.

He laughed. "Hell!" he said. "This ain't a coal mine: it's a ball-yard. It would be a lot of satisfaction, now wouldn't it, to sit down and read over your union card after you'd struck out in the ninth with the bases full?"

The game began. And only a citizen blest with the most urbane indifference could have restrained his excitement, as it progressed from inning to inning. Very few of the thousands who were watching seemed concerned over the outcome. Whether they reached their conclusion by philosophy or by instinct, they made it plain that their interest was in the striving after victory, not in victory itself. And I have rarely seen such desperate striving after anything as those eighteen players displayed under the bright sun.

Entirely apart from the game itself, there was a minor conflict, apparent every moment, between Cobb and Ruth. It was a very pretty thing to watch, and full of drama, too. A baseball field is perhaps the most difficult place on earth for one individual to appear glamorous and personally dramatic. He is surrounded by seventeen other individuals, drest much the same way. They are performing the same movements that he performs, and nobody is concerned with providing a setting for one particular star.

On the stage, we are reminded, the chief actor always wears the best clothes, has the best lines to recite, and—

He has a whole flock of minor players who subdue themselves that his brilliance may be highly contrastful. A matador in a bull ring has time for posing, and the beast which he fights is distasteful to the throng.

But on this baseball field, with no trappings to aid them, I assure you that Mr. Ruth and Mr. Cobb became personally, and quite irresistibly, compelling and dramatic. Ruth came to bat. There was a man or two on base and the score was close. At first there was a throaty cheer from the multitude, but after a moment, as he stood there motionless at the plate, his bat poised at his shoulder, a dead hush fell. The air seemed to tighten, as if under some pressure which threatened to release itself in a moment with a terrific explosion. The outfielders drifted casually back against the fences. The pitcher glanced around to see that all was well. Even the peanut vendors paused in their shouting, and turned to watch.

Well, the pitcher gave Mr. Ruth his base on balls. The giant of a fellow trotted angrily down to first base, and stood there, glowering toward a laughing figure in center field. You see. The base on balls might have been an anticlimax except that Mr. Cobb had ordered it deliberately, just to confuse his opponent. The crowd saw Cobb laugh, and understood, and laughed too.

The next inning, Cobb came to bat. He is a merry figure at the plate, unlike the

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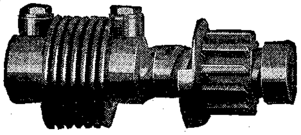

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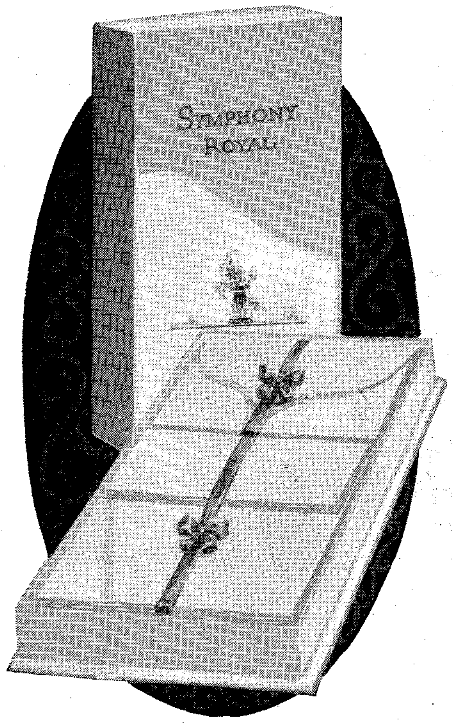

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

brooding Ruth. For he is getting old, and he would not play at all but for the fun of moments like this. The hush fell again, except for one or two mocking cries that floated down to the batsman from the bleachers. He had placed himself in a position, you see, where he must perform well or make himself ridiculous.

And he performed well enough to bring the throng to its feet roaring with laughter and with cheers. For he swung at the first ball pitched and drove it in a long, lifting flight, fairly into the bleachers. It was a home run. And it had landed in the very spot where Mr. Ruth himself is wont to knock home runs. Cobb laughed, and gestured derisively as he loped around the bases. And a moment later, still derisive, he acknowledged the cheers by striking an absurd attitude and lifting his cap to display his bald spot.

I don't remember who won. It doesn't make any difference. But I had spent an afternoon in the sunshine, with bright green grass to soothe my eyes. I had been excited, too, and vastly amused. I had seen a game which is not without its esthetic qualities when well performed. And I had observed the spectacle of 55,000 people transformed from money-grubbing human animals, with bills to meet and bosses to please, into a holiday throng, with laughter in their voices and contentment in their eyes. For these things, I grow enthusiastic over professional baseball.

MORE "KICK" IN THE PIGEONS THAN IN THE PONIES

HE WAS registered as "Dallas 7123," and that was the only name he had, or cared to have. The fact that it sounded like a telephone number didn't bother him a bit. While hardly more than a baby he was sold by Carl Hester, of Dallas, who had bred him, to a Georgia man—Guy Tabler, secretary of the Atlanta Homing Pigeon Club. Which reminds us that "Dallas 7123" was himself a homing pigeon; and such a baby was he when he changed masters that his head was still crowned with fluffy down. He flourished in Atlanta, and by the time he was five months old he looked like a regular bird. Here we will let Mr. Tabler continue the story, as reported in the Atlanta *Journal* by Peggy Mitchell:

"I thought it time to begin training him for races. The methods of training birds are to gradually increase the flying distance. First I took him only a mile from home and turned him loose. He was home before I was. Next day I took him to Buckhead, and he came home. Finally I sent him to Gainesville and requested the station master to turn him loose.

"'Dallas' didn't come home at all that time. I thought perhaps he had fallen by the wayside and that some one had picked him up and, seeing Carl Hester's band around his leg, had notified Mr. Hester in Dallas. I wrote to Mr. Hester immediately and received word that 'Dallas 7123' had flown all the way to his old home—almost a thousand miles!"

The Atlanta Homing Pigeon Club last month conducted its long-distance races across the water from Havana. In fact, both Cuba and Canada are included in the field of the American Racing Pigeon Union, with which the Atlanta Club is affiliated, and which has a membership of almost 300 clubs. Comparing the thrills of pigeon-racing with those of horse-racing, Mr. Tabler pronounces the former "a much more exciting sport," because:

"In a horse-race, you can see your horse and jockey from the moment the tape is down until the final line is crossed. But in a pigeon race, you only get a wire from Washington or Jacksonville that your birds have been released along with your competitor's, and then there are long hours of excitement while you wait for your bird to fly home, with that unerring instinct of homing pigeons, and check in at his loft."

Mr. Tabler, who has been interested in raising and racing homing pigeons all his life, has recently completed a new loft for his feathered racers in the rear of his home in Morningside. It looks very much like a bird bungalow, for each pigeon couple has an individual apartment, including a bird bath and a place in which to raise its family. However, Mr. Tabler says modestly that all the members of the club pet and pamper their birds in like manner and treat them as Kentuckians do their Derby winners, for on the speed, homing instinct, and strength of wing of the birds, rests the fate of the races.

Whether the birds shall be shipped to the north, south, east, or west and then released for the flight home is decided by a majority vote of the club members. Each member entering pigeons in the race is furnished with "air-line distances," by the Poe Engineering Company, of Cleveland, showing the distances from the spots where the birds are released, to their respective lofts in Atlanta.

When the course has once been laid out, the racers are shipped in baskets or hampers to the point of liberation and put in charge of the express agent in that town. He releases them and immediately wires the judges the exact hour and minute the racers took to the air. The birds fly directly home and upon arriving at the loft are "checked in" and the time noted.

The devices for timing pigeon races seem, to the uninitiated, a cross between a stopwatch and a time-punching clock. An iron box, six inches by four, with a heavy iron cover that can be locked on, contains two stop-watches. The sides of this little box are pierced with two holes, through which extends a wire, attached to the watches. The box is placed in the loft near the bob through which the bird must enter. This bob is a line of thin aluminum wires placed across the front of the loft, at two or three inch intervals. These wires are so arranged that the bird can push through them with ease, as the wires bend inward with the pigeon's body, but they will not bend outward.

As the bird enters the loft and passes the bob, it is explained, "an electric attachment rings a bell, announcing his arrival, and the stop-watch records the exact time." But before that welcome moment arrives:

"Waiting for your birds to come home, when you know they are on the way and that every flap of their wings is bringing them nearer, is as exciting as any sport I want to indulge in," said Mr. Tabler. "There are so many obstacles that enter into pigeon races that do not exist in horse- or dog-racing. For instance, hawks catch many of our racers (we lost dozens that way on a Florida course), hunters shoot them down by mistake, small boys knock them off their resting perches, storms beat them to the ground and injure their wings—anything may happen.

"And the greatest risk of all is that your bird may be temperamental and refuse to 'check in' once he has flown the course. For until a bird 'checks in,'" explained Mr. Tabler, "his race is not fully run. On every racing loft is a device that registers every bird as it enters the loft. But until it enters the loft and the little machine registers the time of entry, the bird is still counted as being in the air.

"I remember one race that all but turned my hair gray and made me promise myself I'd never have anything else to do with anything that wore feathers," recalled Mr. Tabler. "The course was from Fort Myers, Florida, to Atlanta, and, of course, we were all waiting on tiptoes for our birds to come in. Finally, mine arrived, but instead of popping right into his loft like a good little man, he decided to light on the top instead and preen his feathers. Then he strutted up and down. Then he cocked his head and looked down at me and I wouldn't swear that that bird didn't laugh. Of course, I talked soft and coaxed and whistled and got considerably upset. In fact, I thought if I could just get my hands on the little pest I'd be tempted to wring his neck. Finally, in his own sweet time, he decided to go in, but it was too late to win the race then."

"Many animals have a keenly developed sense of direction," said Mr. Tabler, in attempting to explain the uncanny homing instinct of pigeons. "Every one has had the experience of trying to lose an unwanted cat. And, fortunately for many lost travelers, horses know how to find their way back over trails they have once traveled. Migratory ducks fly north each year, and nest in the same marshes. But none can compare with the instinct of the homer.

"Many scientists have tried to explain how a young bird, on its maiden flight, can find its way back through hundreds of miles of untraveled air, to the loft in which it was hatched. Seems as if there were compasses in each little feathered head. Some say the first time young birds are ever released from the loft they fly high above it, circle around it, and in that first flight their little brains open and shut like tiny camera lenses, photographing indelibly the picture of the loft."

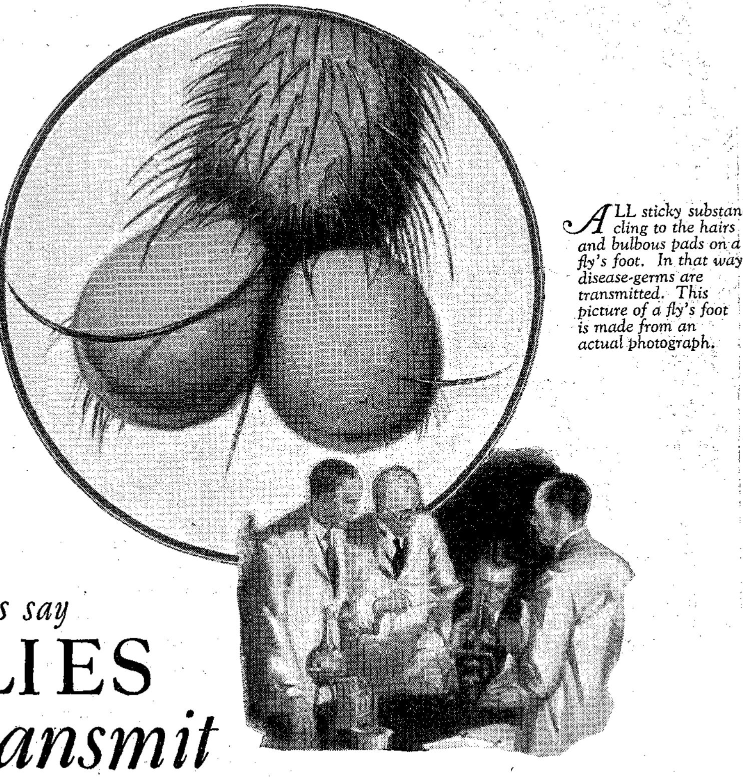
The racing season now at its height continues until July; and then in the fall are held the "young bird" tournaments, open only to birds bred in the same calendar year.

The sport of pigeon racing received a great boost during the war, in which homers played a romantic and heroic part—200,000 birds having been used by the Allies alone. As Miss Mitchell relates:

> Hundreds of breeders sent their swiftest birds to the United States Government. The feathered fighters rendered such excellent service under fire that, after the armistice, Secretary of War Baker addrest a note of appreciation to the pigeon fanciers of the nation.

Almost every scouting party that crossed

Wherever there are flies use FLY-TOX



ALL sticky substances cling to the hairs and bulbous pads on a fly's foot. In that way disease-germs are transmitted. This picture of a fly's foot is made from an actual photograph.

Scientists say

FLIES *Transmit Thirty Different Diseases*

READ these amazing paragraphs from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Farmers Bulletin, No. 1408:

"Even more dangerous than the transference of germs on the legs and body of the fly to food is the fact that bacteria are found in greater numbers and live longer in its alimentary canal.

"These germs are voided, not only in the excrement of the fly, but also in small droplets of regurgitated matter which have been called 'vomit spots.'

"When we realize that flies frequent and feed upon the most filthy substances (it may be the excreta of typhoid or dysentery patients or the discharges of one suffering from tuberculosis), and that subsequently they may contaminate human foods with their feet or excreta or vomit spots, the necessity and importance of housefly control is clear . . . .

"Typhoid germs are carried from excrement to food by flies. In the same way . . over 30 different disease organisms and parasitic worms are transmitted. Actual laboratory proof exists . . . . ."

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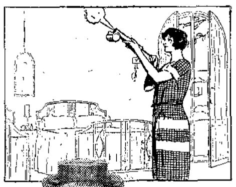

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So grateful were the animal lovers of England to the four-footed and feathered soldiers who gave their lives to the Allied cause that a beautiful cenotaph was erected in London. On it are carved the figures of the straining mules and horses which drew wagons and artillery; the Red Cross dogs and, flying above, the canaries which gave warning of gas, and the carrier pigeons which died in No Man's Land with messages tied under their wings.

Even in these piping times of peace the Government knows the number of homing pigeons owned by breeders throughout the country, and, in the event of a possible war, these carriers could be mobilized as fast as an army of men.

SWIMMING THE HELLESPONT ON A CAN OF SARDINES

Unhappily the Hellespont failed to agree with the sardines, or the sardines failed to agree with the swimmer, or—well, at all events, they lacked staying power, the sardines did, and took an early opportunity of quitting. The why of which, and the consequences, together with other interesting features of an unusual adventure, are set forth by the adventurer himself—Richard Halliburton, of Princeton's class of 1921. From his narrative in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, as reproduced with evident appreciation by the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, we gather that the emulation of Leander and Lord Byron had long been a cherished dream of Mr. Halliburton's. As he remarks:

Most of us dream of getting rich; many of us of getting married, and some of us of getting unmarried. I've met people whose big dream it was to visit Jerusalem, or Carcassonne, or to look upon the seven hills of Rome. I'll confess to a sentimental lifelong dream of my own—not of riches, or weddings, or Jerusalem, however—something far less reasonable than that: I've dreamed of swimming the most romantic river in the world—the Hellespont. Lord Byron once wrote that he would rather have swum the Hellespont than written all his poetry. Likewise, I would rather have swum the Hellespont than be President, especially a Republican President.

Sometimes, once in a long, long while, sentimental dreams come true. Mine did, and it was as colorful and satisfying as all my flights of fancy had imagined it would be. To me the Hellespont was not just a narrow strait of cold, blue water, discharging the Black Sea into the Ægean. Far more than that—it was a tremendous symbol—a symbol of audacity, of challenge, and epic poetry, and heroic adventure. What legend in all history is more romantic than the legend of Leander's tragic, clandestine amour with Hero for whom he nightly swam the Hellespont? What river in all the world has been the scene of greater or more varied events than this river?

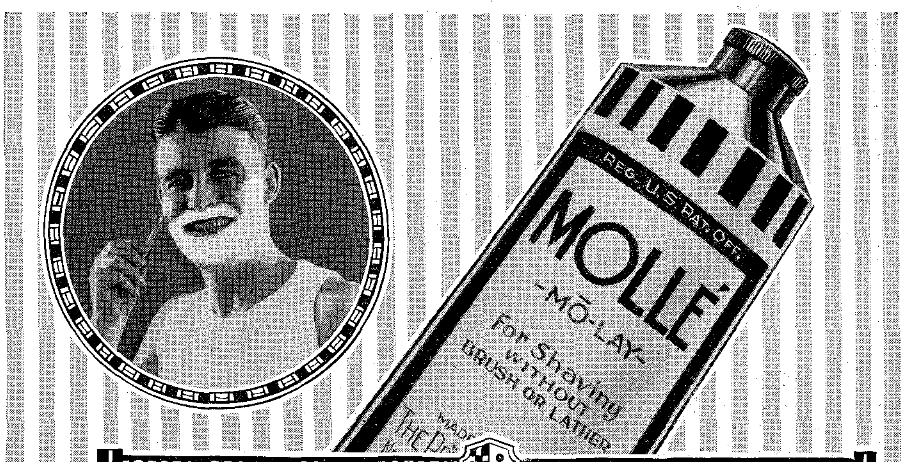
Nature was most capricious when she created this eccentric corner of the earth. She drives the enormous volume of the Black Sea through a tiny channel only 1,500 yards wide, called the Bosporus, on which Constantinople is enthroned—and then again by more reluctant, prolonged, tortuous degrees, through a winding canal-like gash in the mountains called in modern times the Dardanelles, forty miles long, and from only one to five miles broad. Down this insufficient Hellespont with Europe on her right side and Asia on her left the Black Sea unleashed at last rushes at top speed, foaming with indignation at her long imprisonment. For ten thousand years she has poured herself into the greater ocean, season in and season out. Tides she scorns. South—south—south her waters always swirl so that one may well call the strait a river, since, but for its briny nature, it qualifies in every respect for this term.

Few water courses in the world can boast of as many stately cities that have risen and fallen on its banks as the Hellespont. Of these the two most familiar to us (tho they have long since crumbled into dust) are Sestos and Abydos, the former on the European side of the narrow part of the Hellespont, the latter almost opposite on the Asian, some three miles away. And why are these two cities, from among the scores of their contemporaries, alone favored by immortality? Is it because of their great military conquests, or their heroically sustained sieges; because of their celebrated soldiers or their marble temples? No, none of these. They are immortal because a youth—an undistinguished, undescribed youth of Abydos, named Leander, tragically loved an equally undistinguished maid of Sestos named Hero—and legends of love refuse to die.

Mr. Halliburton sought and found the house by the Hellespont occupied by the romantic Lord Byron three thousand years after the celebrated tragedy of Leander and Hero. Of the poet he tells us:

Like every true romanticist, Byron was so deeply moved by the story of Leander, on the very ruins of whose native city he himself was living, that he decided, being an unusually strong swimmer, to plunge into Leander's wake and try to swim the Hellespont himself. And he did.

It was not many years after this that Byron followed Leander to Hades. The house, however, in which the poet lived at Abydos, on the edge of the Hellespont, continues to stand intact to the present day. I occupied it in August, 1925, in company with Roderic Crane, an old Lawrenceville roommate. We had been reliving the travels of Ulysses, and in his wake had approached Troy, at the entrance to the Hellespont. Not being on the warpath for the recovery of anybody's wife, as was Ulysses, I passed by Troy, for the moment, and trailed twenty-five miles on up-stream



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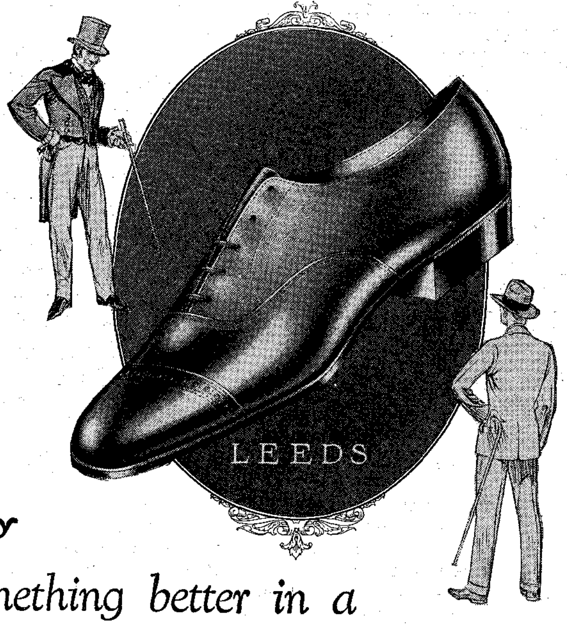

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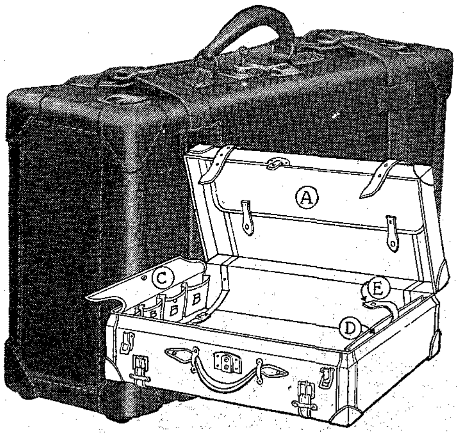

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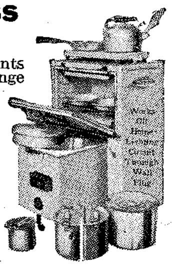

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

to Abydos, to investigate the Hellespont swim. But I found any "investigation" unnecessary. The sites of Sestos and Abydos were conspicuously, unmistakably there. The only way to "investigate" my ability to swim the intervening distance was to dive in and swim.

The first problem was to reach Sestos, the starting point, in a boat small enough to escort me on my return journey. The Turkish officials (suspecting we were British spies because of our movie camera) made this exasperatingly difficult. In order to move at all against the relentless flow of the water and constant south wind it was necessary to push off at 4 A. M., at which time the elements were comparatively calm. But each morning for a week the police delayed our departure till almost noon, by which time all the oars and sails we could muster were utterly futile to combat the onslaught of the current. On the eighth day, in desperation, we managed to sail straight across to the European shore from the Byron house, and tho we were almost as far from Sestos as ever we were at least free of the obnoxious Asiatic officials.

That night we spent in one of the Gallipoli battle-field graveyards—30,000 wooden markers of 30,000 British soldiers spreading grimly across the hillsides. We slept on the ground, using a grave for a pillow.

Next morning well before daybreak, when the wind was stilled, Roderic and the two boatsmen and I each took an oar, and heading our sailboat straight upstream bent to the task. One moment's relaxation, and we would lose ground. For five hours we fought our way toward Sestos—and attained it. But this was not sufficient. Not being a swimmer of Leander's caliber I thought it wise to take the precaution Byron had taken, and continue on up-stream some two miles more above Sestos in order to give myself more time to get across before the current swept me past Abydos point.

Finding a semisheltered cove, we anchored our craft and waded ashore for a rest. From the top of the bluff we could see Abydos dimly visible through the summer haze—about five miles away.

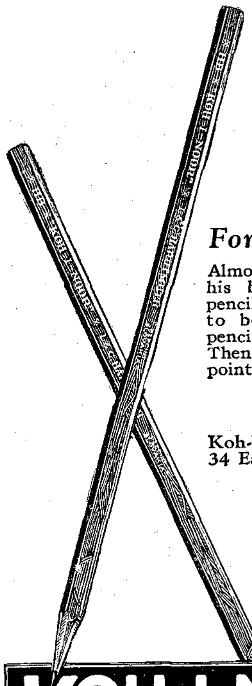
Here's where the sardines come into the story, for we are told:

Up to this moment we had been too busy to think about a meal, but now with our first object attained we turned ravenously to our provision basket. It was absolutely empty! During the night the two Turkish boatmen had consumed every vestige of our food. Not so much as a crum of bread was left. No, not quite as bad as that—a small can of Norwegian sardines they had been unable to open. It was this or nothing. Roderic, realizing I had to make the swim, magnanimously insisted I consume the entire available supply of fuel; so I did.

Follows the tale of the actual five-mile swimming feat—a dream coming true:

At two o'clock I plunged in and struck out straight for the Asiatic shore directly opposite, with Roderic and the boat hovering close beside.

Before I had gone half a mile, whatever "form" I may have begun with soon



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nished, and I thought only of covering e greatest possible distance with the least possible exertion: back-stroke, side-stroke, dog-paddle, idle floating, any old thing to keep going. A big Greek steamer bore upon us, rushing furiously down-tream. It was our place to get out of the way. The officers on the bridge, not seeing me in the water, made frantic gestures, but to protect me our sailboat stood its ground in the very path of the oncoming ship, and the steamer had to take a violent veer to one side to keep from colliding with our craft. As she passed by, not forty feet away, the officers hurled upon our heads every unprintable name in their broad vocabulary—but it was all Greek to us.

By three o'clock the wind was churning the Hellespont into whitecaps, and every few minutes I was half drowned when the waves broke over my head. It seemed to me I swallowed half the Black Sea. Nor was this form of nourishment altogether agreeable to the sardines. Nausea seized me presently so painfully that I was all but ready to give up when the little fishes decided to return to their natural element—and left me, after their departure, in comfort. But the cold was the worst thing of all. The water flows so rapidly, even the surface has no opportunity to be warmed by the sun. After the first hour I was as miserable from cold as I had previously been from salted sardines.

However, the Throne of Xerxes, the mound just above Abydos, where the Persian king sat to watch his army cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats, was not far off. All along, this had been a guide-post. And yet, now that I drew near to it, I realized the ricocheting current was sweeping me parallel to the shore about ten times as fast as I was approaching it. The trees and rocks began to gallop past. From midstream I had calculated that I would land half a mile above the tip of Abydos point, but the half mile soon became a quarter, a sixth, a tenth. Within three hundred feet of shore I was being swept past the "last chance" of solid ground, just as and where Leander had been swept 2,000 years before.

Never have I felt so utterly "sunk"—a five-mile swim—to miss the goal by only one hundred yards. And then—bump!—my knees struck bottom. I found myself swimming hysterically in less than three feet of water, for the shore sloped so gradually that even at three hundred feet out the water was not waist deep. With not one second to lose, I stood upright and, tho the vicious nether current almost jerked my feet from beneath me, I staggered ashore, to flop on the last foot of sand at the point, my breath coming (to use a bromide expression) in very short pants.

As a story-teller this Princeton man winds up, instead of begins, with this flip:

And so the Hellespont, that treacherous and briny river, was swum once more. Tho I am but one of several to have battled successfully with its evil current, I have a distinction no one else can claim. Leander swam to look into a lady's eyes; Lord Byron that he might write another poem; but I can boast of being the only person, dead or alive, who ever swam the Hellespont on a can of sardines!

Anti-Glooms.—Children are a great handicap when one wishes to be unhappy. —*Tom Sims in the Wichita Beacon.*

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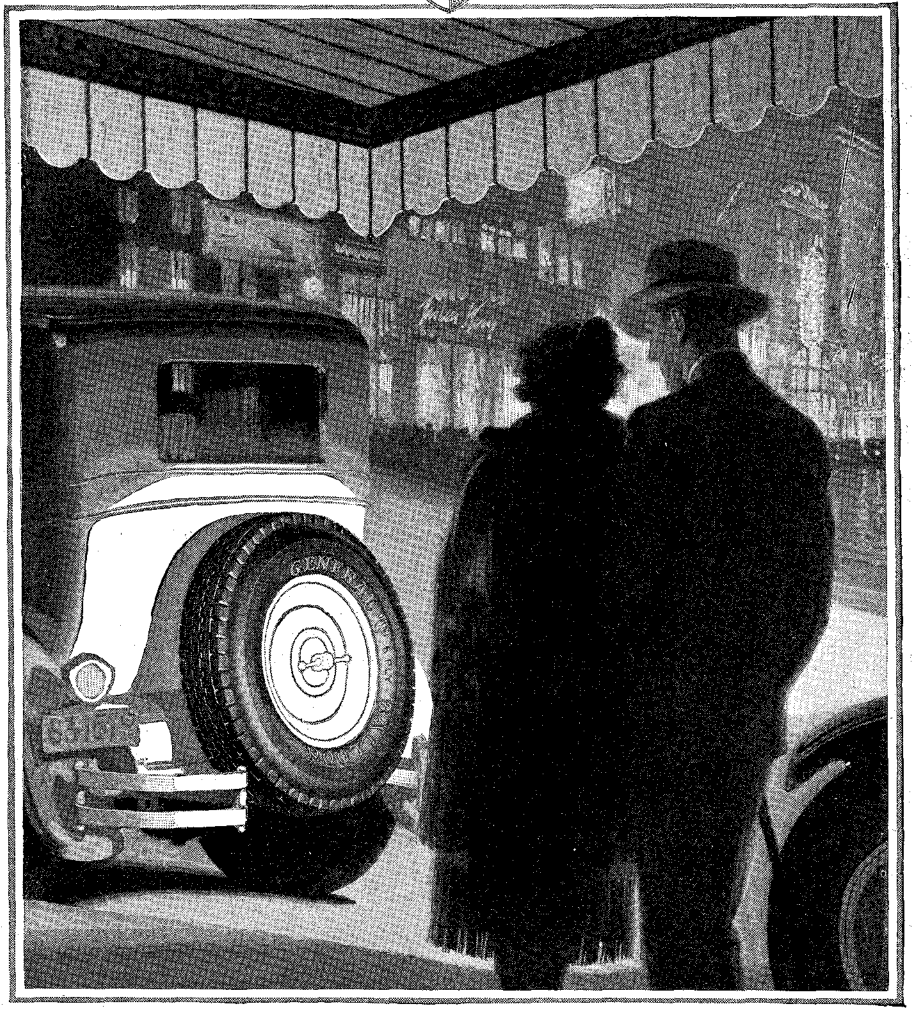

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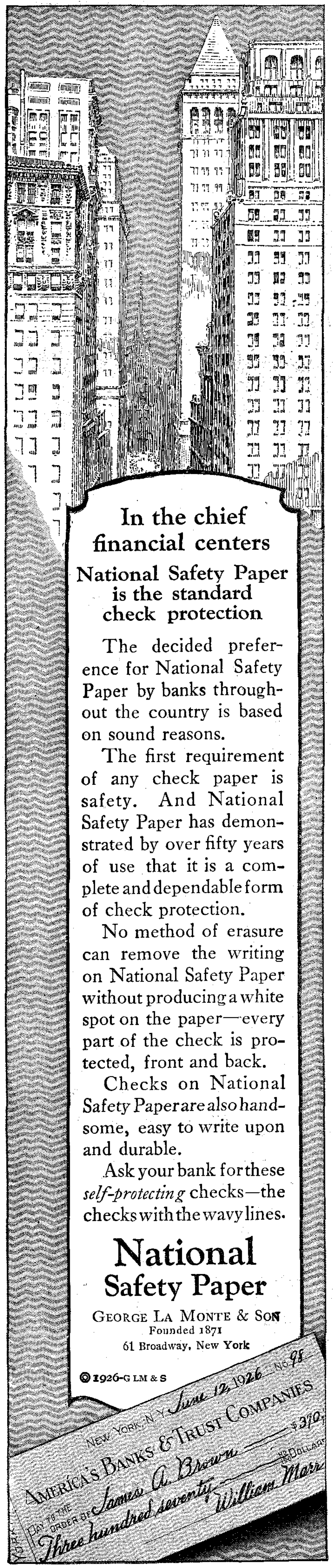
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The first requirement of any check paper is safety. And National Safety Paper has demonstrated by over fifty years of use that it is a complete and dependable form of check protection.

No method of erasure can remove the writing on National Safety Paper without producing a white spot on the paper—every part of the check is protected, front and back.

Checks on National Safety Paper are also handsome, easy to write upon and durable.

Ask your bank for these *self-protecting* checks—the checks with the wavy lines.

National Safety Paper

George La Monte & Son
Founded 1871
61 Broadway, New York

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

TAKING UP THE SLACK WITH SIDE-LINES

AN IMPORTANT factor in the prosperity of American corporations, observes W. S. Cousins in one of his weekly business reviews for the King Features Syndicate, is their ability to adapt themselves to new conditions. That is, "when they find the market for one product dwindling they are not slow in utilizing their machinery and other facilities for the production of the commodities that are needed." For instance, there is the Savage Arms Company, so long renowned for its guns and ammunition, proving "its adaptability to the spirit of peace by perfecting and manufacturing a new style of washing machine for the American housewife." And, then, "radio has provided a lure that quickly attracted some well-known manufacturers of automobile accessories; a large manufacturer of railroad cars and engines adapted its plants to the output of motor buses and airplanes; a steel corporation made a good success of shipbuilding, a motor-car manufacturer turned with success to the manufacture of refrigerators, while another genius in that field buys and revamps railroads and wayside inns; the retail cigar companies make enormous profits in real estate." The same point is made by George Tufts, writing in *The Magazine of Wall Street*. He calls attention to several factors that account for this tendency. Among them, "the need of an outlet for surplus capital has played a part in the increasing tendency of American companies to extend their activities, develop inventions, acquire side-lines, or branch out into new fields." The American Car & Foundry Company is mentioned as an example:

> This company wisely conserved the profits that it made during the war and the subsequent boom. With no bonded debt and a working capital of $37,100,000 last year, the management decided that it had more money than it was likely to need in the equipment business.
>
> Business of the usual sort, that is, was scarce for builders of railroad cars, and business is one thing that a manufacturing company needs. A strong financial position in itself, will not roll up dividends. Car & Foundry, accordingly, turned to a field with an extremely promising future—motor-bus manufacture. American Car & Foundry Motors Company, a subsidiary of the recently organized Brill Corporation, is already producing at its Detroit plant about 100 buses a month. The output includes, also, 150 marine engines a month and 25 airplane engines.

A more common problem is that of excessive plant capacity, as we are reminded:

> During and after the war, plants and facilities in many lines were extensively enlarged. Demand for goods had reached a scale that it seemed almost impossible to satisfy. Later, producers faced a combination of high labor costs, heavy investment in machinery, etc., a constant burden of taxes, interest and administrative expenses, and decreased demand for the products despite reduced prices. With keen competition intensifying these conditions, some manufacturers found it difficult to operate profitably at full blast the year through on their main lines, and in order to help out on the overhead were led to take up other activities. A similar problem confronted manufacturers of goods for which there was an uneven or seasonal demand.

Certain examples of the resourcefulness of American corporations are cited:

> Stewart-Warner Speedometer, manufacturer of an extensive line of automobile accessories, solved this problem neatly by adding a radio department. Demand for radio products also is seasonal but reaches a peak when automobile production is at the low ebb of the year. The corporation obtained a license covering the radio patents controlled by the United States Navy Department. Manufacturing and marketing results have been highly satisfactory. Through a subsidiary, incidentally, Stewart-Warner has become also a large producer of furniture casters and hardware.
>
> From similar motives, American Bosch Magneto took up the manufacture of radio receiving sets and loud-speakers, selling more than one million dollars' worth of these products during the final quarter of 1925.
>
> Another company that may be mentioned in this connection is Brunswick-Balke-Collender, originally a manufacturer of billiard-tables and bowling-alleys. After adding phonographs to its output the company made an arrangement with the Radio Corporation of America whereby radio equipment is combined with a phonograph and sold as a unit. When artists are recording in the Brunswick laboratories, the Radio Corporation has the privilege of broadcasting the performance through its wireless station and those of Westinghouse Electric and General Electric.
>
> In much the same way that radio takes up the slack for automobile accessory makers, the recent development of gas-fired refrigerating machines promises to create a summer demand for gas offsetting the otherwise excess capacity that must be maintained for gas heating in winter. Vaporized by a small gas engine which can be placed on top of an ice-box, liquid ammonia provides the cooling element. George B. Cortelyou, president of Consolidated Gas of New York, has declared this to be a development of primary importance, indicating that an appreciable share of iceless refrigeration can be obtained by the gas industry.
>
> Many gas companies, it may be noted incidentally, distribute electric current also and some, such as Consolidated Gas of Baltimore, derive most of their revenues from electricity. Profits are also obtained from by-products such as tar.

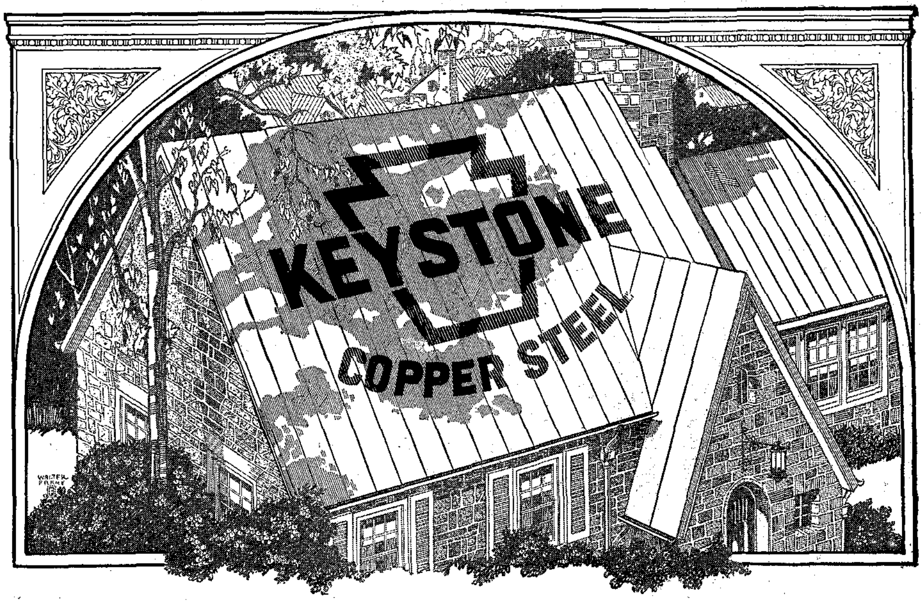
Mr. Tufts concludes with a list, which is suggestive rather than complete, of only a few of the prominent American industrial concerns that have recently been branching off extensively into side-lines:

	Basic Business	*Added Lines of Activity*
Amer. Bosch Magneto	Auto. Accessories	Radio Accessories
Amer. Car & Fdy.	Railroad Cars	Motor Busses; airplane engines
Amer. Tel. & Tel.	Telephone	Wireless Transmission
Anaconda Copper	Copper Mining	Copper & Brass Manufacture
Bethlehem Steel	Steel	Shipbuilding
Crucible Steel	High-grade Steels	Loco. Repairing
Gas Companies	Gas for Lighting and Heating	Gas-fired Refrigeration
General Motors	Autos and Trucks	Iceless Refrigeration; Dental Apparatus, etc.
Int. Paper	Paper	Water-power
Savage Arms	Firearms	Refrigerating and Washing Mach.
Stewart-Warner	Auto. Accessories	Radio Accessories
Street Railways	Trolley Transportation	Bus Operation
U. S. Steel	Steel	By-products, Coke
United Cigars	Retail Tobacco Distribution	Retail Candy, Razors, etc.; Real Estate
Western Union	Telegrams	Burglar Alarm
Woolworth	5-10-cent Stores	Real Estate
U. S. Distributing	Trucking	Coal; Armored Cars

THE WANDERING MANUFACTURER

A PARTICULARLY impressive advertising campaign put on by Pennsylvania oil producers recently called Mr. Glenn Griswold's attention to sales campaigns which are being launched nowadays by various localities and sections to counteract the migratory tendency of industry. New England has been a very great sufferer from this tendency. As Mr. Griswold writes in his column of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, which he edits:

> Industry has done more migrating and has been more particularly in a state of flux in the last ten years than at any previous time since the beginning of the industrial age. There are many manifestations of that migration of industry, but the fundamental trend of it is toward localization, toward putting the processes of manufacture and refinement closer to the source of raw material, and closer to the consumptive market.
>
> This is merely a domestic phase of a world tendency in industry. We are discovering that it is not economic for the Argentine to ship all of its hides to England and to New England and in turn buy all of its shoes and boots from those manufacturing centers. We find that it is cheaper and easier to ship automatic shoe-making machinery to the Argentine.
>
> In a lesser degree, just that is happening in the domestic development of our industries. Cotton and steel mills are moving to the South. Shoe factories are leaving New England to establish themselves in St. Louis and Chicago. The great flour-milling industry of Minneapolis is slowly being scattered back into the communities that produce the wheat and consume the flour. All of this serves a serious problem for those communities that are losing important industries on which their growth once rested, industries that were located first, because skilled workmen were to be had; second, because power was cheap; third, because transportation was easy and inexpensive and, fourth, because the location was a natural distributing point.
>
> In many industries, these old factors of strength are being dissipated. More than any other section, New England is suffering from this tendency. New England might take a lesson from Pennsylvania oil men. For years practically all of our petroleum



SINCE SHEET METAL holds an important place in good building construction, it is essential that it be *right*, and embody the highest known standards of protection and durability. Keystone Copper Steel is alloyed with copper to give maximum resistance to rust, and should be used for two reasons—it lasts, and the cost is always reasonable.

KEYSTONE
Rust-resisting Copper Steel
Black and Galvanized
SHEETS
and High Grade Roofing Tin Plates

add a new measure of wear and permanence to building construction. Architects, builders and property owners should remember that Apollo Galvanized Sheets (made continuously since 1884) are the best known Galvanized Sheets manufactured. An additional factor for permanence has been added in Apollo-Keystone grade by the use of Keystone Copper Steel for the base metal. Demand Keystone quality products for roofing, siding, gutters, spouting, and metal lath—and for culverts, tanks, flumes, and all exposed sheet metal work requiring highest rust-resistance. Sold by leading metal merchants. Send for "*Facts*" booklet—it will interest you.

Sheet Mill Products
Black Sheets for all purposes, Apollo and Apollo-Keystone Copper Steel Galvanized Sheets, Culvert and Tank Stock, Formed Roofing and Siding Products, Special Sheets for Stamping, Automobile Sheets, Electrical Sheets, Stove and Range Sheets, Barrel and Keg Stock, etc.

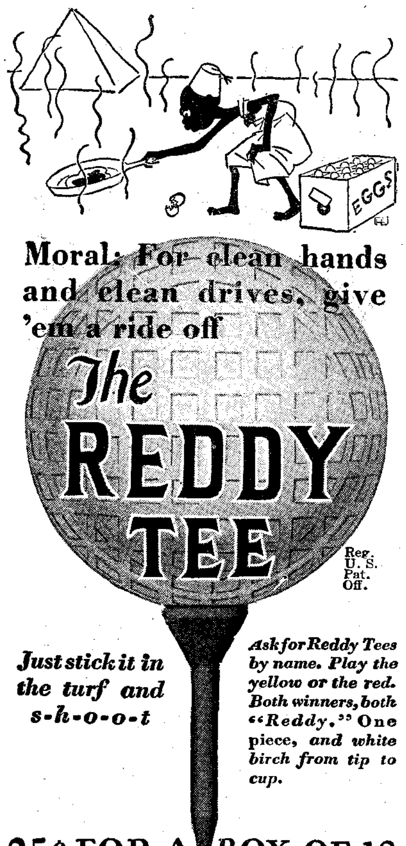
Tin Mill Products
American Coke and American Charcoal Bright Tin Plates, Taggers Tin, American Old Style and American Numethodd Roofing Terne Plates, MF Roofing Tin Plates, Black Plate for all purposes: Enameling Stock, Stove Pipe and Elbow Stock, Special Stamping Stock, etc.

KEYSTONE
COPPER STEEL
PITTSBURGH

American Sheet and Tin Plate Company
General Offices: Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES
Chicago Cincinnati Denver Detroit New Orleans New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis
Export Representatives: UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS CO., New York City
Pacific Coast Representatives: UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS CO., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle

THE burning sands of the Sahara have nothing on the blistering sands of the tee box.



Moral: For clean hands and clean drives, give 'em a ride off

The REDDY TEE Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Just stick it in the turf and s-h-o-o-t

Ask for Reddy Tees by name. Play the yellow or the red. Both winners, both "Reddy." One piece, and white birch from tip to cup.

25¢ FOR A BOX OF 18

The Nieblo Manufacturing Co., Inc.
38 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

The Best Friend on the Road

A great traveling companion, this Barbasol. No tools to pack except the good old razor. No brush. No rub-in. And a real head-barber shave! 35c and 65c tubes.

Wonderful for Sunburn.

Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
Barbasol

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube.

Name ....
Address ....
....

L-D-6-12-26

For Modern Shaving

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

products came out of Pennsylvania. Now, the State is a minor factor in the industry. Yet, Pennsylvania promises or threatens, according to the view-point, to restore a considerable measure of her prestige, by selling the idea of quality to the country. Why isn't that a lesson to New England?

New England must lose a considerable part of her textile business, of her shoe business, and of some of the other industries in which she has been traditionally supreme. Those losses undoubtedly may be minimized by this sort of effort the Pennsylvania oil men have undertaken.

One of the most important New England industries, and one that undoubtedly could be held almost intact, is that of machine and tool making. New England always had, and probably still has, the finest craftsmanship in this industry. Reputations and traditions, generations old, are still great assets in this New England business, but it is declining day by day.

Apparently there is but one way to hold these community assets, and that is the way of the Pennsylvania oil men. Even that way, however far it is pursued, can not entirely eliminate the persistent tendency of industry back toward localization. This tendency can and will persist without, in any material extent, interfering with that other tendency toward the creation of large units in business.

JUNE BRIDES THE YEAR ROUND

SOME businesses are not so seasonal as generally assumed, remarks *Advertising and Selling Fortnightly*. For instance, it is often taken for granted that most of the weddings take place in June and those that don't are scheduled for September, and that therefore concerns specializing in articles in demand for weddings or for the establishment of new homes should do their advertising and sales pushing to synchronize with that seasonal demand. But assumptions like this are giving way before investigation, we are told. The two months mentioned do, of course, lead in weddings, "but the investigation of a manufacturer of wedding-rings developed the interesting fact that June and September haven't the big lead they were pretty generally thought to have." Here are the figures in percentages for the twelve months as taken from county records covering the whole country:

January	6.8%	July	7.8%
February	6.5%	August	8.7%
March	5.8%	September	9.6%
April	7.5%	October	9.1%
May	7.6%	November	9.3%
June	12.0%	December	9.3%

And the New York advertising journal comments:

> It will be seen that November and December are almost as popular as wedding months as September, and more than three-quarters as popular as June; and that August is a big month for weddings, which will surprize many.
>
> These figures should be of interest to many advertisers. They are important as disproving an old assumption, and as calling attention to the percentages of new homes being established every month in the year.

JUST PUBLISHED

Laughs from Jewish Lore

BY JACOB RICHMAN

One of the most entertaining and delightful books of humor imaginable. Here are examples of the best anecdotes and humorous folk tales which the Jewish people have created in three thousand years—the only collection of its sort in the English language. These are not "Hebrew yarns" (which are merely about Jews) but stories that are typical of true Jewish character and life. You cannot but be impressed with the subtlety of these yarns they are uproariously funny and at the same time display keen wit.

In the introduction the author gives an entertaining survey of the history and evolution of true Jewish humor. Aside from its peculiar interest to Jewish people *the volume will be found of exceptional value* to every one not only as a source of entertainment but as a source of anecdotes for use in speeches and upon all occasions when a good story is in order.

12mo, Cloth. 397 pages. $2. net; $2.14 post-paid.
At All Bookstores or

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

HOW TO LIVE

Prepared by *Professor Irving Fisher* of Yale and *Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D.*, under the auspices of the Hygiene Reference Board, Life Extension Institute.

18th Edition—Revised and Enlarged

The Nation's Foremost Book of Health

This all-embracing and reliable work, which has been the road to health for untold thousands, has received the endorsement of such eminent organizations as the American Medical Association and the State Boards of Health of Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, New York, and Pennsylvania. It discusses in frank and understandable language, diseases, foods, fads, poisons, marriage, massage, good and bad habits, individual hygiene, eugenics, physical culture, etc., and gives an illustrated series of exercises. It is a book that should be in every home. 541 pages.

12mo. Cloth. $2, net; $2.14, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

$1.10 Book NOW 47c Post-Paid

There's a fortune in side-splitting humor—cheer for your dullest hours—laughs crowding each other on every page—in

BACK TO NATURE

By Newton Newkirk

A fisherman's and hunter's classic! Two sportsmen live as nearly as possible upon whatever their fishing and hunting prowess might supply during a trip deep in the Maine woods. You'll split your sides laughing! Illustrated by the author's own grotesque drawings.

16mo, Boards. 172 pages: Illustrated. Regularly $1.10 post-paid. **Clean-up Sale Price 47c. post-paid.**

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

TORTURES of HAY FEVER!

If you are a sufferer, lose no time in getting Dr. Wm. C. Hollopeter's new helpful book,

HAY FEVER

Its Prevention and Cure

Newly revised edition. Explains the best practise of the day in treating Hay Fever, and gives much recently discovered information about this baffling disease. In securing the relief afforded by the System of Treatment described in this book, it is advisable to begin some time before the hay fever season sets in. Dr. Hollopeter is a recognized authority on Hay Fever and his book will be of interest to physicians as well as their patients. 424 pages.

12mo. Cloth. $2, net; $2.14, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

By Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck.

Sixth edition, fully revised by Prof. Rufus D. Smith. Contains all Immigration Laws and Regulations from those of 1917 to the Immigration Act of 1924.

"Not only the best reference work in its field that we know of but so entertainingly written that any intelligent citizen will find pleasure and profit in its pages."—*Herald, Boston.*

12mo. Cloth. 744 pages. $4.00 net; by mail $4.18

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

May 25.—Gen. Simon Petlura, former Chief of the Ukrainian Cossacks and head of the Ukrainian Government set up in 1919 to combat Bolshevism, is assassinated in Paris by Samuel Schwartbar, a Russian Jew, who sought vengeance for alleged atrocities by General Petlura against the Jews.

The Egyptian general election results in the overwhelming defeat of the Government party by the followers of Zaghlul Pasha, who is anti-British in his policy.

May 26.—Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffs in Morocco, surrenders to the French and places himself under their protection, thus ending the Moroccan war.

Prince Ludwig Windisch-Graetz and Police Chief Dr. Emmerich von Nadossy, implicated in the famous French bank-note forgery in Hungary, have been found guilty and sentenced to four years' imprisonment and a heavy fine each, according to a dispatch from Vienna.

The preliminary disarmament conference at Geneva finishes the first stage of its work and adjourns till September. Two subcommittees continue to work on details.

May 27.—The British Government issues regulations rationing the dwindling coal supply.

May 28.—Two American oil drillers recently kidnaped by bandits in Mexico are released, according to a dispatch from Mexico City.

The Eighth Division of the Portuguese Army has risen in revolt under Gen. Gomez Da Costa, according to a dispatch from Lisbon.

Final results of the Parliamentary election in Roumania give the Government-Averescu-Peoples party 280 seats, and the Opposition 105.

May 29.—Jess Sweetser wins the British amateur golf championship at Sandwich, Scotland, defeating Alexander Simpson, his Scottish rival, by six up and five to play.

May 30.—The revolution in Portugal headed by Gen. Gomez Da Costa has triumphed and the Government has resigned, says a dispatch from Lisbon.

May 31.—Marshal Joseph Pilsudski is elected President of the Polish Republic by the National Assembly, but declines the post because, he says, of restrictions imposed on the chief executive by the Constitution. He suggests two other candidates.

June 1.—Prof. Ignatz Moscicki is elected President of Poland to succeed President Wojciechowski, who resigned after the military coup led by Marshal Pilsudski.

Premier Briand receives a vote of confidence from the French Chamber of Deputies, 313 to 147, on his program to reestablish French credit.

DOMESTIC

May 25.—The Senate orders inquiries into the legality of President Coolidge's executive order permitting local police officers also to act as Federal Prohibition agents.

Birth-rates for 1925 were lower in twenty-six of thirty States for which the figures are available, and death-rates

Railroads make your money go farther

YOU'D consider it a bargain if a store advertised "An extra quarter's worth free with every dollar's worth you buy."

Well, just compare the amount of your purchases today with 1914. You are nearly 25 percent better off today, due, in large measure, to the greater efficiency of the railroads. Wages now average $209 for every $100 then; but it takes only $160 now to buy what cost $100 then.

By speeding up transportation more than one-fourth in the last three years alone, the railroads have speeded up production, and prevented prices climbing as rapidly as wages.

Better transportation also has helped business men make more sales, reduce the amount tied up in goods, and save interest charges.

Still another saving, says Secretary Hoover, amounts to a billion dollars a year. With ample freight facilities there's little loss from such things as fruit spoiling on trees, or mines being forced to shut down.

All these "railroad savings" show in the clothing, food and other things you buy for yourself and your family.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in All Principal Cities—Representatives Everywhere
Localized Service—Men, Parts, Shops

Westinghouse

© 1926, W. E. & M. Co.

Electrification of railroads, in which Westinghouse has been a pioneer, has helped reduce the time required for shipping freight.

Advertising Moves Toward A Science

IN what category is advertising to be placed?

There are those who call it a "game." To many it is a trade. Some few see it as an art. And an increasing number of its ablest practitioners expect and strive to make it a science.

Science is a term which should never be lightly used, for in science is bound up much of the hope of mankind for a better organized life.

The Standard Dictionary defines science as

> "*Knowledge gained and verified by exact observation and correct thinking.*"

There is no true science except that which rests upon exactness, upon the patient observation, recording and analysis of exact facts or indications. And upon that very ground advertising, while it may not properly be said to be a science, is moving steadily in the direction of science.

The method employed by many successful advertising agencies may be said to approach the scientific because they examine the population, in terms of families, literacy, location, income, buying habits. Upon this analysis they build quotas and plan campaigns.

Advertisers have found that they can not and need not cultivate the entire population. They can center their efforts upon cross-sections and the basic principle of their advertising is that to sell the American people they need advertise only to a certain few million.

These few million are sifted through all strata of the population, at every income level in every community. They vary widely in wealth, education and social position. But they have one common and distinguishing characteristic—*alertness.* By their alertness you can know them. Through their alertness they discover, buy, test and recommend or condemn products and services of every kind. Because of their alertness their judgment is honored by merchants and their example followed by friends and neighbors.

It is the existence in the American public of a well distributed body of consumers with this prevailing trait of *alertness*, which is making it possible for advertising to move toward a science. It makes possible a definite aim. The advertiser who directs his campaign at the *alert* is acting with a minimum of risk and with a maximum expectation of success.

Good will, the most valuable asset any business can possess, is nothing more or less than the favorable opinion of the alert and it is this that is coming to be known as The Biggest Thing in Business.

The Literary Digest

ADVERTISING OFFICES: NEW YORK, DETROIT, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO were higher in sixteen States, according to a report of the Commerce Department. On the whole, however, the death-rate declined very slightly.

Through a referendum vote of its membership, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers demands an increase in wages, announces A. Johnston, Grand Chief, and a similar action has been taken by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, announces Pres. D. B. Robertson.

May 27.—Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Crown Princess Louise are welcomed in New York on their arrival for a visit to the United States.

May 29.—A memorial to John Ericcson, inventor of the *Monitor*, is unveiled in Washington, with addresses by President Coolidge and Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

May 30.—Speaking at a meeting in Baltimore under the auspices of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Senator Borah assails the forthcoming referendum in New York State on Prohibition, and says that the arguments advanced by the modificationists are not arguments for modification, but "arguments for the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, for a total disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment."

May 31.—Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial International Exposition, celebrating the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is opened, with addresses by Secretary of Commerce Hoover, Secretary of State Kellogg, and Mayor Kendrick.

In a Memorial Day address at Arlington Cemetery, President Coolidge says "common sense" must be the keynote of America's contribution to world peace.

June 1.—The total number of lives lost by the United States during and in consequence of the World War totalled 119,568, Secretary of War Davis informs the House Military Affairs Committee. The number includes those killed in action, those who died of wounds, and those who died of disease.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, meeting in Baltimore, dismisses complaints of insubordination lodged against the Presbytery of New York.

Keep Off the Stars.—

In days when flying flivvers
Dart here and there in schools,
We'll have to regulate them
Through new air-traffic rules.
In lieu of "cutting corners,"
Which now is not allowed,
We'll have an air rule reading:
"You must not cut a cloud."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Substitute.—"I lunched with your hubby to-day, darling. Hope you don't mind?"

"Not a bit. His typist must be away ill?"
—*London Opinion.*

Improving on Darwin.—GIRL PUPIL IN PORTERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL—"Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but women sprang farther than men."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Safety Valve.—Now comes the season when a man who gets mad at his wife can go to the ball park and yell at the umpire.—*Tom Sims in the Wichita Beacon.*

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS HOUSE?

NOT a thing! Yet, looking at it through the window glass at the right one might think some giant wind had blown it askew. Looking through the glass at the left you see it as it actually is—a charming, normal, well-designed house.

The window-sash at the left is glazed with Plate Glass. That at the right with ordinary window glass. Because of its imperfections, its waves and irregularities, this ordinary glass distorts the vision, as shown in the photograph above. Such distortion of vision is a strain on the eyes.

Plate Glass permits perfect vision. You see through Plate Glass as clearly as if the glass were not there at all. Plate Glass is tougher than sheet glass; therefore, more resistant to breakage. It conserves heat and reduces sound.

Plate Glass costs but little more than ordinary window glass. Its cost is about one per cent of the total cost of the house, large or small. And its brilliant polished surface enhances the beauty of your house. You will find it pays for itself many times over in the increased selling or renting value of your property. Ask your architect for comparative figures, if you are planning to build. Plate Glass Manufacturers of America, First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Use PLATE Glass ©
Nothing Else is Like it

THE SPICE OF LIFE

To the Pearly Gates.—Famous last words: Watch me do sixty miles an hour!—*Good Hardware.*

Well Groomed.—Scotch widow requires daily cleaning, no washing.—*Ad in the Toronto Daily Star.*

Or What Have You?—AUTOMOBILES WANTED At Once. Any Make. Also FORDS.—*Ad in a Columbus paper.*

Flirtatious Food.—History, fiction and poetry are full of croquettes whose stock in trade is keeping their lovers in suspense.—*New York Times.*

Wrong Number.—Matrimony is like telephoning—one doesn't always get the party one wants.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some Quartet! The thirty voice male quartet of the Methodist Church will sing several special numbers at the evening hour of worship.—*Colorado paper.*

Marked Down, We Presume.—"I owe all to *The Herald Tribune* for disposing of my car which, by the way, cost only 80 cents."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

The Silver Lining.—There is always a way of salvation, and the Charleston is doing wonders for muscles almost ruined by the flivver habit.—*Washington Post.*

Static's Ancestor.—But how do the scientists hope to conquer static when after all these years they can't make a fussy steam radiator shut up?—*Macon Telegraph.*

Official Hootch.—Thirty-one names appear on the weekly list of operators whose licenses to drive automobiles in Connecticut have been suspended for one year for driving while under the influence of liquor which was given out Wednesday by the State motor vehicle department.—*Connecticut paper.*

A Mere Detail.—We hear that it was so foggy during a recent football match that the game went on for half an hour before it was discovered that the ball was lost.—*London Opinion.*

English by Ear.—Professor—"Give me a sentence with the word 'boycott' in it."

Pupil—"Farmer Jones chased his son and didn't catch him till his boycott on a wire fence."—*Good Hardware.*

Flowers for Oscar.—

The gates were down, but Oscar Shay
Decided to his sorrow
To speed across the right of way.
His funeral is to-morrow.

—*Long Island Railroad Information Bulletin.*

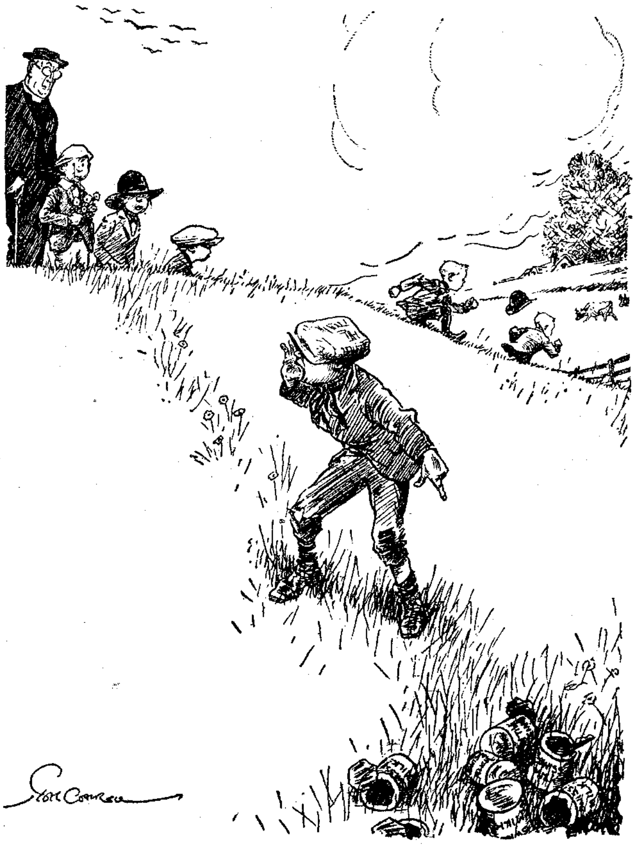
Making It Unanimous.—PIANOS and players tuned.—*Ad in a New Rochelle paper.*

Can't Rest in Peace.—OWING to death, will sacrifice 8 piece taupe wicker, good for 1 rm. apt., 9 x 12 blue rug.—*Ad in a Minneapolis paper.*

Least Resistance.—"When I was twenty I made up my mind to get rich."

"But you never became rich."

"No, I decided it was easier to change my mind."—*Boston Transcript.*



Excited City Kid: " 'Ere, Bill, quick! I've been and found a cow's nest!"

—*The Passing Show* (London).

Perhaps Goldfish.—

SINCLAIR LEWIS BACK
HOME, WILL INTERVIEW
PASTORS AND ALSO FISH

—*Headlines in the Minneapolis Tribune.*

Not Shy About It.—Visitor—"I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this apartment?"

Hostess—"Yes, they asked George seven times last week."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Took the Hint in Reverse.—A countryman came to Boston to visit some relatives and to see the sights. He remained until patience on the part of his hosts, a married couple, ceased to be a virtue.

"Don't you think, my dear fellow," remarked the husband one day, "that your wife and children must miss you?"

"Hadn't thought of that," was the calm reply. "Thanks for the suggestion; I'll send for them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gets the Right of Way.—The man who toots his own horn soon has everybody dodging when he approaches.—*Boston Transcript.*

Going Fine.—Things were going pretty well around the Hicksville Court House. The voters were filterin gin.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Cash Down.—Gushing Young Pupil—"Ah, professor, if ever I make a pianist, I'll owe it all to you."

Professor—"Pardon me, young lady, my terms are quarterly—in advance!"—*London Opinion.*

No Musical Kick.—They say candy is a substitute for liquor, but it never makes a man want to sing Sweet Adaline.—*Pittsburgh First.*

Solely Ornamental.—"They tell me you have a model husband, Mrs. Hicks."

"Yus, sir, but 'e ain't a workin' model."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

High Scoring.—The difference between learning golf and motoring is that in golf at first you hit nothing and in motoring you hit everything.—*Boston Transcript.*

Saying It with Palaver.—The hardest thing is to say no, but we find that we can accomplish the same end by taking the matter under advisement.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Benn's Busy Day.—Benn Moll's dog went mad and he killed the animal. He bit several other things on the farm and he is having them treated with the serum.—*Kansas paper.*

Titivating Mother Goose.—Proud Father—"Bye-low, Baby Bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting to get a pretty rabbit's skin to wrap his Baby Bunting in."

Little Jean—"Oh, Daddy, get a leopard skin; they're all the rage now."—*Allston Recorder.*

Queensberry Rules?—Married school men, their wives and sweethearts will hold their annual picnic at McNaughton Park, Elkhart, on Saturday, June 5.—*Indiana paper.*

Bargains in Picaninnies.—

10% OFF
ON ALL
COLORED KIDS

—*Ad in a Port Huron paper.*

Safety First.—

The aviator's wife is strange
In one way, beyond doubt;
Her heart rejoices when she sees
Her husband down and out.

—*R. M. in the Boston Transcript.*